

PHOTOPLAY

October
25
CENTS



NORMA

JAMES

MONTGOMERY + LAC

PP 3/7
CHAS SLOBERG
149 WILLARD RD
BROOKLINE MASS

Sylvia RETURNS TO RESTORE YOU TO *Beauty*



Raffles Hotel, Singapore... where East meets West... and where, as they do in every land, the loveliest women like fragrance Gemey!

AS THEY SAY IN
SINGAPORE

"chên shih miao pu k'o yen"
真是妙不可言
(INEFFABLY WONDERFUL)

THE FRAGRANCE

Gemey

In Paris or Palma, in London or Lucerne... somewhere tonight there is music, somewhere tonight there is moonlight, somewhere tonight there is romance... and the magic-in-perfume that is... fragrance Gemey!

Young and fresh and joyous, fragrance Gemey has won its merry way around the world. High above the Danube or down the Rio Grande... wherever women dine and dance and dream beneath the stars... it lingers to enchant. For fragrance Gemey is world-beloved... a perfume preferred by the women of seventy-five lands.

And in America today you may know its beauty, touch its glamour to your gown, your lips, your hair.

Ask at your own favorite perfume counter for this essence by Richard Hudnut, perfumer international... wear it tonight for the man you like best... the heart-stirring fragrance Gemey!

Fragrance Gemey (Jem-may') in crystal-clear dressing table flacons. \$2.50, \$4.50, \$15



by **RICHARD HUDNUT**

New York Paris

London... Toronto... Buenos Aires... Mexico City... Berlin... Barcelona... Budapest
Capetown... Sydney... Shanghai... Rio de Janeiro... Havana... Vienna





“How about a week from Thursday?”

Her phone was always ringing . . . would she like to see this? . . . would she like to go there? . . . could she plan for the weekend? She was easily the most popular girl in town. And the funny part of it is that less than a year before she would have been hard put to it to get a man to take her anywhere. More fortunate than many girls who go blindly on wondering why they are seldom invited out, she had found the source of her trouble and quickly corrected it with the surest means at her command.

It's the Whispers That Hurt

Let it be whispered about a girl that she has halitosis (bad breath) and, socially speaking, her goose is cooked. And people, being what they are, *do* whisper.

You yourself never know when your breath is bad—and bad it occasionally must be because

of modern methods of eating and drinking. Consequently, you must ever be on guard against offending.

Be Sure—Be Safe

There has always been one product especially fitted to correct halitosis promptly and safely. Its name is Listerine, and it is the pleasantest tasting, most delightful mouth wash you can use. Many imitations of it have failed either because they could not do what Listerine does; because they failed to meet the standard requirements of an antiseptic; or because they were too strong, too harsh, too bitter to be tolerated. Of the imitations that remain, a very large number lack Listerine's speedy action and efficiency.

For more than 50 years, Listerine has been used in hospital work because of its marked deodorant and antiseptic properties. When you rinse your mouth with Listerine, here is what happens—

Listerine's Four Benefits

- (1). Fermentation of tiny food particles (the major cause of breath odors) is instantly halted.
- (2). Decaying matter is swept from large areas

on mouth, gum, and tooth surfaces.

(3). Millions of bacteria capable of causing odors are destroyed outright.

(4). The breath itself—indeed, the entire mouth—is freshened and sweetened.

Don't Offend Others

When you want such freshening and deodorizing effect without danger, use Listerine. Use it every morning and every night, and between times before business and social engagements, so that you do not offend.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO.
St. Louis, Mo.

If you like
Listerine Antiseptic,
chances are you'll like
Listerine Tooth Paste.
162 brushings in the big,
double-size tube, 40¢.
Regular size, 25¢.



NORMA SHEARER • LESLIE HOWARD

in
"Romeo and Juliet"
with

JOHN BARRYMORE

EDNA MAY OLIVER • BASIL RATHBONE • C. AUBREY SMITH
 ANDY DEVINE • RALPH FORBES • REGINALD DENNY • CONWAY
 TEARLE • ROBERT WARWICK • VIOLET KEMBLE-COOPER

You've heard about it for months! You've read about it everywhere! It's all true. This is the greatest love drama, the mightiest entertainment of our time. Every moment throbs as sparks fly, as steel meets steel... and the crimson follows the rapier's thrust...Lovers meet...and dream...and plan. Pomp and grandeur sweep by in spectacular pageantry. Here are thrills, suspense to spur the pulse...tender romance to charm the heart...beauty to fill the eye. A love story deep in the heart of the world forever, now given enthralling life in such a picture as the screen has never known.

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Triumph
 Directed by George Cukor

"Swept off my feet" — Robert Benchley

"A far greater film than 'Mutiny on the Bounty'" — Jim Tully

"List it among the screen's major achievements" — Walter Winchell

"I think the modern American girl has many things to learn from the Juliet of Norma Shearer, and I advise her to go about learning them right away"—Anita Loos





PHOTOPLAY

THE ARISTOCRAT OF MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINES

RUTH WATERBURY, EDITOR

WALLACE HAMILTON CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR

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On the Cover—Norma Shearer, by James Montgomery Flagg

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BOOS and Bouquets

FIRST PRIZE—\$15

THE WINNER!

ONCE in a long while a film is made that has everything—topnotch players, thrilling plot, picturesque settings, breath-taking “shots” and glorious music. “San Francisco” triumphs with all these qualities, and is being greeted with cheers of enthusiasm by the whole world of theater goers!

Who, other than Clark Gable, could play the carefree gambler *Blackie* with that arrogant, likable assurance? Where could be found a more suitable setting for such a character than the Barbary Coast of 1906? What could be more spectacular than the havoc wrought by that unprepared-for earthquake and fire? What could be more beautiful and inspiring than the golden-voiced Jeanette MacDonald singing the “Jewel Song” from *Faust*? When actors and directors are able to combine forces and turn out such a splendid piece of work “once,” why not make it more of a habit?

MARJORIE BROUILLETTE,
Seattle, Wash.

SECOND PRIZE—\$10

GOOD FOR GARY!

“You know,” he says in one of his recent successes, “it’s like this: I grow on people. At first they don’t like me, but afterwards they can’t leave me alone.” Which is exactly the way I feel about that big man from the west, Gary Cooper. His ready smile and carefree manner are his weapons; the movie audience, his target. And how he has scored!

His is the happy knack of bringing out the best in his audience. Men sympathize with him; girls admire his quiet sincerity. Everything he does is so laughably natural that one would have to try hard to leave the theater without having enjoyed every minute of one of his pictures. His finished acting combined with adroit comedy have provided sheer entertainment that is difficult to equal. I eagerly await Mr. Cooper’s latest picture, “The General Died at Dawn.” And I will come early and stay late.

FRANK W. WHITE,
New Rochelle, N. Y.

THIRD PRIZE—\$5

NO IMITATIONS NEED APPLY

Why do movie letter writers liken one player to another? George Raft and Cesar Romero at their screen debut were each called a second Valentino. Rosalind Russell is a Myrna Loy.

When a comparison fails the sterile-minded writers, the player is hailed as the “boy next door.” (Fred MacMurray and Henry Fonda are the latest victims of the b.n.d. label.) Agesilaus, Spartan king, once declined an invitation to hear a man who could admirably imitate the nightingale. He said he had heard the nightingale itself. Likewise who wants to spend time and money to see a shadow boy-next-door when we can see more than we want of the real one free?

Dozens of interviews have praised Errol Flynn; he deserves every word said. We want new stars of individuality, not imitation movie nightingales.

LEONIE POITIERS,
Washington, D. C.

\$1 PRIZE

DRAMA IN THE HOME

Millions may be lavished on such colossal, stupendous productions as “The Great Ziegfeld” without getting more than a passing gasp from a movie audience, but bring along a few pictures like “Every Saturday Night” and “Educating Father” and you have an instant hit.

These productions, founded on the home life of the average American show us that even the most prosaic existence has in it something of the story book; that in every home of the country’s staid middle class there is as much drama as you will find on the bounding main, the battlefield, or the night club. Their subtle moralizations do much to lighten our daily burdens of care and worry. Give us more of these pictures about you and

me and the man next door, so that “we may see ourselves as others see us.”

JAMES POOL,
Ventura, Calif.

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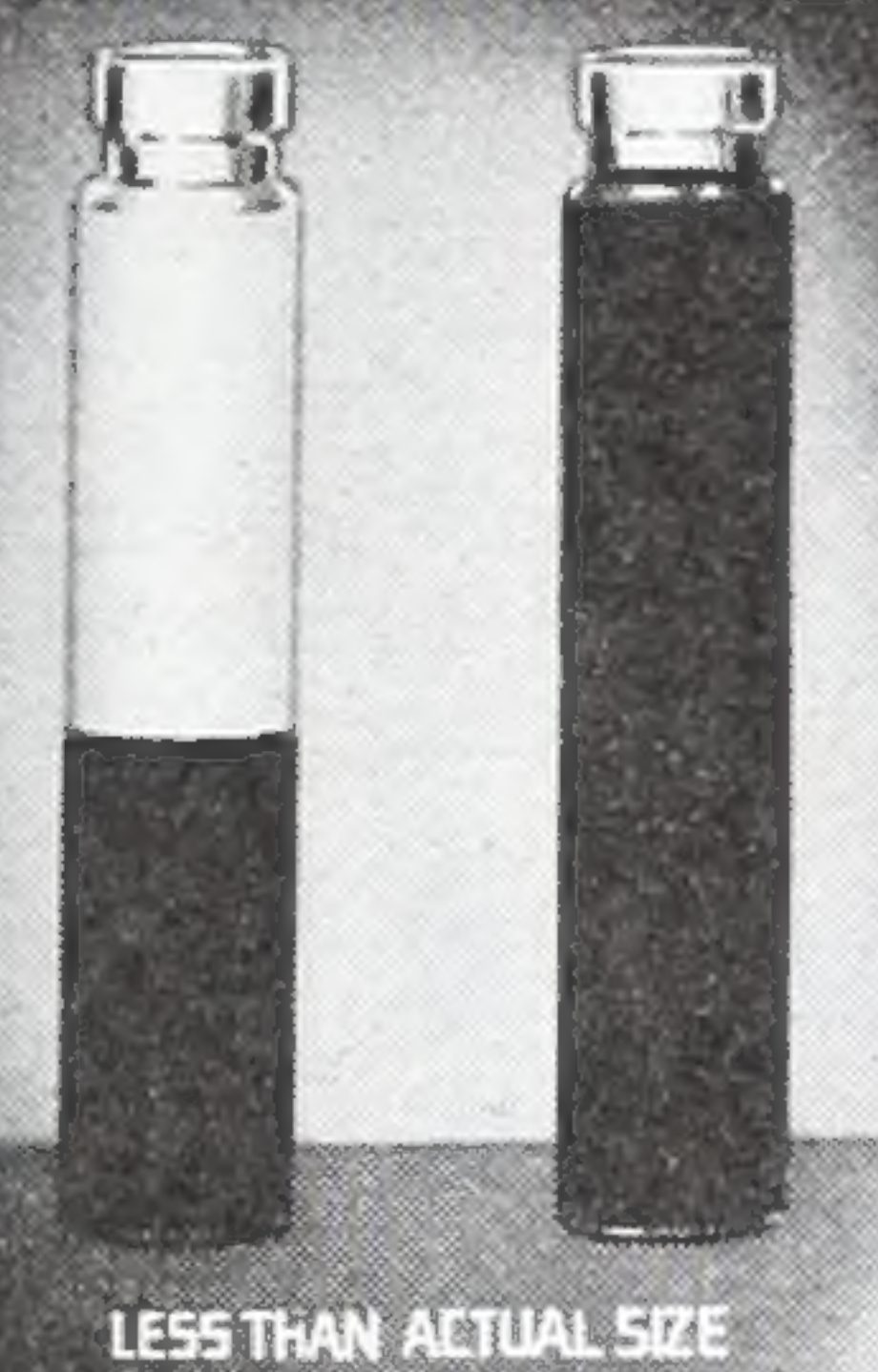
Which is Witch? June Knight, M-G-M's blonde star, gives you an advance tip that Halloween is around the corner

PHOTOPLAY awards the following prizes for the best eight letters received each month: \$15 first prize, \$10 second, \$5 third, and five \$1 prizes. We suggest that your letters be brief, but there are no specific rules—any and all opinions on pictures and players will be considered. PHOTOPLAY reserves the right to use the letters submitted in whole or in part. Contributions will not be returned. Contributors are warned that letters copied or adapted from previously published material, which constitutes plagiarism, will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Address: Boos & Bouquets, PHOTOPLAY, 122 East 42nd St., New York City.

WINS THE *Beauty Contest* AMONG MODERN FOUNTAIN PENS

*Full-length visible
ink supply*

*Holds 102% more ink
THAN OLD-STYLE*



LESS THAN ACTUAL SIZE

*Scratch-Proof Point
of Platinum and Gold*

WE ASKED ONE QUESTION OF 200 MEN AND WOMEN

"Which Pen is Your Choice for *Style and Beauty?*"

AND 2 TO 1 SELECTED PARKER'S LAMINATED PEARL*

—The sacless Vacumatic with Ever-Visible Ink Supply and 102% more Ink Capacity than Old-Style—
GUARANTEED Mechanically Perfect

Yes, other things being equal, style-minded people would choose the Parker Vacumatic for beauty alone! But other things, too, including performance, make this revolutionary invention the national favorite by a still bigger margin—by 9 to 4.**

One important difference—its ink supply is visible the full length of the barrel—not merely the last drop. Thus it shows days ahead WHEN IT'S RUNNING LOW, so it won't run dry.

Another great difference is the patented Parker filler. There's no other like it. It requires no sliding piston immersed in

ink,—its working parts are sealed in the top WHERE INK CAN NEVER TOUCH THEM—can never decompose them.

And the third great difference is the Parker "breather tube." This deflates the air pressure in the barrel when the warmth of the writer's hand expands the air. By

thus relieving the pressure on the ink, this exhaust prevents flooding and blotting. It's the only invention known that vanquishes this foe of sacless pens.

The Parker point is Scratch-proof—precious Platinum combined with solid Gold.

Go and see this luminous, laminated Pearl Beauty at any good store selling pens.

Every student needs this miracle writer that doesn't run dry in classes or exams. By actual vote, it's the pen preferred by more college students than any other two combined. The Parker Pen Co., Janesville, Wisconsin.

*Start the Fall Term
with the Pen
that Students Rate Highest*

Parker

VACUMATIC REG. T.M.

GUARANTEED MECHANICALLY PERFECT

Junior, \$5 Pencils, \$2.50,
Over-Size, \$10 \$3.50 and \$5

750

To Guard Your Pen from Pen-Clogging Inks . . .

use Parker Quink—a miracle ink that cleans a pen as it writes—a Parker or any other pen. Not watery ink, but rich, full-bodied and brilliant. Get Parker Quink at any store selling ink—Washable or Permanent. 15c upward.



*More than twice the number selected Parker than any other make.
** National Pen Census, Recording and Statistical Corporation.

BRIEF REVIEWS

OF
CURRENT PICTURES

*Consult This Movie Shopping
Guide and Save Your Time,
Money and Disposition*

★ INDICATES PICTURE WAS ONE OF THE
BEST OF THE MONTH WHEN REVIEWED

Here's a treat! "The
Last of the Mohicans"
in Technicolor! The
notable cast includes
blonde Heather Angel
and Phillip Reed



AND SUDDEN DEATH—Paramount.—A flimsy story built on the well-known article on safe driving. Randolph Scott is the handsome policeman who reforms Frances Drake. Will put you in a frenzy of safe driving for several days. (Aug.)

★ **ANTHONY ADVERSE**—Warners.—Powerful, compact and magnificent in its simplicity is this picturization of Hervey Allen's monumental novel of a man's adventures and struggles for spiritual happiness. Fredric March is *Anthony*; Olivia de Havilland is *Angela*, the love of his life. The whole cast is flawless. On your "must see" list. (July)

BENGAL TIGER—Warners.—Full of ripsnorting action and suspense. Barton MacLane is the cat trainer who marries June Travis before she discovers Warren Hull. If you enjoy circuses, see this one. (Sept.)

BIG NOISE, THE—Warners.—Pleasant, lightweight fun, with Guy Kibbee getting more thrills out of life than he bargained for—from racketeers. Dumb-bunny Marie Wilson adds to his woes. (July)

BORDER FLIGHT—Paramount.—Full of fast and furious action but poorly directed. An account of men in an air patrol base. John Howard and Grant Withers fight for Frances Farmer. Average yet you'll enjoy the stunt flying. (July)

BORN TO FIGHT—Conn Pictures.—A last paced yarn with Frankie Darro in the rôle of a young puglist whom Kane Richmond brings to championship calibre. (July)

BUNKER BEAN—RKO-Radio.—Light fare with Owen Davis, Jr., as the timid clerk who goes in for confidence builders until he discovers that love is the best one of all. Louise Latimer is the love. (Aug.)

CASE AGAINST MRS. AMES, THE—Wagner.—Excellent courtroom mystery drama with mother and son theme. Madeleine Carroll is splendid as the suspected Mrs. Ames; George Brent, prosecuting attorney, is good, as are Alan Mowbray and Beulah Bondi. You'll like it. (July)

CASE OF THE VELVET CLAWS, THE—Warners.—Warren William, as Perry Mason, lawyer-sleuth, and a capable cast including Claire Dodd and Winifred Shaw, romp through a comedy murder mystery which takes place on a honeymoon. Fair fare for mystery fans. (July)

CHARLIE CHAN AT THE RACE TRACK—20th Century-Fox.—Swell script, good romantic development and hearty humor make this the best of this series to date. Warner Oland sleuths beautifully in a mystery of a murdered stable owner on his way to Honolulu. (Sept.)

COUNTERFEIT—Columbia.—Reputedly a first government authorized version of G-man activities this is better than usual. Chester Morris breaks up the gang, recovers the money, loves Marian Marsh. You'll like Lloyd Nolan as the killer. (Aug.)

CRASH DONAVAN—Universal.—Jack Holt progresses from a carnival stunt man to highway police force. A triangle love affair adds to the spice. Lots of motorcycle stunt riding. Hardly adult entertainment. (Sept.)

★ **DANCING PIRATE**—Pioneer.—The most magnificent color film yet. Charles Collins' dancing is sensational; Frank Morgan, as the befuddled mayor of a village besieged by pirates, takes honors; Steffi Duna is appealing. A visual delight. See it. (July)

★ **DEVIL DOLL**—M-G-M.—Lionel Barrymore's most unusual rôle. Horror and gruesomeness are combined in a startling story of an innocent convict who seeks revenge through his scientific secret of making humans into dolls. Maureen O'Sullivan and Frank Lawton's love relieve the situations somewhat. (Sept.)

DEVIL'S SQUADRON, THE—Columbia.—Gripping but somewhat morbid drama of pilots who court death testing planes. Richard Dix sacrifices his reputation for the family honor of Karen Morley. Plenty of suspense and thrills. (July)

DOWN THE STRETCH—Warners.—An unpretentious little programmer about a young jockey, Mickey Rooney, who carries the stigma of his father's unholy reputation. Willie Best, as the stable boy, furnishes the laughs. (Sept.)

EARLY TO BED—Paramount.—Charles Ruggles and Mary Boland in a chuckle banquet, their funniest to date. The comedy evolves out of Charlie's sleepwalking habits and his marriage to Mary after a twenty-year engagement. Don't miss a swell laugh. (Aug.)

★ **EARTHWORM TRACTOR**—First National.—Joe E. Brown as a super salesman rattles happily through mad-hatter adventures with machinery and love in his most hilarious comedy to date. Carol Hughes and June Travis are his sentimentalities. Real laugh material. (Aug.)

EDUCATING FATHER—20th Century-Fox.—An innocuous story of the Jones family with several thrills and nice photography. It depicts the attempt of a drug store owner to keep his air-minded son on the ground. (Aug.)

EX-MRS. BRADFORD, THE—RKO-Radio.—William Powell as a doctor-detective and Jean Arthur as his thrill-writer ex-wife in a saucy, sophisticated comedy melodrama about murder on the race track. Simply swell. (July)

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FORGOTTEN FACES—Paramount.—Powerful, but dismally realistic. Herbert Marshall is superb as the cultured murderer trying to keep his daughter clear of his wife's clutches. Gertrude Michael overdoes. Hardy entertainment. (July)

★ **FURY**—M-G-M.—Vengeance, uncontrollable hate and tender love combined in the most sensationally powerful picture this year. Under Fritz Lang's superb direction it relates the tragedy of an innocent man in the hands of a seed-brained mob seething with passion. Spencer Tracy and Sylvia Sydney exceptionally good. A masterpiece. (Aug.)

GIRL OF THE OZARKS—Paramount.—Little Virginia Weidler's first starring picture having to do with the hillbilly tradition against which she rebels. Lots of tears. For the family. (Aug.)

★ **GIVE ME YOUR HEART**—Warners.—An intelligent and moving problem play aimed at sophisticated audiences. Kay Francis tries to forget her child and her youthful mésalliance in her new love for George Brent. The picture is lightened by Roland Young's delightful comedy. (Sept.)

★ **GREEN PASTURES, THE**—Warners.—Marc Connelly's famous play portraying Biblical happenings as visualized in the minds of simple hearted negroes, produced with sincerity and appealing charm. Rex Ingram superb as *De Lawd*. A radical departure from anything heretofore attempted. This is a "must see" picture. (Aug.)

GUNS AND GUITARS—Republic.—More guns than guitars in this tedious Western. Gene Autrey and Smiley Burnette help the sheriff chase cattle racketeers. Dorothy Dix a pretty romance. Dull. (Sept.)

★ **HEARTS DIVIDED**—Warners.—A lavishly produced tale of *Jerome Bonaparte's* love for a Baltimore belle. Dick Powell and Marion Davies carry the romance; Edward Everett Horton, Arthur Treacher and Charles Ruggles supply the comedy. Claude Rains is the high spot as *Napoleon*. (Aug.)

HEARTS IN BONDAGE—Republic.—Lew Ayres' first directed picture astonishingly well done. Starring James Dunn, it is a sweeping drama of the Civil War interwoven with idealistic romance. It's an education. (Aug.)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 122]

THE PICTURE EVERY WOMAN WILL WANT SOME MAN TO SEE

If you know of anything more important than the female of the species in the world's scheme of things, then you can dispute our action in awarding this new Kay Francis picture runaway honors as the outstanding photoplay of the month. See it and you will know why woman critics unite in calling it the greatest picture of its kind since "Stella Dallas"—even greater, perhaps, because of its modern viewpoint and open honesty in considering a love problem women in the day of "Stella Dallas" kept padlocked in their hearts. The role of a mother, caught in the turmoil of a love so desperate that she must break another woman's heart or her own, is valiantly performed by

KAY FRANCIS IN "GIVE ME YOUR HEART"

From a Noted Stage Play... With

GEORGE BRENT

Roland Young • Patric Knowles

Henry Stephenson • Frieda Inescort

Directed by Archie L. Mayo • A Cosmopolitan Production



Only to a world of advancing social ideas would the screen dare present so fearlessly candid a drama. And only for a public whose tastes have been keyed to a higher entertainment level could Warner Bros. have included it in that remarkable succession of new-season pictures which has already given us "The Green Pastures" and "Anthony Adverse." A happy movie season is indeed in store for us with assurance from trustworthy sources that Warner Bros. have issued confidential orders that the same standard of excellence be adhered to in the production of Marion Davies and Clark Gable's "Cain and Mabel"; "Charge of the Light Brigade," with Errol Flynn and Olivia de Havilland; Lloyd C. Douglas' celebrated best-seller, "Green Light," and other forthcoming pictures.

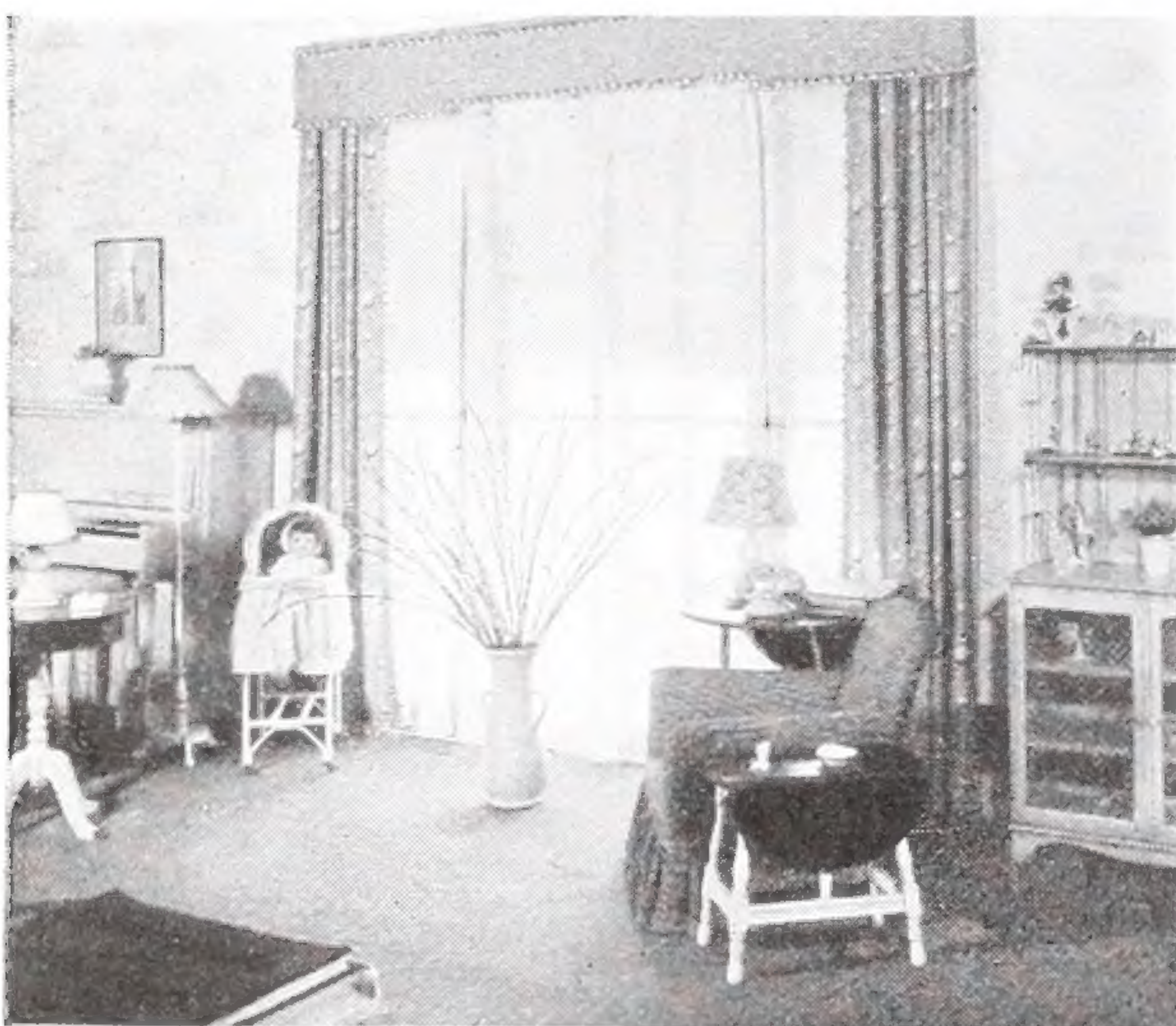
That 4 O'clock Let-down? Not for Shirley!

*They've built her a
bungalow on the lot*



She eats her lunch in
this diminutive dinette

She studies in this ador-
able delft blue schoolroom



When little friends
come to call, they are
greeted in this bright
sunny reception room
done in warm tones of
ivory, brown and yellow



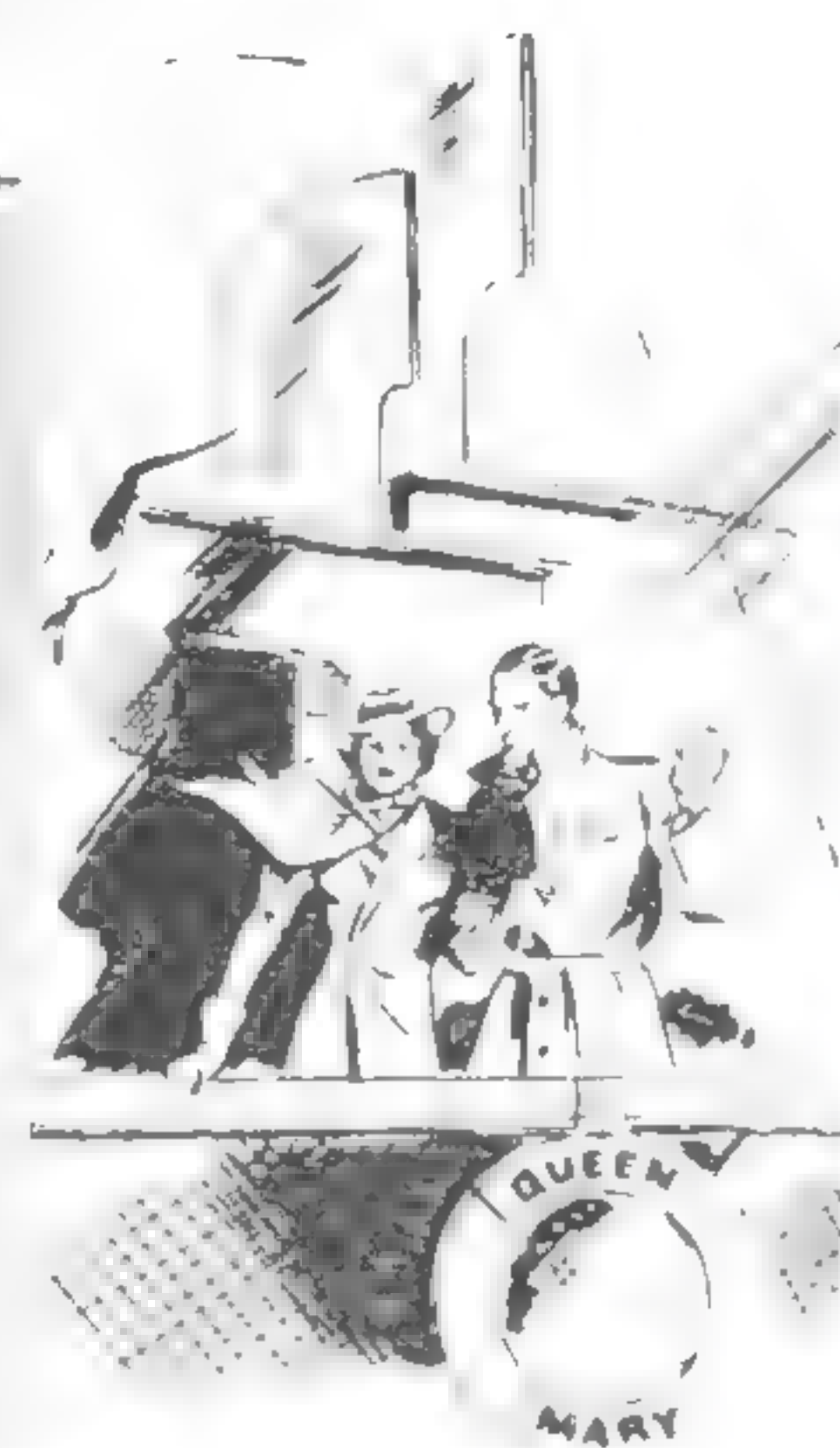
Another corner of the
reception room. She has
her own little radio and
all the furniture in the
bungalow is scaled
down to her size

The famous little white house on the Fox lot where Shirley rests, studies and plays

A GREAT BOOK!

AN OUTSTANDING PLAY!

A SUPERB PICTURE!



by
**SINCLAIR
LEWIS**

Nobel Prize Winner **SINCLAIR LEWIS**
...Pulitzer Prize Winner **SIDNEY
HOWARD**...Famed Producer **SAMUEL
GOLDWYN**...this winning combination
which gave the world "Arrowsmith"
has again united to create the *enter-*
tainment achievement of the year!

Samuel Goldwyn

HAS THE HONOR TO PRESENT
SINCLAIR LEWIS'

DODSWORTH

with **WALTER HUSTON**
RUTH CHATTERTON
PAUL LUKAS · MARY ASTOR

Directed by
and **DAVID NIVEN** **WILLIAM WYLER**
Screenplay by **SIDNEY HOWARD**

Released thru
UNITED ARTISTS

- Hundreds of thousands saw the play which ran for nearly two years on Broadway and on the road! Millions have read the book which topped best-seller lists! And now millions more will see the superb picturization of this great prize story!

**YOU DON'T "SEE" THIS
PICTURE...YOU LIVE IT!**

THE GREAT LOVE DRAMA OF THE GREAT
WAR!... fired with the inspired acting of
the year's most impressive cast!

FREDRIC MARCH • WARNER BAXTER
LIONEL BARRYMORE

**THE
ROAD
TO GLORY**

with
**JUNE LANG
GREGORY RATOFF**

Directed by Howard Hawks
Associate Producer Nunnally Johnson



Darryl F. Zanuck in Charge of Production

STAR-GREAT! EMOTION-MIGHTY! THE STRANGEST DRAMA EVER LIVED!

CLOSE UPS AND LONG SHOTS

By RUTH WATERBURY

"SAN FRANCISCO," put out in the heat of mid-July, is proving to be the greatest summer box office picture ever made. "Anthony Adverse" has started its career by going particularly big in Los Angeles and San Francisco. "To Mary—With Love" is twice the hit that 20th Century-Fox hoped it would be. "Suzy," which even Metro admits isn't much of a production, is bringing in plenty of gold. "Green Pastures" is doing very nicely; and little Miss Temple packs them in even when playing at noncooled theaters. "Mary of Scotland," which the critics weren't so keen for, did \$110,000 in one week at Radio City Music Hall in New York.

In other words, business is perfect at the theaters.

That's one side of Hollywood.

AT the Dallas Exposition recently nearly fifty thousand more people thronged to see Robert Taylor than went to see President Roosevelt. They had to pay to see Taylor too, while they got President Roosevelt free.

Which is another side of Hollywood—the business of creating and selling personality.

Then, currently, there is "The Astor Case," running the circulation of newspapers up by the hundreds of thousands.

And that reflects an aspect of Hollywood that is a bitter one to take.

HOLLYWOOD has made great strides since "The Decency Drive" two seasons ago.

Then, in response to the demand of Church and public, a right-about-face was made. Sex was dropped as a picture theme and love substituted. Boldness gave way to romance. Shirley

Temple became Queen of the Screen rather than Mae West.

Business at the theaters responded instantly. The producing heads of Hollywood, realizing the fundamental truth they had been forced to discover, got more courage to put out truly artistic pictures.

Came "The Informer," "Mutiny on the Bounty," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "Romeo and Juliet" and "Green Pastures." Unconventional pictures all of them—very expensive pictures with the exception of "The Informer"—but all possible failures done just for the love of doing something better.



"Romeo and Juliet" is yet to be tested at the box office. For myself I cannot see how it can fail, if for nothing but the sheer beauty of it. The other four have already made more than double their production cost.

Talk to any of the studio heads, as I do almost weekly, and you will learn how eager are their plans.

I sincerely feel that never have pictures been planned with more surety than today. Warners have "The Charge of the Light Brigade;" Metro has "The Good Earth;" Radio has "Swing Time" and "Portrait of a Rebel." "Good Earth" will probably be the most important, but the others will be magnificent fun.

The production end of things out here is conducting itself gloriously.

STRANGELY enough, as important productions get underway, something is happening to the actors. They are on a "quitting" jag. I do not mean simple contract quarrels like Bette Davis with Warner Brothers, but a genuine impulse to get away from it all.

Leslie Howard was the first to announce his retirement from the screen. He says he may never come back after "Romeo." Paul Muni declares he does not want to sign another contract when his present one runs out. Robert Montgomery mutters along similar lines and now Luise Rainer, who has hardly got started, says she wants to go home.

As much as studio heads may growl about this attitude it represents the same impulse that is creating better pictures. As they become more wealthy the actors are getting artistic. They want to play rôles of sustaining greatness. Claudette Colbert, though she is frightened of its box office possibilities, is mad to do "Joan of Arc." Bob Montgomery pleads to do a powerful but dangerous play—"Night Must Fall." Muni has

always fought for more serious pictures and is chiefly responsible for "Pasteur" being produced at all.

Hollywood is experiencing an artistic awakening; becoming aware of its artistic possibilities.

AND now for the President and Robert Taylor. I'm sure Mr. Roosevelt doesn't mind that Bob outdrew him. A very wise man, he undoubtedly acknowledges that romantic appeal is more persuasive than statesmanship.

Maybe he feels that it does the world just as much good in the long run.

And also being a happy man himself, having made himself rise over physical obstacles to contentment and intelligence, he knows that the happier people are the better they behave, and he approves of movies, being a fan himself.

BUT of "The Astor Case." If I did not believe that you, our readers, would wonder at its complete omission from PHOTOPLAY I would prefer not to mention it at all. I hate to seem, even by a word, to sit in judgment on any woman. People, be they movie stars or ditch diggers, should have the right to their private lives. But this dreadfully tawdry case thrown open in court, just as Hollywood was taking its rightfully proud place among the art centers of the world, unjustly besmirches an entire sincere and hard-working community.

So, as you love movies and their people, I ask you not to blame Mary Astor on Hollywood. Think of her, if you can, as a woman beset by strange temptations that do not touch most of us, and motivated by reasonings that would not influence the average person.

But do not think of her as "typical" of Hollywood.

She is not typical of Hollywood, any more than she is of any town—any more than she is "typical" of the average wife and mother.

Handsome Robert Taylor, that young Lochinvar from Filley, Nebraska, has had a meteoric flight to fame that is one of the screen's miracles. Three years ago he was an unknown bit player; recently more people went to see him in person than went to see the President of the United States



A Valiant Picture For a Valiant Star

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

➤ IT WAS a strange title for a book, "Valiant Is the Word for Carrie," so when it came out some months ago I sent out and got it, and I read it through at one sitting.

➤ Women are often brave, perhaps always brave; but to be valiant implies also gallantry and an indomitable spirit. And here were both a valiant woman and a remarkable story, the woman an outcast and a pariah in a small Louisiana town, but humorous and generous, the story one of pure courage and sturdy regeneration. It was evident that there was a great motion picture here. Carrie had no illusions. If the French half of her was cautious the Irish half would dare anything, and had. But the picture began, of course, when one day a small boy with two buckeyes in a treasure box wandered into that secret garden of hers and told her she was not bad; and Carrie promptly fell in love with him.

➤ Here was everything for a picture, humor and pathos and deep human understanding. There was nothing mawkish about Carrie. Sometimes she told herself she was crazy, and sometimes that she was an old fool, but her love for this boy and later on for a small waif of a girl is the very essence of womanhood. For the time came when Carrie had to plan so that she could face them both without shame, and the picture is a story of that struggle.

➤ I intend to see the picture, of course. I want to see Carrie leaving behind her Cemetery Road and the easy money of her past, and escaping into a life where as she says she will go straight if she has to sling dishes in a restaurant. And I want to see her with her waifs that incongruous three against the world, and watch them slowly and successfully conquering that world. Also I want to see Gladys George as Carrie. I know her work, which is that of a fine dramatic artist, and her own story, which is one of ups and downs, and for a long time mostly downs.

➤ SHE HAS a long record of achievement behind her. She narrowly escaped being born in a theater, for her parents were actors. She was on the stage herself at the age of three, and as a youngster in small towns paraded the streets with a sandwich board which said: "Wouldn't you like to see me tonight at Theater?" It is quite typical of her life that she got her first real chance while nursing a badly broken nose, and not surprising that after almost seven hundred riotously successful appearances as the star of "Personal Appearance," some one took a plane and signed her up for Carrie in this picture.

➤ She will play it with skill, understanding and honesty, for Carrie was always honest, even with herself. But above all she will play it as she has lived, valiantly, with courage and an indomitable spirit.



GLADYS GEORGE, famous American actress, who makes her screen debut in Paramount's "Valiant Is the Word for Carrie," with Arline Judge, John Howard, Harry Carey, Dudley Digges, William Collier, Sr., Isabel Jewel, Charlene Wyatt, Jackie Moran, Maude Eburne, from Barry Benefield's best seller, produced and directed by WESLEY RUGGLES.



What was sacrifice to her, if it could bring them happiness?

Advertisement

The Star Creators of Hollywood

The first of a series of brilliant articles about the men whose genius lifts pictures and personalities to fame—the directors. This month, John Ford

BY HOWARD SHAFER

EDITOR'S NOTE: Late last winter, in its search to bring you new and different material about Hollywood, PHOTOPLAY started that amazing series of articles called "The Private Life of a Talking Picture," a study of the technical side of the motion picture industry.

That series brought such an immediate response from intelligent readers, and upon its completion created such a demand for more original material that, in response to your requests, PHOTOPLAY is here starting a series on the men who make pictures.

Hollywood calls these men directors. The term is guilty of understatement. Their task is one of creation, since no single portion or phase of any motion picture is independent of their touch; and the success or failure of any production is primarily due to them, secondarily to the actors.

In this series, written by the same brilliant author who wrote "The Private Life of a Talking Picture," PHOTOPLAY's objective is not so much to bring you a personal history of these men, but rather a detailed analysis of the work they do; so that in the end you may, for yourself, understand the complicated processes of the directing and molding of a modern movie. Also, to see Hollywood not in the phoney light of stars' "love lives" but rather in the full glory of its undeniable influence upon the thought of our times.

RUTH WATERBURY





Sincerity is the keynote of Ford and his work. Above, he fought the studio for years to make "The Informer." It won the Academy Award! In 1928 he directed "Four Sons." It was a four handkerchief picture and remains one of the screen's greatest miracles



sightless, boarded windows were in deep shadow; from nowhere the oily Irish fog ribboned in. There was gloom in the air, and terror.

Ford, casual in old pants and old shoes and old shirt, said, "Come on now, me lads. Double quick!" and the three stumbling, frightened rebels began to dodge along the cobblestones and barricaded sidewalks.

"All right. When you go past that window, Preston, be careful. It's going to break and there might be glass flying around."

"Okay," Foster and the other two said together.

"Try it again," Ford said, sitting back. To the cameraman, in a low voice, he murmured, "*Now!*"

The three shabby refugees began their action again in what was to them the second rehearsal. But the film was clicking silently past the lens

OUT at RKO, just now, a company is making that symphony of courage and hate and love called "Plough and the Stars," under the direction of one Sean O'Fienne—a tall and typical Irishman whose beautiful name was Anglicized by an unfeeling Saxon people to Jack Feeney and later changed by himself (he is a simple man) to John Ford. I chose him as the object of my first bombardment of questions because he made "The Informer," which is the greatest motion picture ever filmed, and because in himself he represents all that is the best of Hollywood and its industry.

The set I walked into was an entire section of Dublin enclosed by a sound stage; from the asphalt studio street to the cobblestones of this Irish square was only a step or two, but the difference in mood was an ocean and eight thousand miles. Ford had a couple of scenes to finish before he could settle into a chair and bite through a pipestem and analyze his technique, so I sat and watched—and learned almost as much about him as I did later from his own introspective conversation.

The sequence was one in which Preston Foster, and one of the imported Abbey Players, were to help a wounded companion (the picture is set during the 1916 "Uprising") down a street and around a corner and into an alley; meanwhile machine guns and snipers were to create peril and terrific din. The miserable little shops, the tenements, the sullen dirty brick walls and the

Out of the careful set silence there sounded the sudden, fearful clatter of a machine gun. Foster and his companions, really surprised and for a moment really terrified, scurried around a corner and past the plate glass window Ford had warned them about.

Six shots burst through it, crashing in quick succession. Sharp slivers spattered through the fog. Echoes bounced.

The three soldiers looked back, aghast, and then ran for their lives.

"Wasn't that a pip?" Ford said delightedly to the script girl.

"You'll have to replace the window for the take," Preston said, coming up. He wiped his forehead.

"That was the take," Ford told him sweetly.

THERE'S very little news available about the private life of this Sean O'Fienne. He may have led a sort of "Anthony Adverse" existence, and probably has, since occasionally he mentions (in a noncommittal tone) that he saw this war in China or that revolution in Mexico, and that such and such a thing happened to him in the South Seas. But he will tell you, if you ask long enough, merely that he was born of Irish parents in Portland, Maine, and that he went to school there, and that after graduation he came to Hollywood to join his famous brother, Francis Ford. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 98]

VICTOR McLAGLEN

The MAGNIFICENT BRUTE

"A fighting fiend and a fool for blondes"

with BINNIE BARNES, JEAN DIXON,
WILLIAM HALL, HENRY ARMETTA,
EDWARD NORRIS

A UNIVERSAL PICTURE

from the LIBERTY MAGAZINE STORY "BIG"

CHAS. R. ROGERS, *Executive Producer*

Directed by JOHN G. BLYSTONE



Clark
Gable

With "San Francisco" Gable emerges as far more than the answer to a maiden's prayer. His acting ability is now unquestioned. He's in "Cain and Mabel" with Marion Davies



George
Brent

George Brent, one-time Irish rebel, rebels at social life too. Retiring, and a born sportsman, he prefers to fish, box and fly. "God's Country and the Woman" is his next



Kay
Francis

For seven years Kay Francis has gone serenely on her way making hit after hit, while others fought over contracts. She reverts to a "dressy" rôle in "Mistress of Fashion"



Betty
Furness

"Where's Elmer?" is the title of Betty Furness' next picture, but she never has to ask such a question. The most dated up girl in Hollywood is taking a much deserved rest at the beach

"Excuse Me, But Aren't You Crazy?"

. . . says Francis Lederer on many occasions. Such remarks reveal the bundle of contradictions that go to make up his magnetic, ingenuous personality

By Constance Vose

PLEASE excuse me, Mr. Lederer.

When producer, Jesse Lasky, a lamb-pie if ever Hollywood saw one, signed up actor Francis Lederer, a pot-pie if ever Hollywood baked one, the yowling could be heard from the Vine Street Derby to the Beverly Wilshire.

Friends and enemies alike joined in the kidding refrain of "Oh, you Jesse. Now for the fireworks. Francis Lederer will try to run you and your pictures ragged."

People telephoned like mad. "Lasky, for the love of heaven why get mixed up with that screw-ball? You'll be sorry. You'll see."

But Mr. Lasky, who had been handling actors since Tarzan was a little monkey, knew exactly what he was doing and how to do it. He called in the so-called screw-ball and sat him down by his desk.

"Now, Mr. Lederer," he said, "I would like very much to know just what it is all about. I mean just what is it you want?"

"To make good pictures," said Mr. Lederer earnestly. "That's all, good pictures."

Mr. Lasky thought that one over carefully. It had all the earmarks of being a bit on the side of sanity and even plain horse sense.

"I'm not sure but it sounds as if you and I might be on the same side of the fence," Mr. Lasky said, realizing that all too seldom do actors and producers in Hollywood mingle in that cozy little nook known as the same side of the fence. "Now what is it you want to do to insure a picture being good?"

"I should like to sit in on the story conferences," said Lederer, his black eyes shining, "to have, maybe, a word about the costumes and the cast. I should like to make suggestions when I think something could be improved, if I may," he added.

And so, with those words, Mr. Lasky knew all. Saw behind the sensitive, eager face of this Czecho-Slovakian, the wild stories of Mr. Lederer's desire to run things, heard behind the echo of the spoken word the sincerity of a man who had been misunderstood, maligned, thwarted, laughed at. And what's more, there grew up in the bosom of one Jesse Lasky, the

suspicion concerning Francis Lederer that was all too soon confirmed.

The suspicion that when Lederer said a good picture, he meant a good picture for the producer, the leading lady, the bit players, the extras with the frayed trouser cuffs, the box office and everyone and everything concerned with that picture.

And *not* just a good picture for Lederer.

Mr. Lasky reached out a hand. Mr. Lederer reached out his. They clasped (not kissed) hands in a bond of understanding that brought a misty shininess to the eyes of Lederer. "You know what I mean, eh? What it is I am trying to do? You really understand?"

"I do," said Mr. Lasky and so began "The Gay Deception." The name, I beg you please, of the picture. When Mr. Lasky joined forces with Mary Pickford he took along his Mr. Lederer and permitted him to sit in on story conferences, cast selections, and costume choosing for "One Rainy Afternoon."

At times his suggestions were sound and helpful and were accepted. At other times they were listened to with respect but not accepted. And between times Miss Pickford would look thoughtfully at the eager, restless Czech and murmur to herself, "Even Douglas, with all his leaping, was never such a one as this."

No one, in fact, was ever such a one as this. His goings-on fill in the dull spots of Hollywood's chatter columns like frosting between layer cakes. In fact, the pot-pie Hollywood has baked from the doings of this Lederer, contain not the usual slices of white meat and luscious dumplings, but doughballs of how he walks, each day, onto a sound stage backwards, kicks up six times with his left heel, pulls his right ear with his left hand while bending both knees seven times to the floor and blowing kisses to the tune of "Waltz Me Around Again, Willie."

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 103]



The high-spirited antics of Francis Lederer fill the dull spots of Hollywood chatter columns like frosting between layer cakes

How a SLEEPING BEAUTY



AWOKE to GLAMOR

ONE Saturday night when the Trocadero was packed with famous humanity I overheard a well-known and lovely feminine star at an adjoining table complaining in a thin petulant voice. She said:

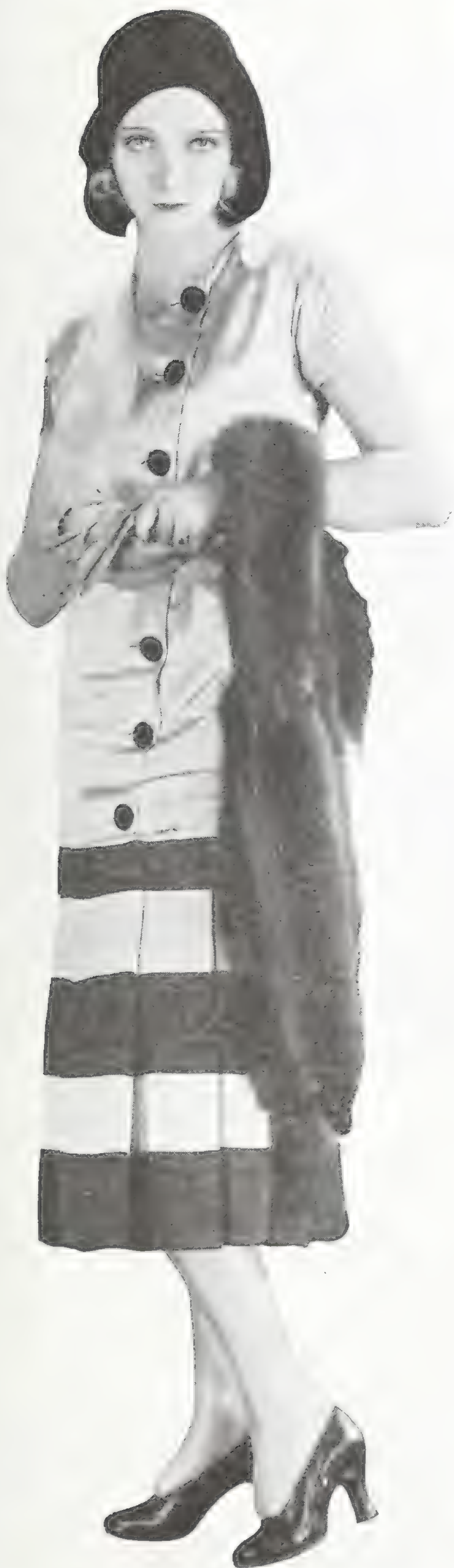
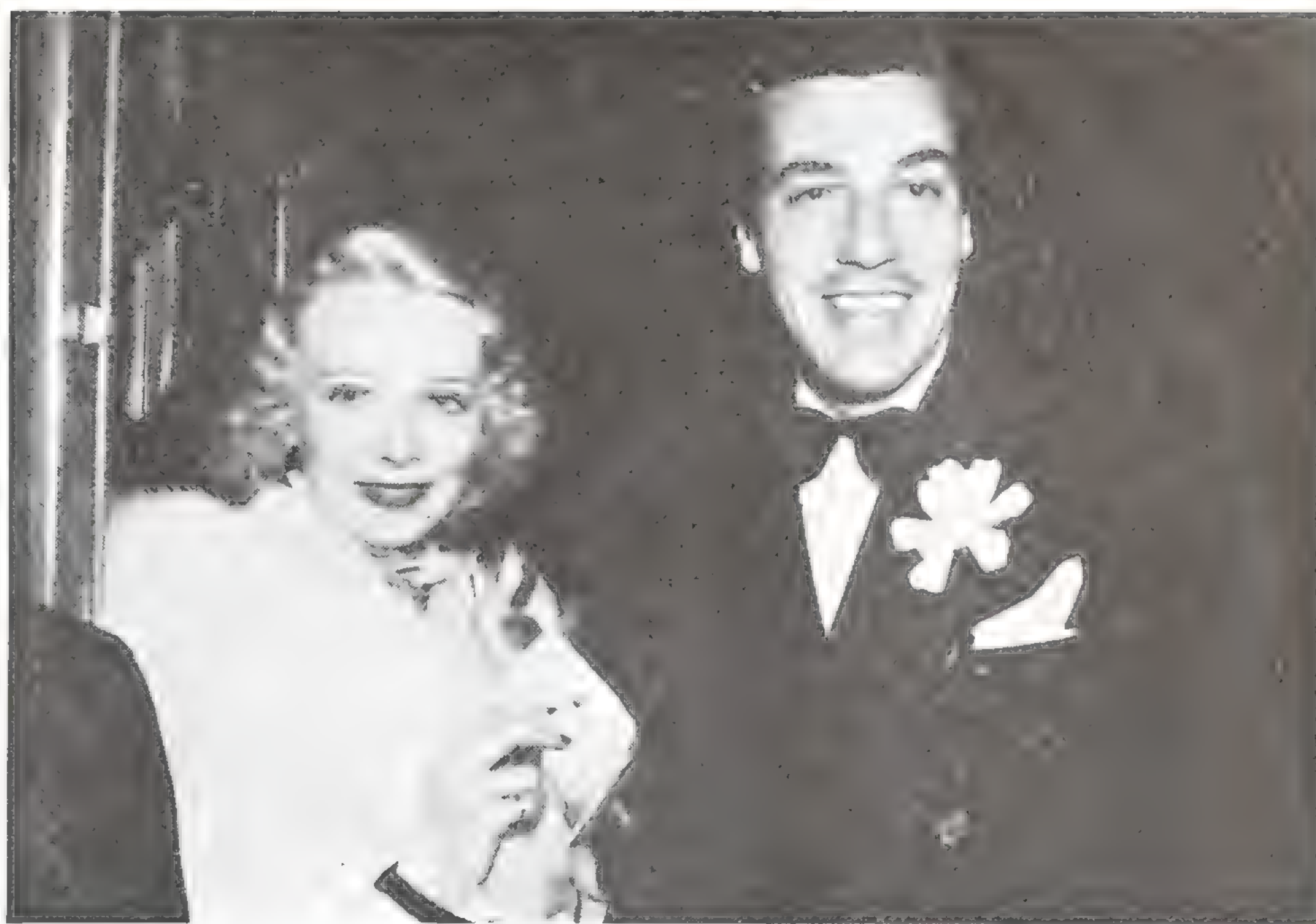
"I tell you I'm not jealous of Virginia Bruce, I'm simply bored hearing about her beauty. Whenever she enters a room I know that the man on my right will say, 'Isn't she beautiful?' while the man on my left will agree with, 'She grows more lovely every time I see her,' to which some chance woman in

the group is bound to add: 'And such poise, clothes-sense and distinction too, my dear.' I tell you it's monotonous."

And at that electric moment Virginia Bruce, accompanied by Cesar Romero, appeared at the red velvet draped entrance of the crowded cafe room, and the man on my right murmured, "She's really beautiful, isn't she?"

I didn't find his observation monotonous. Somehow, I'm never bored with the discussions that pepper every Hollywood gathering concerning Virginia's unofficial position as the town's

Left, Virginia Bruce today, Hollywood's reigning beauty. Below, fresh from Fargo, N. D.—just another mousey little blonde. Right, with Cesar Romero



reigning beauty. In fact, I like to count on my fingers the number of Bruce raves I overhear at each party both of us attend, and I've also acquired the habit lately of marking in the newspapers the rave reviews on her recent film work.

You see, I can't manage to rub out the memory of a certain awkward, giggling, definitely plain youngster I knew a scant six years ago. She wore small-town, fussy, homemade clothes and she had never owned an evening gown in her life. Her name was Virginia Bruce.

We met when her agent, by some amazing stroke of luck (or perhaps it was shrewd bargaining) wrangled out of Paramount a six months' stock player contract for her.

And I can't forget that during the term of that feeble little contract of hers I made a ten dollar bet with Clive Brook that "Our Little Brucie" would never make the grade in pictures. In fact, Clive seemed to be the only person in the entire studio who argued loudly that Virginia "had something" and even the promise of beauty.

"You could discover it for yourselves," he used to say, "if you'd only take the time someday to really look at her and talk with her."

But to the rest of the studio gang, Virginia was simply a duplicate of the usual inexperienced, unskilled stock player who, usually, in those days, stayed with the studio six months or a year and then vanished pitifully into the town's back streets. She was a duplicate, except that she was younger, less sophisticated and certainly less pretty than the usual candidates for heartbreak.

— My feeling for her then was a strange mixture of pity and anger. Why, I raged silently the day she sat in my publicity office offering me her meager little life story for the publicity files, do studio executives taunt a kid like this with illusions of stardom? Why do her parents permit her to enter the world's most competitive, difficult and sophisticated game without a single weapon, without poise or training or even a slight knowledge of life? Why, I wondered, should this sweet, giggling, talentless seventeen-year-old be sentenced to Hollywood's rack to be [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 91]

A heartwarming modern fairy tale in which several Prince Charmings are involved, and a lovely girl's courage and ability win their just rewards

By JULIE LANG HUNT

Bob Montgomery — Unhappy Playboy

By SARA HAMILTON

UPON you sincere fans of motion pictures who still remember the little boy and girl pang of hearing the worst about Santa Claus, I am about to inflict another wound.

There "ain't" no Bob Montgomery, either.

The capering cutup of the movie screen, the one and only Montgomery you are ever privileged to behold (if one can term it a privilege at fifty cents a look) no more exists than Goldilocks and her three amazing bear friends.

Someone suggested, and I wouldn't put it past Bob himself, that the screen Montgomery was merely the mint julep hang-over of a certain befuddled producer, anyhow.

For all their joshing, however, they can't get away from the fact that a great deal of pleasure is derived from a Montgomery picture. Entertaining and amusing to a coveted degree they certainly are, only what befuddles me (but, of course, I befuddle easily) is how Bob Montgomery consistently casts such an out-of-proportion shadow. Never once, as far as I can remember, has he so much as revealed a glimpse of the actual Montgomery who exists behind the screen shadow. Never once has it got through screen Bobbie, the boy scamp.

Acting, you say? Pooh. He walks through those parts as easily as you walk through the front door. Bob just does them automatically. Grinning here and looking dumfounded there and strutting around on chalk lines and given spots with no more effort than a bumble bee out for a bit of buzzing deviltry. And through all of it, his friends believe he has never scratched, even faintly, the surface of his acting ability.

All of which is leading up to Hollywood's greatest enigma as to what ails Bob Montgomery.

"What ails him?" is the popular question among the merry villagers these days. "Why is he dissatisfied? Who's he mad at? He's made a lot of dough, hasn't he? Lived wisely and saved some, hasn't he? Then what's eating him? What ails Bob Montgomery?"

They decided once that what was eating him most was Clark Gable. Bob's whimsical moments in "The Divorcee," the ones that turned the unhappy tide of his career, had set the cinema world on its ear. Movie fans suddenly went crazy for that comic Montgomery. But before he could quite solo sufficiently in the spotlight (they claim, remember) up pops a brawny individual in a little number called "A Free Soul" and the Clark Gable stampede was on.

That, Hollywood decided, is what ails him. He's been frustrated by the sudden and overwhelming Gable popularity that so overshadowed his own.

Even as we put it down on paper, the utter ridiculousness of



it is apparent, for there are no two actors in all Hollywood who could, by the very virtue of their beings, trespass so little upon each other. Clark Gable could never, by any fluke, step into a provocative Bob Montgomery rôle and Bob could never browbeat, by physical manliness, his way into a lady's boudoir. Bob would charm his way there.

So there they are and ever will be, miles apart, encroaching not the least upon each other's field of achievement. They would both, of course, eventually reach the *chaise longue*. But not by the same vehicle. So that's out.

Don't look now, but it's beginning to be noticed everywhere that the more highly cultivated the aesthetic taste of an actor, the more unhappy he is in Hollywood. And Bob Montgomery, the one we know and the one you don't, is, no to ways about it, one of Hollywood's real intelligensia. His intelligence, his knowledge, his background, his obvious good breeding, his sensitiveness, his fineness are all that ails him.

*"Laugh and the world laughs
with you" is all very well, but
it takes a genuine good sport to
laugh when the joke's on him*

ROBERT MONTGOMERY
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER STUDIOS
CULVER CITY

To
Sara Hamilton -

Dear Sara:

It is really a grand story and I
am terribly grateful. The only possible
way I can return the courtesy is to do an
interview on you some day and try to
square things up.

Any time you are around, drop in.

BOB.



He's a round peg in a pretty hole, I must say. He can't seem to adjust himself to the ta-ra-ra-boom-de-aye tempo of art in movies. And he, the best acting boom-de-ayer in the business!

He isn't amused at ignorance. Stupidity, productive and casting stupidity, fails to tickle him to pieces.

The sight of certain studios consistently remaking Grade B pictures, that were created in the beginning to save money and eventually cost fortunes, fails to throw him into gales of hysteria. The lamentable sight of his friends caught, like squirrels in a cage, in the constant throes of second-rate pictures with no escape, fails to rouse a single cheer.

It's true, certainly, that certain brilliant folk are extremely happy in Hollywood.

Only Bob Montgomery isn't one of them.

There are such fine lines of distinction between Bob Montgomery the actor, Bob Montgomery the scholar, Bob

Montgomery the business man, that he is constantly straddling one side of the fence or the other. He is never wholly actor, wholly business man, wholly aesthete.

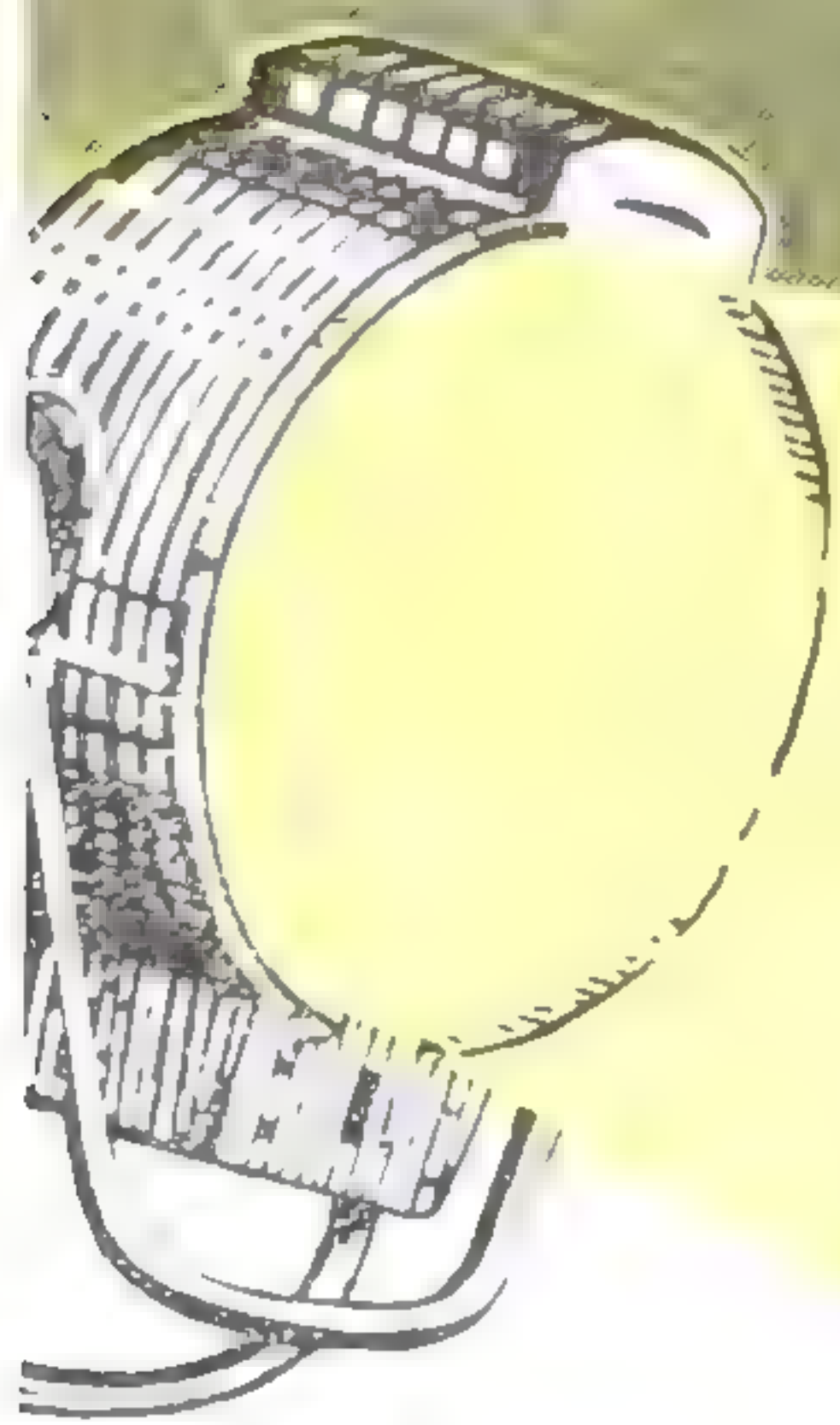
He's mixed up as all get out.

When an actor of Montgomery's standing openly states that this year, right now—1936-1937—will tell the tale of his career as an actor in Hollywood, it's news. When that statement carries sincerity and conviction you know darned tootin' it's news. Not to see Bob Montgomery a year hence because, as he says, he will no longer be worth seeing under Hollywood guidance, or not to see him because a new, a different, a real Bob Montgomery will have taken his place on the screen, is an exciting bit of information. But behind the news, intriguing as it is, is something even more piquantly worth while

It's the man Montgomery, himself.

Five minutes with the Montgomery person and even the stupidest individual grasps the [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 109]

Cal York's GOSSIP of hollywood



WOULD you be interested, by any chance, in knowing just what Clark Gable and Carole Lombard do of an evening at home?

They pop corn!

They both have their own poppers and the masculine howling and feminine squealing that goes on while the innocent corn pops away is just something, that's all.

THERE are whispers and whispers in the air these days about the lovely Jean Harlow. Jean, who is the most democratic of stars, has her set closed tightly against all visitors. "Even the President himself couldn't penetrate that set," the studio says.

Illness is one of the excuses offered. Inability to remember her lines is another unlikely alibi . . . disappointment in love is another. But whatever it is, Jean keeps to herself and says nothing.

WHAT really happened to that swell romance between Mary Carlisle and Paul Mitchel, England's "Long Distance Troubadour" sportsman, may be only a matter of time and the Atlantic Ocean but he reached Hollywood hot on the trail at last, and got a pretty cool reception.

Mary said "Hello," calmly, and then remarked she was just off to Northern California before starting to Europe on her vacation.

"And so I didn't propose," Paul told his friends, unhappily. "Still, you never can tell what will happen in this town."

SO there goes another marriage plop. It's a pretty tragic story when you know the inside of it, but Polly Moran will say only that Martin Malone left her at a cafe, got pretty tight, and fortunately waited until they got home to start the fireworks.

They drove in arguing, and then neighbors heard the rumpus and rang for a police squad. "He got his gun and threatened to shoot me," Polly told them. "He held it against my head and pulled the trigger. If a cartridge hadn't jammed I'd be dead now."

She wouldn't sign an assault complaint against him or even sue for divorce, as she first threatened.

LITTLE Elizabeth Montgomery sat in her father's dressing room and watched her actor daddy make up.

"And what do you think of your father as an actor, Elizabeth?" Madge Evans asked her.

Bob turned around with a huge powder puff in one hand. "Probably ashamed of him at this point," he grinned, and went on powdering.

Joan Blondell still holds an exclusive franchise on Dick Powell's heart. We expect her to make it permanent

ELEANOR POWELL'S neighbors got a pretty eyeful from their upstairs windows last week. Those that crawled out of bed early enough saw her dancing in a pair of shorts on the roof of her garage.

"The doctor said I needed sun," Eleanor explains, "and the studio said I needed dancing practice. So I had the garage roof covered with special tap wood and now in the morning and late afternoon I go up there and get both. Pretty good idea, dontcha think?"



Irving Thalberg and Norma Shearer at a preview of her new picture. And is he proud of her

SIGN right there," said Joan Crawford to Robert Taylor, holding out the little book.

He took it, looked inside—and found a collection of autographs worth a miniature fortune, beginning with the scribbled signature of Noel Coward.

"I'm going to start another one next week," said Joan proudly. "I've been collecting them for years."

Taylor's name filled the last open space in the book. Which is an answer of sorts

to you amateur autograph hunters who've wondered a little lately about your status in this man's world.

GETTING his young son off to camp after his siege with measles, has put Chester Morris right on the border line of insanity. First he forgot the sleeping bag and traffic was held up while Chet shopped for the bag. They made a second attempt to get away and suddenly Mrs. Morris let out a scream that brought them back in a hurry. They had forgotten to purchase a mess kit. And so it went on until camp was practically ready to disband before the Morris family finally got themselves and their boy off.

THE lost has been discovered. Egbert is found.

Egbert, a wayward swan, was purchased several years ago by Mary Brian and W. C. Fields and turned out on beautiful Toluca Lake. Each agreed to own half, but Fields petted and pampered his half until Mary's half hardly noticed her. And then came a sad day for neighbors, Mary and Bill. Egbert left home.

Two years later, long after Bill had

moved from the lake, Mary was walking along the shore and there, to her amazement, was Egbert, home again.

Word was immediately sent to Fields, who insisted upon being taken back for a reunion with Mary and Egbert again.

STARS who accept a rôle in which they have to box professionals for screen thrills, or live through an earthquake or shoot up a mob of gunmen kinda expect a little rough and tumble, but "They Met In a Taxi" isn't supposed to carry any suspense of that kind at all.

So was Henry Mollison upset last week when, in a single day, he got a cut lip from Chester Morris who forgot to pull a playful punch, twisted his foot badly when being carried into a room, and then banged his shoulder out of joint when he flopped bitterly into a nearby sofa.

He's convinced he'll eventually die in bed.

Hollywood's newest rave, French Simone Simon, with her director, Irving Cummings. They're at the Troc after previewing her first picture, "Girl's Dormitory." Right, Margaret Sullavan and agent Leland Hayward at Ginger Rogers' birthday party at the Cocoanut Grove

HIGHBROW Item: The Southern California Blue Book this year will drop (summarily) the Clark Gables because they dared to separate. It will add the names of D. W. Griffith and Basil Rathbone, who've both behaved.

Which doesn't have anybody in the colony going to bed with a sick headache, because anyway Douglass Montgomery is the only Hollywood actor of all the original Blue Bookers who has managed to stay in—and he spends most of his time in England.

IT was so hot, and all around the island the Pacific boomed invitingly, and after all this was Catalina—. So Donald Woods left the location camp and sneaked off to a little cove and went splash into the first ripple. The water was pleasant and cool, so he went for a fifteen minute swim, and then headed back toward the cove; but when he got there the sands were bare—and so was he—because all his clothing (which wasn't much in the first place) was gone.

For the first time in his life he was grateful for seaweed, which he draped generously about him—and then on his way back to camp he discovered the culprit. Trotting slowly along a busy street was a little ragged dog—and between its teeth was one leg of Donald's pants. So



Mr. and Mrs. Freddie March have fun at Sardi's after roughing it for two months in the woods. With them is John Cromwell

he and the pup traded; "It seemed just as happy with the kelp, anyway," Don told the grinning camp afterwards.

SOMETIMES a wife can overdo the retiring-wife act and well does Mrs. Warren Hull know it. When Warren was signed by Warner Brothers, Mrs. Hull, a nonprofessional, decided to keep well in the background and refused to be photographed with her husband or be mentioned in his interviews.

And then the unexpected happened. Warren was repeatedly called one of Hollywood's most eligible bachelors by all the gossip columnists. But when they began mentioning him this way and that way about girls he had never met, the Hulls decided the farce was over.

Mrs. Hull even visits her husband at the studios these days.

THE director may be the best. The set may be the grandest. Her frock the most beautiful. But Eleanor Powell still has her mother as her constant advisor during rehearsal or shooting of a scene. For no matter who tells Eleanor her dancing is perfect, she calls on mother for her reaction and she gets it.

"The dance is fair," her mother may say, "but when you turn to the left it makes an ugly neckline, I think."

And that settles it. The left turn is changed and so is every other gesture until mother, in her honesty, proclaims it perfect.

MOST girls in Hollywood would give ten dates, with any man in town, for one date with James Stewart, but there are

times when James, all unknowingly, does get in the way.

When Barbara Stanwyck and Bob Taylor repair to the studio commissary for one of those tête-a-tête luncheons and Jimmy just ambles in and draws up at the same table, there is a lull that tops all lulls and brings to mind the old adage that, after all, "three are a crowd."

A fat lot the Stewart fella cares, at that, for day after day finds Jimmy horning right in.

TO be as nonchalant as Frank Capra, the director, is the ambition of every director in the business. Capra, for instance, finished the last scene of the important production, "Lost Horizon" late one afternoon and calmly bid adieu to cast and producer, Harry Cohn.

The eyes of the producer nearly popped forth.

"Goodbye?" he said. "You mean you're going some place with this picture on your hands?"

"Oh sure," Capra shrugged. "When I come back in several weeks I'll know better what I have in this picture. Goodbye."

And he went. Columbia can't get over it.

THEY had to use a real soda fountain, with Cecilia Parker as the pretty jerker, for "Old Hutch."

It was a pretty warm day.

So after the scene was finished Cecilia had a brilliant idea.

"I'll make you all sodas," she offered—and the gang came flocking in one after another.

She'd forgotten there were about two hundred on the location.

And it took her two hours.

THE heat wave did some plenty drastic things to the movie business but it did show up a lot of human kindness among the hardhearted director group. Scenes were changed at the last minute so that people like Bill Powell, scheduled to work in a fur coat, could read his lines in silk pajamas; and one picture with an Alaska setting was postponed.

Funniest, though, was the quick decision to shoot the sequence in "Libeled Lady" where Spencer Tracy acts in his underclothes—because when Spence arrived at the studio he carried a little "No Visitors" closed-set sign and tacked it up on the sound stage door.

Which is the first intimation Hollywood ever had that Tracy is bashful.

YOU just can't win, thinks Oscar the Bootblack this month — anyway he's pretty morose.

He's the shoeshine man at Paramount, and last week he decided to give a real darky shindig down in Los Angeles' Harlem. So among other attractions he fixed up a truckin' contest, with swell prizes and everything—and he also arranged which of his favorite cuhladd brethren should win.

The night of the big bust came along, all the guests lined up for a good slap-happy dance contest—and then in walked Martha Raye. And started truckin'. And won!

MARTYRED Celebrities: Buddy Ebsen, playing a scene in which he was supposed to eat six gooey ice-cream confections in quick succession, had to exist through six retakes—or thirty-six sundaes.



Left, Darryl Zanuck, the incredibly young looking head of 20th Century-Fox and his wife at the preview of "Girl's Dormitory." His studio had produced it

Irene Dunne and her husband, Dr. F. W. Griffin, at the same preview. His practice is in New York, but Irene has persuaded him to build a house in California and stay awhile



Bill Powell, at eleven o'clock one morning, made up his mind after several weeks of worry to cut his daily allowance of cigarettes to ten. By noon he had smoked fifteen for just one scene.

But then, as many will point out, they get paid pretty well.

SO now Anne Shirley's sulking moodily at home, and Owen Davis, Jr. is unhappy and the studio is grim—having cut Cupid's wings.

Owen and Anne had been romancing madly for months, and then he was offered a part in his father's prize play in Maine, and back he went—leaving Anne lonely except for his letters.

Finally he wired that the show was opening. Anne, very excited, booked passage on the first plane and was all set to fly East for just one performance; but she'd made the mistake of arranging for tickets through the studio transportation department.

And RKO is taking no chances.

WHEN Ginger Rogers finishes this next picture of hers she'll leave, she trusts and hopes, on what's commonly known as a flying trip to Europe. Just a week in London, a day in Paris.

And she's persuaded Margaret Sullivan to come along. Or is persuaded the right word? Hank Fonda's in London.

ONLY a few weeks ago Fred Astaire appeared on the Radio lot riding a bicycle—said he got tired walking up and down the long studio streets—and the next day Ginger Rogers came pedaling up to the set on a bike of her own.

Three days later some fifty or sixty blue and white bicycles were delivered by special van, and apportioned out to the various departments—props, barber shop, messenger service, wardrobe and so forth.

One week later the hospital complained about the number of casualties.

Came the day when Donald Crisp, walking sedately into a sound stage for an important scene, was banged into and knocked down and run over by one of the more shortsighted messengers.

Now there are no more bicycles at Radio

TWO years ago, while John Miljan was making a personal appearance tour in Chicago, a crowd of fans surrounded him for autographs. One girl, more anxious than the others, snatched his pocket handkerchief and ran off clutching it as a prize.

Yesterday John received a box containing six beautiful linen squares hand-initialed, with a note from the same girl. "My conscience has bothered me ever since," she had scribbled pathetically, "so—here you are!"

AND while we're on this fan-snatching tangent, here's a little irony for you. Ralph Bellamy got a swell evening scarf from an admirer, for his birthday, and wore it for the first time to a big shindig—and proud he was of it too.

But afterward the autographers caught him—and the first thing to happen was that one of them grabbed the scarf and made off.

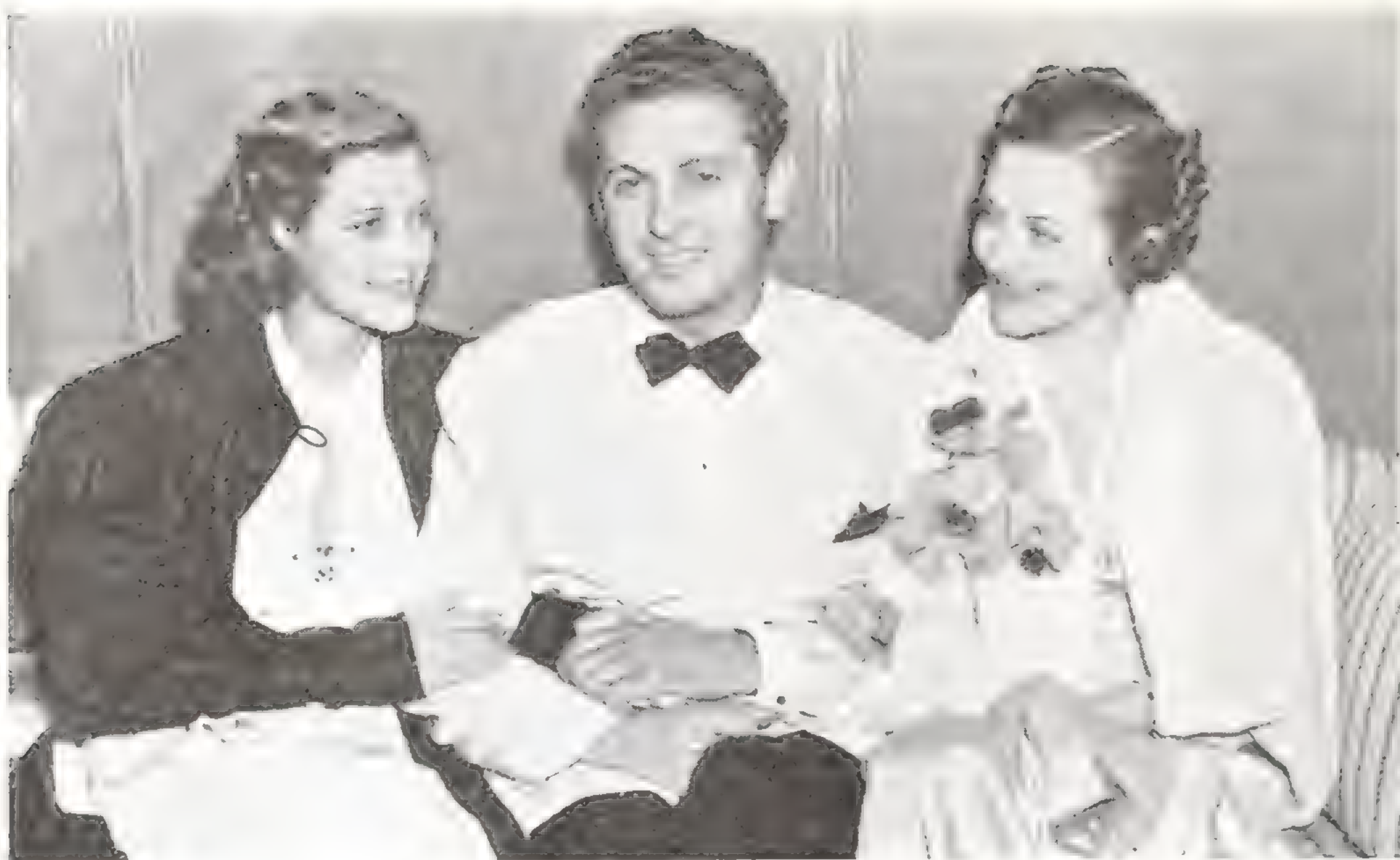
As a cynical interpolation—d'you suppose it was the same fan? She might have changed her mind, you know, and Ralph will find his muffler wrapped around Clark Gable's throat some night soon, maybe!

Scoop! The first picture of Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond just after they had announced their engagement



Left, Harold Lloyd and his seldom photographed children, Peggy and Gloria. Right, Warner Baxter, Mrs. Baxter, Lillian Emerson and Phillip Reed at the preview of "To Mary—With Love." Mrs. Baxter seems to think her best beau did right well





THAT tall lanky James Stewart certainly must have something, the way the girls clamor for his company.

A friend, for instance, asked Eleanor Powell how her romance with Jimmy was coming along.

"All right, I guess," Eleanor said, looking slightly worried, "but that Ginger Rogers is certainly competition."

Strange how Jimmy does go for the steppers, isn't it?

CANDIDATES for the most squired about girls of the village find Jeanette MacDonald and Virginia Bruce rapidly surpassing Mary Brian in the number of beaux fluttering about.

Just when everyone has Virginia nicely paired off with some attentive swain, up she pops with Cesar Romero or Henry Fonda. And just when Hollywood is positive Bob Richie is out and Gene Raymond is in, Jeanette adds to the confusion by appearing with James Stewart for lunch, several days in a row.

What is this anyhow?

THAT wonder boy of the village, sixteen year old Mickey Rooney, has organized an orchestra and is now open for engagements. "We'll land either in The Cocoanut Grove or The Trocadero in no time," Mickey boasts and those who know Mickey wouldn't be at all surprised.

Mickey the Maestro?

IF ever a nervous man existed in Hollywood it was Robert Taylor that first week of "Camille." Bob, it seems, had never once glimpsed Garbo, and all Saturday and Sunday preceding the Monday work began, Bob paced nervously about. Wondering if she would like him. Wondering what would happen.

In just such a frame of mind he appeared Monday for work only to find it postponed until Tuesday. Tuesday, with Bob growing more hysterical by the moment, came around and again Bob appeared. Miss Garbo was making tests and couldn't begin work, he was informed. By Wednesday the suspense was terrible but Bob finally appeared on the set, completely made up for the rôle of Armand,

Mr. and Mrs. (Irene Hervey) Allan Jones are back from their honeymoon. They are at the Troc with June Clayworth

Two Britons meet at the première of the English production, "Nine Days a Queen"—Freddie Bartholomew and Elizabeth Allan who is at M-G-M for "Camille"

only to discover Garbo wouldn't be working the first few days anyway.

The last we saw of Mr. Taylor he was in a corner by himself, quietly chewing away the scenery.

"I thought this Garbo thing was a myth," he mumbled.

WHEN one of Hollywood's stars decides to have a baby, it becomes a matter of international diplomacy, real estate maneuvering and big business for the contractors.

At least it was in the case of Fay Wray.

When Fay learned of the little stranger's coming, her husband, John Monk Saunders, began negotiations with Alexander Korda in London for his release as a contract writer. Saunders wanted to join his wife in America.

IT'S a new kind of birthday celebration and Jean Harlow thought it up herself. When the birthday of Barbara Brown, her stand-in, came around, Jean had everything arranged. She had wonderful little surprises happen to her all day long.

Mysterious little packages found their way to Barbara's chair when she came back to it on the set after each test. A car whizzed them both off to the Vendome for lunch. Flowers found their way to her home in the afternoon and in the evening a limousine whirled both Jean and Barbara off to the Biltmore Bowl—another big surprise for the happy and thrilled stand-in.

Not a bad birthday idea, is it?

KNOW what a happy groom gives a happy bride in Hollywood for a wedding gift? Well, Alan Jones presented Irene Hervey with an enormous diamond, two silver fox furs and one Packard car—shining and new.

When a friend asked Irene if she had any regrets at losing Bob Taylor, she twinkled her dimples, flashed her diamond, caressed her furs and dashed gaily away in her Packard.

We think she meant she wasn't sorry.

FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW has been coaching his pal and stand-in, Ray Sperry, for the rôle of "Sid" in the Twentieth Century-Fox production of "Tom Sawyer."

"I'll come over and be your stand-in while you're making it," Freddie promised, "and then you come back and be my stand-in again. Of course, I know stand-ins don't make as much as actors but I tell you, Ray, instead of my five cents allowance a day I'll try to get aunt Cis to give me five cents a week. And then we can make up for it when I get back to acting."



GUESS what brought a big smile and a glad cry from the lips of Nordic Garbo.

It was when M-G-M told her she was to begin work on Stage 21. That stage, it seems, is Greta's good luck stage and now her hopes for "Camille" are soaring.

THE milk and champagne baths of Anna Held can now be forgotten. Jean Parker has a weekly hair rinse of claret. Phillip of Beverly Hills discovered Jean's dark tresses have a natural dark red glint that needed to be brought out, and that claret was the only thing that would do the trick.

"It's absorbed by the hair and adds to the richness of natural color and texture," Phillip says.

No, I've already asked him, girls. Beer will not do the trick.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 80]



Not only has Allan Jones sung himself to stardom, he's also won one of Hollywood's most popular stars, lovely Irene Hervey

Choir-boy in Hollywood

Allan Jones rose from the depths—of a mine. Here is how the echo of his silver notes, laid end to end, made a path to the gold of Hollywood

By KIRTLLEY BASKETTE

was the handsome young tenor in "A Night at the Opera." His arias challenged Nelson Eddy in "Rose Marie."

Allan Jones dug for his luck. He cracked open his breaks. Also he's a Welshman.

Song is the national heritage of the Welshman and there are probably more fine voices per capita in that small land where every man sings than anywhere in the world.

He came into the world with the equipment for greatness—a voice handed down through three generations. His grandfather sang and taught others in the Welsh coal mines to sing. His father loosed his strong voice as his brawny arms broke open the black seams of Aberdare in Wales, and Scranton in America.

When he was two years old, Allan remembers Daniel Jones as he held his boy in his arms and sang to him the ancient folk songs of the Welsh. When he was four, Allan singing them himself in his childish soprano, can remember his father telling him, in his thick Welsh brogue:

"Son, you've a precious thing there—a voice." He could tell—that young, and one day taking his son by the hand and walking him next door to the simple miner's house of worship he lifted him up on a chair to sing "Ar Hyd A Nos" (All Through The Night) for the congregation.

Allan has never stopped singing—from that day to this.

It was his father's dream that he sing for the world. It had been his father's dream for himself, but somehow his youth went into the mines. Allan was his second chance, at an unrealized ambition.

"You've got to sing, son," he told him. "You've got to train yourself to sing. It means study and hard work. I can't help you much."

Allan knew that. Daniel Jones was a foreman in the mines, but even a foreman doesn't get rich in the Scranton coal fields.

"I'll help myself," he said.

At nine Allan was the soprano soloist in the church next door. A little later he sang his solos in alto. When he was twelve he came into his tenor voice.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 112]

FIFTY years or so ago this story might have been called "From Pick to Pictures," or "Al, the Miner Boy Alto."

Good old Horatio Alger, the do or die fellow, would never have passed up our hero for his "Strive and Succeed" series. For Allan Jones is a frank-faced, curly-haired young man with a wide pleasing smile, honest brown eyes and a glorious, ringing tenor voice who started life in the humble cradle of the Pennsylvania coal mines.

Today he is in Hollywood, and the experts will tell you that he has everything it takes to become one of the real greats of the screen.

Recently he played and sang one of the choice romantic rôles of the season—*Gaylord Ravenal* in "Show Boat." He

How We Feel About



The whole Abbe family. "Mama was in a play with Joe E. Brown. Papa (who is taking this picture) once worked for PHOTOPLAY. He made beautiful pictures of the movie stars"

By PATIENCE, RICHARD

The brilliant Abbe children, Patience, Richard, and John, are Hollywood bound to make a picture, "High Wind Over Jamaica." You will recall their amusing book, "Around the World in Eleven Years," which startled the entire literary world. Here, in the same frank, inimitable style, they give their views on the stars and stardom.

By Patience:

IN the first place movie stars get rich and can go to Europe every year. Then they can also have private swimming pools.

If I were a movie star I'd see to it, with the money, that other poor children would get homes, or at least help them out in some way if I could.

If I were a movie star I would not be so silly as to make my hair pink and platinum and so on and so forth. I'd leave it the way it is.

I like being in the cinema because you meet people and a lot of cinema people have interesting lives.

I am a city slicker and, therefore, like hotels, restaurants, theaters, operas and beauty shops.

Richard and Johnnie are more country people.

I like animals more than anything in the world and when you are a movie star you get a chance to see all kinds of animals.

My favorite animal is a baby lion or a baby panther. So by being a movie star

I could probably have one of these for a pet. And because I was a movie star I'd

have a better chance to keep them and people would say that would be okay.

Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers, Ronald Colman, Claudette Colbert, Nelson Eddy, Franchot Tone, Ida Lupino and Jeanette MacDonald are my favorite movie stars, and if I could be a movie star like them I'd be satisfied.



Becoming Movie Stars



AND JOHN ABBE

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANK DOBIAS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ILSE HOFFMANN

I like Fred Astaire because he is a wonderful tap dancer and a wonderful person.

I like Ginger Rogers because she is pretty and can dance nicely and wears chic clothes.

I like Ronald Colman because he acts very well and has a good speaking voice.

I like Claudette Colbert because she is beautiful and very smart.

I like Nelson Eddy because he is good looking and can sing very well.

I like Franchot Tone because he is handsome and sings nicely.

I like Ida Lupino because she looks like a big doll and has such a pretty speaking voice and lovely blue eyes.

I like Jeanette MacDonald because—first she sings and acts very well and besides is very chic looking.

When I stood up before the movie camera it bored me very much because the lights were hot and I had tonsilitis, although I did not have any fever. And although my name is Patience I felt very impatient. But that is the price you have to pay when you are a movie star.

When you get to be a movie star people think you are not the same person any more on account of seeing you like a different person than you are in school and so on. But I think you are the same person anyway unless you get stuck up, and nice people don't get stuck up.

For instance, if I become a movie star I will be the same to Harriet Johnson, my girl friend, as I was to her in school and before. People who put their noses up and say "I knew you once," are no good.

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Patience is a city slicker. Richard and John are more country people—they hate love in movies, and like bicycles



Schumann-Heink— Why is She Neglected ?

STRANGE how blind Hollywood can go sometimes. Think for a moment of its current treatment of Schumann-Heink. It was just a little less than a year ago that she scored her first but very decisive hit in pictures in Nino Martini's starring vehicle "Here's To Romance." Martini was making his picture debut, also, and expected to register terrifically, but it was seventy-four year old Ernestine Schumann-Heink who walked away with the preview notices.

The battle for her began next morning. Jesse Lasky claimed he had her under contract. All the studios began bidding for her. Finally Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer won. They instantly announced starring plans for her.

That was one year ago. They are still announcing. But they have done nothing, which I think is the silliest mistake of the Hollywood season—the most sightless maneuver they have ever made, for this woman, this unbeautiful old woman has

greatness upon her. This woman can be made a star—not alas for very long—but such a great star while she lasts that her art will affect the hearts of millions. I know because—well—

There is only one way to tell this story, and that is exactly as it happened to me.

Sometimes, you know, when you sit down to write a story you feel that you must put its best foot forward, that you must try to adorn it with pretty words and your best phrases.

But sometimes, fortunate times, you neither write nor adorn—you *share*. Something happens to you and you want to get it down on paper so that you may hand it around as a gift, or pass it as you would a cup of cold water to the thirsty.

I went to visit Madame Ernestine Schumann-Heink, once great prima donna of the Metropolitan Opera, chosen over and over again as one of the ten or twelve greatest living

women—Madame Schumann-Heink, who at seventy-four made a hit in the movies.

Into a bare little hotel sitting room came Ernestine Schumann-Heink. A massive, sturdy, square old woman, in a plain blue serge dress and a plain blue hat perched at a most unfashionable angle atop her white hair.

And I felt my hands taken in two strong, warm hands that passed a warm welcome straight into my heart, I found myself looking into the youngest, gayest, dancing brown eyes, a kiss—a *mother* kiss—fell on my cheek and the richest voice I have ever heard said, “Ach, my child, but this is good, it is very good that Gott lets us see each other again. Let me look well at you. How long is it? Ten years—twenty years—and you have grown up to be a woman, and now you haf little babies of your own, is it not zzo and I am proud of you, yes? And are you not proud of me that I am a success in the motion pictures? Come—*setzen sie sich*—here by the window so I see you well and we will talk.”

Now it was eighteen years since I had seen Madame Schumann-Heink. Then, she was a great prima donna who had come to give a concert, and I was a cub reporter on the *Los Angeles Herald*. She gave me an interview then, amid a thousand and one other things and people, which lasted less—considerably less—than an hour. I was one of hundreds of cub reporters and famous reporters who interviewed her upon a triumphal tour. Yet she remembered me—remembered everything we had talked about—how determined I was to have a family in spite of being a “working girl”—all my hopes and ambitions that had been poured out—and after eighteen years we met again as friends.

The room wasn't bare and cold and ordinary any more. Schumann-Heink was in it, and it became warm and rich—rich in feeling and gladness and suffering and humanity—because you knew that here was a great woman. If she had never been on any list at all, if she'd never been commanded to sing by crowned heads and cheered to the rafters by wild crowds, if she'd never had her name blazoned in headlights, you'd know she was great, because somehow in talking to this

old woman—I use old as something lovely, as a really lovely word when I apply it to her—life became worth living, having lived, going on living.

“Tell me first about you,” she said, sitting right on the edge of her chair and still holding my hand, “tell me—ach, show me the pictures of your babies. How many? Three? That is fine—only you must have more, too.”

Now you aren't interested particularly in my babies, nor in the rhapsodies that we indulged in over their photographic likenesses. But she *meant* it, you see. She was interested in me, in my children, their names, where they went to school. That is what has kept her so vital at seventy-five that she talks about a three-year motion picture contract as—as Shirley Temple might. Nothing occurs to her to suggest that at seventy-five you are not exactly looking ahead to three years—probably five years—hard work. Because she IS looking ahead to just that—and to all the future.

“I'm so glad about the picture,” I said, and told her I had seen her in “Here's to Romance,” with Nino Martini and that I thought she was grand, the grandest thing since our beloved Marie Dressler left us.

On the opposite page, left: Madame Schumann-Heink as she made her Metropolitan début in “The Prophet.” Right: This rare photograph shows the great contralto thirty-three years ago—when she started on her farewell concert tour. But she never retired, and now at seventy-five she is starting another career

*The invincible courage, faith and
light-heartedness of this splendid
woman form the inspiring back-
ground for a vivid word portrait*

By ADELA ROGERS
ST. JOHNS





When Clark Gable met the gracious Madame Schumann-Heink he was intrigued by her rare charm and simplicity

"You liked it?" she said. "Well, if you could know how I wept and wept when I have seen that I am a success. I haf positively wept all over everyone for joy. And then, you see, they gif me a contract so I have work to do. Is not God good, that at seventy-five, such as I am, he has found work for me? Say I am to live five years—or seven—I can look ahead now and know that I have work, that I can take care of all those who need me, that I will have something to do for them with. It is perfectly splendid—and I shall make good pictures, you will see.

"Only—it is very odd—this motion picture business. I haf had to speak crossly, once, to my director. I am ashamed but it had to be. One must not allow oneself to be misunderstood—that is stupid, you see, and later on it leads to unhappiness. No, when you arrive and the place—so, like you call a cross-roads—and there is misunderstanding, that is the place to stop and have explanations, no? So I stop."

Never was such a twinkle. She was never beautiful, Ernestine Schumann-Heink, as the world rates beauty. On this morning she had not so much as a flick of powder on her nose and her skin was like fine, brown, wrinkled parchment, with a thousand lines traced upon it, a thousand tales written over it.

"They say I will have too much trouble to learn my lines—me, Schumann-Heink, who have learned the whole score of hundreds of operas! They say I do not get the dialogue. So I stop—I say, 'Look, two days ago you have given to me the script of "Here Is to Romance." I am to learn my part. I begin. Where does a woman begin to learn a part? At the beginning, no? So I do. But when we come to shoot with the camera, where do we start? At the hind end. Of course I do not know that.' So I explain, and we get along beautifully. Ach, I am so willing to work. All my

life I have been willing to work. I know what a joy it is, but I know also how hard it is and that one must train one's mind and one's body—for endurance. Did you know that you cannot sing Wagner until you have learned to sing Mozart? It is the range of life that is important—you must GROW—each year, each day. Then age is rich—rich in understanding. I know more than you know, is it not so? Is there anything I have not seen? I can sit very still and shut my eyes—"

She shut them. She is like a child, like every great actress, she acts out each thing she does and says, "And when I think back over seventy-five years, I have an answer somewhere to most everything."

Her hand patted mine in a sort of benediction.

"And so, you're beginning life all over again — at seventy-five — in the movies." I said.

"I begin again at seventy-five? Life starts each moment. Every moment is a new start. That is why there can never be discouragement for those of us who were born to fight.

Life begins anew now—tomorrow—the day after—so there can be no defeat.

"Do you know that when I went into vaudeville I had—this is not to make it sound like something, this is the truth—I had just fifty cents?"

Her eyes grew brighter and brighter. "Fifty cents. It is not very much. I have made a great deal of money. But—it goes. There is so much need here and there. It gets away. My son—now he has made me what you call annuities so that I cannot give it all away, which is perhaps wise—still, I am the old war horse—I shall find work. I sing in the greatest opera houses. Did you know once I sang for Queen Victoria, at her Jubilee? But of course. You see, that is what I meant about how lovely it is to be old. To you, Queen Victoria, she is a name upon a page. You have [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 121]

In her only picture, "Here's to Romance," with Nino Martini, she was hailed as another Marie Dressler





Pickford-Lasky's "The Gay Desperado" brings Nino Martini, the Metropolitan's youngest, handsomest tenor back to the screen. Upon completion of the picture he returns East, having signed again for a series of radio broadcasts over a national hookup



Walter Connolly's ability to be amusing in his cups was applauded on the stage too. Between Walter and Joseph Schildkraut is Miriam Hopkins in a scene from "The Affairs of Anatol." Right, Mary Boland began as leading lady to Robert Edeson. She was a tragedienne!



BEFORE THEY TOOK THEIR *Screen Tests*



George Arliss began his American stage career in 1901. Here he is in "Poldek" in 1920 B.H. (before Hollywood). Una Merkel made her first hit as the gigler in "Coquette." At her left is Helen Hayes; the boy is Andrew Lawlor





Clarky Gable got his first big break when the producers of the Broadway play "Machinal" in 1929 wanted a he-man hero. He played opposite Zita Johann. Below, three guesses on this. They're those dancing divinities, Fred and Adele Astaire in "The Band Wagon," 1931



Upper right, Eddie Robinson, goatee etc., starred in "Juarez and Maximilian." He was Diaz and you see he was toting a gun even then. Above, Leslie Howard was as serious-minded ten years ago when Edna May Oliver was scolding him in "Isobel" as he is now. For years the idol of West Coast stock, Lewis Stone played in "Bunny" with Henry Stephenson, Hilda Spang





With the completion of "Swing Time" with Fred Astaire, one of Ginger's most cherished dreams will come true—she will have a straight dramatic rôle in "Mother Carey's Chickens." The ambitious Miss Rogers has recently had a song published too



Madeleine Carroll's first Hollywood venture was a flop. But Wanger brought the British beauty back for "The Case Against Mrs. Ames" and critics and public applauded. In private, Mrs. Phillip Astley, she is the only star ever presented at court


Left, John Howard plays the young brother of Ronald Colman; Margo is the Russian girl who tries to make him happy in exile. Below, Ronald Colman (Bob Conway, the adventurer) and Jane Wyatt are the lovers



L
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T

Love and life eternal in the vast reaches of the Himalayas. The most completely different story ever filmed





Architects the country over make special trips to study the magnificent Tibetan lamasery, Shangri-La, built on the set. Its gardens and pools look as if they have been there for centuries. H. B. Warner is Chang, the philosopher

HORIZON



James Hilton's internationally known best seller is being produced by Columbia. Directed by Frank Capra, it will cost nearly \$2,000,000. It is an enthrallingly adventurous tale with a deep spiritual meaning. In the Valley of the Moon, in Tibet, five stranded people find a new world, contentment, and longevity. In addition to the stars above, the cast includes Edward Everett Horton, C. Aubrey Smith, and Isabel Jewell. Sam Jaffe, as the High Lama, is one of the most colorful characters in the film



At Work and at Play

When the studio can spare her, Joan Crawford does everything up brown in her Brentwood pool. Playing life saver is "Boopshen," her pet dachshund

In "The Gorgeous Hussy" Joanie is enchanting in lavender and old lace. Bob Taylor (above) is one of her three leading men. And this, they say, is WORK!

Why JOAN CRAWFORD REMAINS GREAT



*She's as generous, kind, and warmhearted as
ever—despite her rise to fame and fortune*

By IDA ZEITLIN

LIKE the rest of the world I've been hearing and reading stories about Joan Crawford, in the course of the last five years, that have left me dizzy—the new Joan and the old Joan, the gay Joan and the broody Joan, Joan the friendly and Joan the unapproachable, simple as a frisking lamb on Monday, on Tuesday more inscrutable than a couple of Orientals in a Mae West film. Like you perhaps, I've asked myself what it was all about. And when I got the chance, I made it my business to inquire.

I found Miss Crawford on the set of "The Gorgeous Hussy," looking radiant in a silvery, hoop skirted ball gown that seemed

A new world of books and music was opened to Joan through the devotion of Franchot Tone. He plays in "The Gorgeous Hussy" too

to float about her as she moved, but actually weighed plenty. The set was hot—even to one normally clothed and sitting still. She had been dancing one of the bouncy dances of the period—skip and glide and round and round—over and over and over again, till the cameras had caught every angle the way they wanted it. Released at last, she made for her dressing room. Four times—I counted—she was stopped. Would she talk to this man who wanted an appointment for an interview? Would she pose with this girl who'd been signed by another lot? Would she autograph a couple of photos? Would she do anything but sit down and rest and cool off and be comfortable for a moment before she was called back to work?

She talked, she posed, she signed—with grace and good humor. "Do you have to?" I asked, when she finally sat in peace—except for me—at her dressing table.

"I'll tell you," she said. "Once I was so desperately tired that I refused. Later, I learned that the boy who'd been sent out to do the job was going to be fired. I managed to prevent that. But it has haunted me ever since. Whenever I feel an impulse to say no, this specter rises and moos: 'Maybe somebody's job depends on it.' So I say 'yes.' Because if you've ever known what it means to need a job, you don't forget it."

"One experience of my own is burnt into my mind. I was in Chicago with just two dollars of my own and no one to turn to. I went to the office of a man who staged cabaret revues. It

was crowded with girls—prettier, more experienced, better dressed than I was. But all I could see was that two dollars between myself and panic. So I broke through the line, and went in. 'I've got to have a job,' I told him. 'I know I'm not as good as those girls out there, but I *must* have a job.' He probably realized my desperation, because he gave me one. So who am I to play hob with other people's jobs?"

Was this the new Joan or the old? There seemed to be a strong link binding the two. The star of today wasn't turning her back on the girl who had known misery and want. Rather, she seemed to have learned from [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 96]

Script Girls

By S. GORDON GURWIT

ILLUSTRATED BY
JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

Prefer HUSBANDS

*Scandal, heartbreak,
a chance for success
—all follow swiftly in
this romantic story
of a beautiful script
girl's colorful career*

Synopsis:

Sue Martin came to Hollywood after winning a beauty contest in Tremont, her home town. When her two weeks' contract was not renewed, she stayed, too proud to go back to her school-teaching job and Tommy, the boy she loved. While working in a dance chorus, Bill Lederer, a Mammoth Studio director, saw her, became interested and made her his script girl, hoping to train her to become an actress. The directing of his latest picture, "Breakfast for Two," was suddenly taken away from Bill and given to Paul Elsmere, brilliant playwright and director. Bill was discouraged and bitter. He became very drunk and telephoned Sue, who met him and drove him home in the rain. While her clothes were drying, she wrapped herself in one of Bill's dressing gowns and agreed to have supper with him. Suddenly there was the sound of a car in the drive, footsteps, and a girl's voice said: "There's Bill! I can see Bill through the window! He's—he's—got company!" The story continues—



She waded in toward the beach,
looked up—and then gasped

"NO use," Bill said. "They saw us, Duchess. And you're not going to hide in any closets—as they used to in the old silents!"

"They—" She began, hugging the bathrobe around her.

Bill arose. "Hold everything," he commanded, "and don't be provincial, Duchess. The heroics of the gay nineties are out."

Toto had opened the door, and four people tramped in. In a flash of panic, Sue saw that one was Sol Kessler, the head of Mammoth; and with him was Alma Allen! Alma Allen's green eyes fastened avidly upon her with an almost catlike intensity. The second man was unknown to Sue, but she recognized the other girl as Peggy Storm, a well-known star. Peggy was a slim, redheaded sprite with a mutable mouth that was made for pleasure. She gave the impression that if one touched a wet finger to her, she'd sizzle. Hollywood knew her as the "Virgin Vamp."

"Hello, Bill!" they all said, in chorus. Their eyes had flicked, for one moment, to Sue, then ignored her. Sol Kessler, stout, swarthy, with a face like a malignant puck, walked over to Bill.

"Where you been?" he demanded. His eyes went back to Sue. They opened a little wider. "Isn't that your script girl?" he asked unblushingly. Then he dismissed her. He said to Bill: "I've been trying to reach you all evening."

"Yeah?" said Bill truculently. "What is this, a gag?" He turned to Sue. "This is Sol Kessler, the big boss, Sue; and this is Jimmy Frost, the guy who dishes up the dirt on the stars. Sue Martin, gentlemen. And this is our own Alma Allen, and Peggy Storm. She's with Enterprise Pictures."

The introductions were acknowledged briefly. Sue wanted to sink into the floor as their bright, knowing eyes swept her with a veiled amusement, seeming to penetrate her flimsy raiment through to the warm, blushing skin beneath. Bill was explaining how they'd both been caught in the storm. He admitted cheerfully, that he'd been drunk, and explained that Toto was trying to repair Sue's dress. They listened politely, their disbelief plainly visible.

Sol Kessler turned to Bill.

"I been looking for you," he repeated. "You didn't come to my office, like I asked you in my note, Bill."

"No, I didn't," said Bill bluntly. "What the hell for, Sol? You said Paul Elsmere was taking over when he arrived."

"Yeah!" interrupted Sol Kessler, shaking his massive head. "I did!

Say, after all, Bill—Elsmere's one of the biggest names in the world! If he directs his own plays, think of the box office! Getting him signed for Mammoth is the biggest scoop Hollywood ever saw. But I got a fine picture for you, too, Bill. Peggy is coming over with us—and you're going to make 'Circumstantial Evidence'—with her!"

Bill Lederer's eyes suddenly sparkled. He whirled upon Kessler. That gargoyle was chuckling and nodding. "Sixty thousand we had to pay Enterprise for the story," he gurgled. "And they held us up for Peggy—but Sol Kessler gets what he wants!"

Peggy Storm, electric, vivid as a lance of scarlet flame, went over to Bill and kissed him lightly. "I've wanted to do that part all year," she murmured; "and now I'm going to, and you're going to direct it, darling! Isn't it grand, Bill?"

Bill's eyes raked them, took in Sue, sitting immutable, alone for all the presence of the others. "Thanks, Sol," he said, quietly. "Peggy will play the part of Mrs. Challoner of course. Outside of that I'll select my own cast. Now, the courtroom."

Sue listened. She was an outsider here. A mere script girl flung into a compromising situation by capricious fate, with one of Hollywood's leading and youngest directors. It would mean nothing in Bill's life, but she wondered what it would mean to her.

Toto was serving drinks. Bill and Kessler were now in earnest consultation. She was glad, for Bill's sake, that this new and greater assignment had come to him. Peggy Storm listened as the two men talked. Alma Allen, glittering, beautiful in her worldly-wise manner, turned her initiated eyes to Sue and smiled from behind the screen of a watchful and portentous silence.

"Let's have some music," Alma said, and turned to the radio. Jimmy Frost came to Sue's side smiling. His were the sharp, clever features of the brash and unsatisfied sensualist. His eyes narrowed as he looked at Sue. "Dance?" he asked.

"I'm sorry," she murmured. "Not—not—in these—" She indicated the voluminous dressing gown.

"What's the difference?" he argued. "No one to see us here. Just around the room? Please!"

Hardly knowing why, she arose, hugging the gown to her. She met Alma Allen's cryptic eyes and felt the blood rush to her cheeks again. Jimmy Frost was holding her too tightly.

"Is wrestling your hobby?" she asked, annoyed.

"Sorry!" he grinned. "I have only one hobby—girls like you." But his arm loosened slightly.

Finally the orchestra
[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 83]



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

the MIKE at

hollywood



Walter Huston, Claudette Colbert, C. B. DeMille, King Vidor and Norman Foster at a Lux broadcast of "The Barker." Right, Igor Gorin and Louella Parsons, veteran of the Hollywood Hotel hour, rest while Joel McCrea and Jean Arthur puzzle over their script together

By MURIEL BABCOCK



RADIO has arrived in Hollywood with loud reverberations which reach all the way across the continent, shaking not only Movie Town but the foundations of Radio City, New York, and the entire amusement business.

More than half the total number of major radio programs will be emanating from Hollywood soon, and what is more important, will be using your favorite movie stars. Sixteen shows are on the air, sixteen more are due at this writing. There are but about fifty top-notch programs in all of radio, so thirty out of fifty gives you a clear idea of what is happening.

It is a case of Hollywood being so important to radio that radio has had to leap across a continent! You may remember that it was not so long ago that the "know-it-all" wiseacres predicted radio stars would one day outstrip movie stars in popularity, that movies would "fa' down and go boom" because of that old davvil radio, but—instead, the opposite has come to pass! Radio has come to Hollywood.

And not in a piker way. A sum estimated roughly between four and five million dollars is being spent this year by the

big ether moguls on our movie stars. This money goes out to the stars principally in chunks ranging from one to five thousand dollars (Clark Gable and Marlene Dietrich each took five grand from the soap boys when they formally opened the Lux theater in Hollywood early this summer).

What is it all about? Well, it is simply that the business men of the country (after all they are the ones who make the wheels go around) have discovered that movie glamor sells more cheese, more soap, more bread, more gasoline, more toothpaste, more Jello or what have you to peddle?—than any other kind of glamor.

If you want to be facetious for a moment, you can say that the stars have taken the places of the medicine men and side show barkers of grandpappy's day. They are standing up on the platform giving spiels about the merits of throat drops, automobiles, bread, and cigarettes, much as did these colorful, old-time barkers, who also bewitched buyers with spell of personality.

The move of radio, from New York to Hollywood, is as great in its way, as the exodus of stage actors when talking pictures came in. It has happened almost as suddenly. I don't think Hollywood realizes yet, nor does New York, nor do you and I, what this concentration of broadcasts on the Coast is going to mean. It may mean that radio and movies, already closely related, will become synonymous. That a movie star and a radio star will be one and the same thing. This is practically true now with all the big shot radio girls and boys being grabbed by the movies, and vice versa. There are other possibilities, but more of these later.

Here are the sixteen Number One radio shows, with movie talent, now emanating from Hollywood:

Bing Crosby for Kraft Cheese,
Cecil B. DeMille and guest stars for Lux,
Hollywood Hotel, Louella Parsons and stars,
"One Man's Family," the entire cast of which will appear in a Paramount film,
Jack Benny for Jello,
Shell Chateau, Smith Bellew and stars,
Rudy Vallee for Fleischman's yeast,
Camel Caravan, Rupert Hughes and guest stars,
Marian Talley on the Rykrisp hour,
Eddie Cantor for Texaco,
Joe Penner for Cocomalt,
Hollywood Talent Parade for Kelloggs,
Nelson Eddy for Vicks,
Fred Astaire for Packard Motors,
Burns and Allen for Campbell tomato juice,
Mary Pickford for an ice company.

Some of the stars who are seriously talking big deals with radio concerns, and who will in all probability, by the time you read this, have their own shows, include: Joe E. Brown, John Boles, Jack Haley, Irvin S. Cobb, Allan Jones, Kitty Carlisle, Jack Oakie, Grace Moore and Wallace Beery. That would make nine more shows, or twenty-five.

But wait a minute. I'm not through yet. Another seven major shows are contemplating packing up the mikes and script holders and leaving New York. One of the most important is the Helen Hayes show, which will probably mean that Helen will make another moving picture. Another is the Major Bowes program, which canny old news-hounds figure will be in town about Christmas time and which also means that Major Bowes will do a picture. The Showboat, the George Olsen, Sigmund Romberg, Frank Fay and Ben Bernie shows are all pointed this way. Or, a total of thirty-two, a figure which doesn't include the national movie gossip programs of Walter Winchell and Jimmy Fidler. I think thirty-two is a conservative estimate. There will undoubtedly be still more programs.

Interesting to think that Helen Hayes, who definitely renounced pictures for radio and stage, may be drawn right back into the Hollywood she left. Yes, and of all the amateurs

who will clutter up Hollywood Boulevard if Major Bowes arrives with his gong!

One of the more exciting examples of radio drawing upon picture talent other than star material, is the entry of Cecil B. DeMille, grand master of the spectacle, into the radio picture as producer of the Lux show. DeMille is acknowledged a showman who can inject box-office value into anything. So far, his job consists principally of being a narrator and a good one; but it is interesting to speculate upon what he may do as he gains microphone experience. I imagine, as do others who know DeMille, that he will eventually think up something spectacular and new in radio directorial showmanship.

Friends of Jimmy Cagney, who deplored his lawsuit with Warner Brothers and wondered how poor Jimmy would keep the wolf from the door if he were barred from pictures, might have saved their tears. Even if Jimmy hadn't signed recently with the newly organized, independent film producing concern known as Grand National, he might have earned a small fortune in radio. He was offered four different radio jobs at big money.

Comedians are among the best movie bets on the air. Eddie Cantor, Jack Benny, Frank Fay, Edward Everett Horton, Joe E. Brown, Jack Oakie, are sure-fire. Horton started out on the air several years ago at \$150 a broadcast, and now he gets one of the top salaries. The price Packard agreed to pay Fred Astaire for a series of broadcasts is astounding.

HOW do the stars react to radio? How do they like standing up in front of a merciless mike, which gives no quarter and permits no retakes? Most of them are scared to death. The bigger the star the more petrified.

I'll never forget watching big, burly Victor McLaglen, who wouldn't mind leading a machine gun battalion into the jaws of death without a quiver, shake with fear at the thought of his Hollywood Hotel microphone appearance in "The Informer," for Louella Parsons. He was terrified. At the rehearsal his hands shook, part of the time he couldn't get the words to come from his mouth, and perspiration rolled from his forehead. He ran fifteen minutes overtime. Margot Grahame, Una O'Connor, appearing with him, and Louella were all worried to death for fear he couldn't give a performance.

In fact, nobody thought Vic was going to be able to get up the steps from the dressing room to the stage, but he made it, and then most amazing of all, as the broadcast started, he shook free of his terror and gave a superb performance. He never missed a line.

Louella, really a Hollywood veteran in the radio business (she put on her first broadcast with [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 119])

Hollywood goes to the radio for stars too. Bob Burns' singing on Bing Crosby's hour won him a screen contract and he plays with Bing in "Rhythm on the Range." In the same picture, Martha Raye (also a radio recruit) made the comedy sensation of the year. They will both appear in "The Big Broadcast of 1937"



Director E. H. Griffith certainly cut himself a piece of cake with this assignment. Loretta Young, Connie Bennett and Janet Gaynor are all stars in the same film—"Ladies in Love." Simone Simon is in it too. Fun—and fireworks

We Cover the Studios



Knock-knock-who's there? It's our roving reporter just returned from the studios.

By MICHAEL JACKSON

SIZZLING with personalities, spectacles and an exciting variety of background, the sets are at their flamboyant best this month. There are music and drama, low-down comedy and high tragedy, art and slapstick. Those studio bees are buzzing through the process of turning out what they hope will be the hits of the late fall season, which, as you ought to know by now, is the big movie time.

Working with our methodical eenie-meenie-minie-moe system, we pick on Paramount as the first lot to visit. And that's no mistake, for we get a peek at "The Greatest Show on Earth. Mr. C. B. DeMille, himself." All the DeMille spectacles, whatever else they may lack, never miss having their share of opulence. And his newest presentation, "The Plainsman," will be no exception.

With not a marble bath tub in sight, we come upon a realistic, life-teeming reproduction of Leavenworth, Kansas, in the days when that town was the gateway to the untamed West. The set is a hubbub of seeming madhouse activity. Cowboys, roustabouts, stagecoaches, horses, the usual oversupply of DeMilleian assistants. Buffalo Bill, played by big, broad shouldered Jimmy Ellison of the Hop-Along-Cassidy series, strides through the multitude. Added to the usual commotion of any DeMille spectacle is the fact that this is the first day of shooting.

At first, you have difficulty in spotting DeMille, but then you find him surrounded by a swarm of helpers. There is a boy whose only duty is to walk around with the director and hold a field microphone in front of DeMille's face so that his orders

sing out, amplified, across the outdoor set. There are six script girls: one for the crowd, one for costumes, one for stars, one for script, one for props and a couple to bother the rest. There are more assistant directors than you can shake a contract at, each of them busy saying "No" to extras and "Yes" to the one and still only DeMille.

With all this impressive entourage, you might expect that the scene to be shot would show at least something as opulent as a coronation. But no. This is really a simple little take in which Jean Arthur, Hollywood's current favorite, is leaving on a stagecoach trip to see Gary Cooper. Cooper is sprawled out, asleep as usual, in the only cool spot in the sun-brightened set.

After the scene is rehearsed, someone blows a whistle. Then, from answering guards placed all over the set, other whistles blow. It all makes you feel nice and crazy. Then there is sharp silence. DeMille, booted and wearing a wide-brimmed white hat, nods his head and it begins.

The scene they are shooting does not match the behind-the-camera scene for color. If the cameras were turned backwards, Paramount would have the hit of its up-and-down life. Even so, "The Plainsman" should be one of the favorite pictures of the year, for it has scope and vigor and will be the horse-opera at its rip-roaringest.

The stupendous display back stage is as phoney as Garbo's eyelashes, but we wouldn't have missed it for anything. Just as we were about to tear away, a breathless press agent rushed up and said that there was a telegraph office stationed on the set. We could telegraph news of the picture to the anxious outside world. We went back of a set, and, so help me, there really was rigged up a complete telegraph sending device. Only DeMille could have thought of this. In the room were about

The first picture C. B. DeMille made in Hollywood twenty-three years ago was a Western. He is now directing Gary Cooper and Jean Arthur in "The Plainsman" (no bathtubs). Time marches on!



Just a family affair. Arline Judge is being directed by Wesley Ruggles at Paramount. They met and married when he directed her in "Are These Our Children?" 1931

He found lots of exciting things for you

six studio correspondents, all scratching their heads, wondering what they could send over the wires. It stunned us out of coherent thought. All we could think of was. "Dear Photoplay: Yes it's true what they say about DeMille. Love." But even we know this is a pretty poor message with all that regal service at hand.

A great contrast to the free-wheeling splurging on "The Plainsman" is shown on the next stage where Wesley Ruggles is directing Arline Judge and Gladys George in "Valiant Carrie," which is based on that poignant best-seller, "Valiant Is the Word for Carrie."

Wes and Arline met when he directed her in "Are These Our Children." They fell in love, married, built one of the most beautiful homes in Beverly Hills and had a grand baby. Now Hollywood is hoping that this picture may re-unite them in private life. It's hard to find two more likeable people.

Gladys George, who stars in this, was the stage heroine of "Personal Appearance," which Mae West is now bringing to the screen. Seeing her on the set, it is hard to believe that Miss George could play a rôle suitable for the torrid West. But that's the way life rolls in the movies.

"Valiant Carrie" tells the story of a loosely moraled woman, whose love for a foundling boy and girl—Arline and John Howard—brings a change in her wayward life. There is nothing sensational in either the plot or settings, but it is imbued with a deep feeling that may make "Valiant Carrie" the surprise hit of the season.

There is an unpretentious seriousness about every little scene. Wes, Arline and Gladys George discuss the scene from all angles before they shoot it. It is done with quiet teamwork, anyone allowed to make a helpful suggestion.

In this shot, Arline, with that elegant figure, is dressed in a



play suit of shorts and blouse, and is verbally worrying with Gladys George about John Howard. Howard, who has just finished his one-hundredth day working on "Lost Horizon," sits on the side lines and listens to the women talk about him. "At least, it's something I can't do in real life," he tells us.

Wes is very gentle and friendly with Arline as he coaches her. You can tell she has great faith in his judgment, and affection for him as a person. The scene, typical of all the others, is played with such realistic sentiment that even the stage crew is moved.

One way to go pleasantly insane is to visit the "Big Broadcast of 1937" set. This is the interior of a theater and on the stage, broadcasting, are that silly goose, Gracie Allen, and the long-suffering George Burns. Lots of comedians put on a funny voice for the microphone and drop it in real life. But not Gracie. She really talks that way, and says those silly things. After they run through their patter for director Mitch Leison, who runs around in shorts and a polo shirt, much to the amazement of studio visitors, Gracie and George talk to the camera man. Her real speech is as laughable as any written for her. And finally the camera man gives up trying to explain to her how a focus glass works.

As you watch Gracie on the stage, it is like seeing vaudeville,



The Irish question crops up at RKO. John Ford directs Preston Foster, Dennis O'Dea, Barbara Stanwyck and J. M. Kerrigan in "The Plough and the Stars." Dennis O'Dea is one of the famed Abbey players



Jimmie Stewart and Eleanor Powell watch Dave Gould put a fast one over on Sid Silvers who stooges for them in M-G-M's musical, "Born to Dance"

Gracie Allen has the last word on the set too. She plays with Jack Benny in "The Big Broadcast of 1937," which Mitch Leisen is directing

because you sit in theater rows. With us are Benny Baker, Roscoe Karns, Jack Benny, Lynne Overman, William Frawley and that cyclonic Martha Raye. We hate to spoil your illusions after all the Laugh Clown Laugh sob stories but these people are funny in real life, too. They rib Gracie and George during rehearsal, and every once in a while the director takes one of their cracks and spots it in the picture's dialogue.

A girl you're going to hear a lot about is Martha Raye. She's the leading exponent of Swing, the music that is taking the country by the feet. If you saw Martha in "Rhythm on the Range," then you know what a wildly comic gal she is. Trying to catch her in a serious moment, we asked Martha just what Swing is. Everybody's talking about it but no one can define it.

Here's her explanation. "First you have to get in the groove, then you break it up for a couple of choruses, by that time you're ready to jam home. By then the stuff is here and it ought to be mellow. If it 'sends' you, then it's Swing." I hope that clears up Swing for you. A nice, neat concise explanation.

Swing has no place in the cultured life of chic Gladys Swarthout. Her film, "The Champagne Waltz," in which Fred MacMurray is her co-star, treats the more conventional aspects

of music. Miss Swarthout's husband, Frank Chapman, told me that the story has one grand twist. It's the first picture in which the operatic star gets an audition and still doesn't go to the Met.

The scene we watch isn't supposed to be a scene at all. It's a photographed thought. And a pretty expensive thought it is, too. In this modern picture, Swarthout has been telling MacMurray about the night when Strauss first played the "Blue Danube Waltz" for Emperor Franz Josef of Austria.

Though this will be only a brief flash back in the picture, the scene takes three days to complete. We are shown the interior of the Emperor's palace and as he comes striding before his courtiers, the stringed orchestra breaks into the now famous strains of "The Blue Danube." It is a lovely set, colorful and beautifully mounted. The ball room is full of brilliantly uniformed young men and a good percentage of chorus beauties. These shapely gals give the setting an attractive decoration, but some of the girls had to be dropped for less pulchritudinous women, for no court, not even an Emperor's, could boast of such uniformly good looking dolls.

One girl, who was dropped because she was too good looking told us as she left the stage, "My boss canned me because I was too good looking. He said I'd [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 87]



PHOTOPLAY
fashions
BY KATHLEEN HOWARD

FIRST CRISP AUTUMN DAYS

Omar Kiam designed this coat dress for Merle Oberon, Samuel Goldwyn's beautiful star, especially for Photoplay. It is of blue tweed with black astrakhan sleeves, collar and double strip down the front. Boxed shoulders and skirt flared slightly at the back. The hat is of tweed with a brim of astrakhan. Black suede oxfords, gloves and bag.

Charming Evening Ensembles...

MODELED BY MADGE EVANS



Madge Evans wears an evening gown of hammered silver cloth in "Piccadilly Jim." Twists of the cloth form shoulder straps and the hemline is stiffened for formality. Diamond and emeralds are used for clip and bracelets. A gorgeous white fox cape swings from her shoulders.

From the same picture is an evening gown of white piqué. Madge wears her clip in the back, this time, for variety. The flared skirt and the snug bodice are impertinently smart. Over this she wears a jacket of black ciré satin with quadruple squared points on the sleeve tops. A white carnation is on her lapel and she is evidently delighted with her chiffon petticoat





Above: Virginia Weidler, starring in "Big Broadcast of 1937," goes back to school in a pleated Scotch plaid skirt, a burnt-red suede jacket with zipper fastening. Top right: "Ooooh! My favorite lunch!" Today she wears a navy double-breasted coat with brass buttons, a plaid skirt and navy and plaid Scotch cap. Right: Flowers for teacher. Virginia loves her Scotch plaid cape in red, blue, green and white, topped by a most provocative Scotch bonnet with red ribbons

Clothes from
FLORENCE HARTOCH
Hollywood

All dressed up
AND NO PLACE TO GO

Left: A navy pleated skirt, navy and white woolen jersey with patent fastening. Blue and white socks, white suède shoes. Lower left: Virginia's back shows the determination which took her up the steps to stardom. Natural camel's-hair polo coat and matching tweed beret. Below: "I'm on time, teacher!" coos Virginia. She has shed the jacket and wears a blue smock over her dainty white blouse and plaid skirt



— BUT SCHOOL

For that Urge
Homespun



For steamer wear Helen Gahagan chooses a blue and white plaid coat over a blue tailored suit, a white felt hat, white scarf and sturdy brown calf shoes with sunburnt stockings. She takes the wheel dressed in a white camel's-hair box coat with brass buttons and standing collar. White flannel slacks, nautical beret and blue and white ascot complete her costume. After a swim Helen dons navy slacks and a dashing new cape of white homespun, lined with waterproof material. Note the arm slashes, the squared shoulder effect, high collar and red and white bandana. For a rough day Helen includes this outfit in her wardrobe: Gray flannel pea-jacket with four immense patch pockets, slit seams and flared collar and cuffs. Navy slacks and a bandana. Clothes by Tom Kelley



new highs
and lows
in *hats*



POSED BY
MARIAN MARSH

Here are four types of the new hats, each stressing the rage for feathers. Soon to appear in "The Man Who Lived Twice," Marian Marsh goes high-hat with confidence in the model shown at upper left. Dark green stitched felt flaunts a red and green fancy and matches her duvetyn frock. Upper right, a brimmed hat of black velour, for more formal wear, has jade green feather accents. Marian wears it with a mink coat. Extreme left, of stitched wool in dark green, this version of the beret has a white and green bird outstretched over the visor brim. Left, emerging from a cape of silver fox is this small hat of black felt, stitched obliquely, with a feather trim of red and green. From Marie Baker

Left, pictured and sketched—Helen Vinson is wearing an afternoon dress of crêpe in modified princess silhouette. White Venetian lace forms the collar, cuffs and jabot, which tucks under the sawtooth front edge. Tiny jet buttons hold it in place. The dress sketched directly below is described on the opposite page. Sketched below, to the right, you may have this dress of Helen's in the new purplish-blue she chose or any other color that you might prefer. Four bows are pulled through antique gold chain rings down the front. Note the three important fashion points: collar, shoulders and skirt flare.



WHERE TO BUY THEM

The smart advance PHOTOPLAY Hollywood Fashions shown on these pages are available to you at any of the department stores and shops listed on Page 90

Be sure to read Kathleen Howard's interesting Fashion Letter on Page 78.



THIS TAG IDENTIFIES AN ORIGINAL PHOTOPLAY HOLLYWOOD FASHION. LOOK FOR IT.

in the Shops

PHOTOPLAY
HOLLYWOOD
FASHIONS



Photographed at the right (sketch in the middle of opposite page) Marguerite Churchill wearing an excellent fall costume of black silk twill. Ruching made of little tubular bands edges the hem, pockets and collar. A narrow white bow tie is flattering to the face. This may be had in all colors. Marguerite chose the dress sketched directly above, in black with green metal cloth trim and gold stitching, but it may be had in different colors. The metal cloth bands on the shoulders give them military chic. Rabbit's ears collar points, pockets and hem border to match. Marguerite is appearing in "Two Minute Alibi." A useful frock of black crêpe (sketched above, right) has a collar and detachable jabot of white lace embroidered in soutache. Jet link buttons fasten it from collar to waist. The skirt flares becomingly as Helen Vinson goes out for a walk. You will see Helen soon in "Her Majesty's Pajamas."



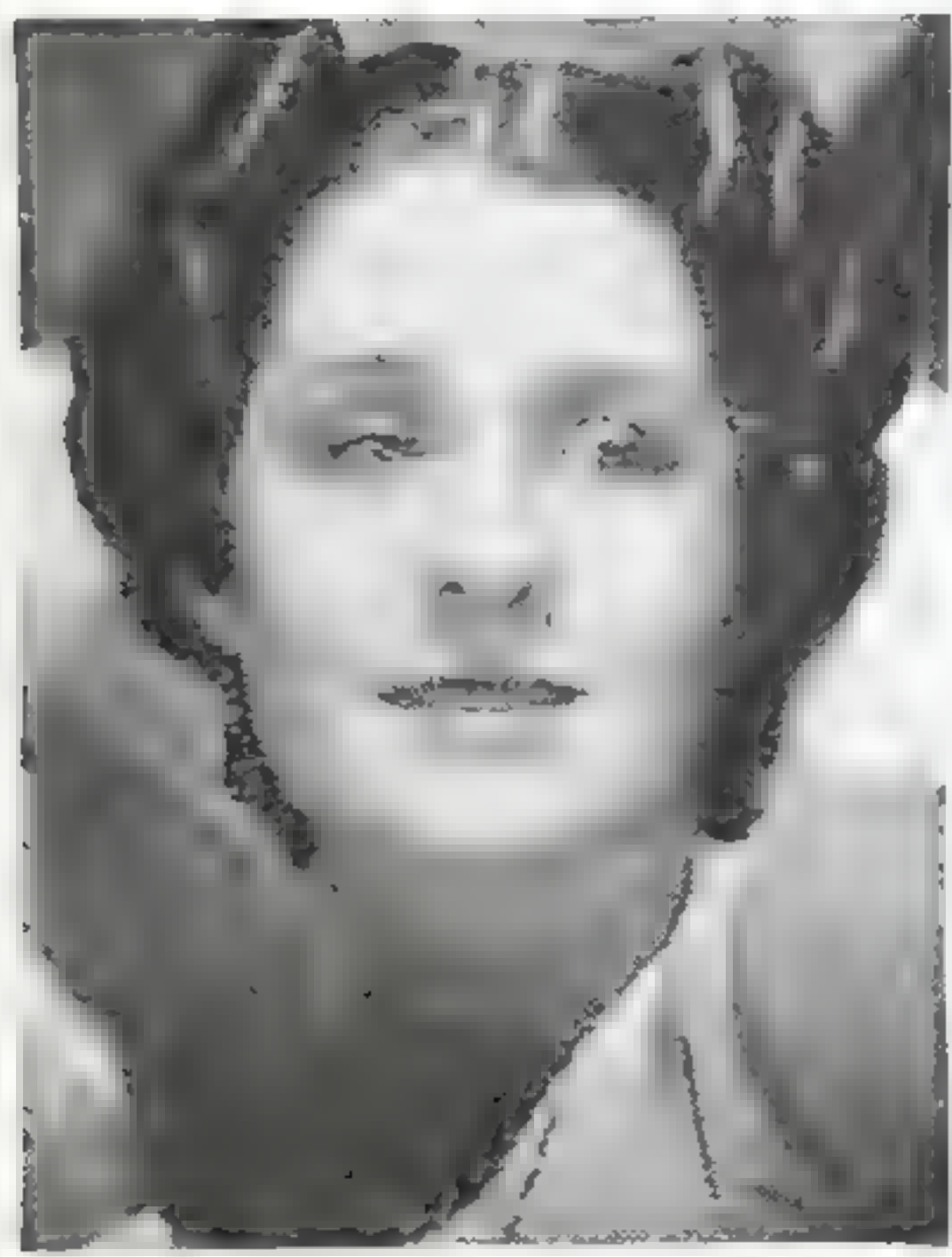
Step smartly

A trim trio in the circle are the alligator bag, the washable gloves in a new shade and the smart tongued shoe is suède. In the strip are suggestions to accent your Fall silhouette. From left to right, black suède trimmed in patent with smart little buttons—it's a case of "button, button" this season; a new boot in many shades of Bucko, man-tailored and practical in an "ankle-hug" fit; a sports shoe in brown suède with brown calf; black suède with black patent and a smart silver buckle; a

tongue pump of hunter's green suède with a trim tailored bow; black suède and patent with a silver ball for a button; an unusual sandal with Cuban heel in suède and calf combination; an oxford in black suède with patent trim; brown suède with calf stressing the new front highness. Flatter your hands in brown suède gloves, snug-fitting and chic; the perfect sports glove in beige goatskin with wooden buttons; long brown suède gloves crushed about the wrist for more formal moments

Sylvia returns

Madame Sylvia says, "Look at Margaret Sullavan," right. "She has a swell figure." Below: "Norma Shearer has one of the best complexions in Hollywood — like peaches and cream. She eats the peaches, but not the cream"



—TO RESTORE YOU TO BEAUTY

YES, boys and girls, it's true. Mama's back! And gosh, didn't I pop up on you in the nick of time? Goodness knows what's happened to you while I've been away.

There's a spare tire around your middle that would fit Garbo's new Rolls Royce. Your hips have widened and your thighs have bulged. There are ugly hard muscles on your arms and your *derrières* are weighty. You see? I know what happens to my babies when Sylvia isn't around to shake them up—mentally and physically. I know what you've been doing all summer, so don't start giving me any alibis.

You've been lying around the beach drying your complexion. Or you've been climbing mountains and rowing boats (which makes ugly muscles). Or you've said, "Oh, the heck with it, it's too hot to take any exercise." But it's cooler now. And look at yourselves. Pretty terrible, isn't it? And one look is enough for me, I can see that from here. So come on. Pull yourselves together. Let's do a complete remodeling, reconditioning, renovating job on the bumps and bulges. Let's get rid of the extra poundage and drive out these skin troubles that wrong eating and lazy ways have put there!

How's that for an old-fashioned Sylvia lambasting? Does

it sound natural? Well, it's just my sentimental way of saying it's great to be back as Beauty Editor of PHOTOPLAY.

I remember so well the first article I ever wrote for this magazine. I had been working like a dog in Hollywood remodeling and beautifying Norma Shearer, Connie Bennett, Ann Harding, Jean Harlow and many others. One day I happened to be telling the late Jim Quirk—one of the finest men and finest editors who ever lived—all about it.

"Why don't you take a little time off?" he asked, "and write some articles for PHOTOPLAY? Show our readers how they can be as beautiful as the movie stars."

I grinned and said, "What? With my funny English?"

"Never mind, Sylvia," he answered, "even if you spoke Arabian they'd understand—as long as you talk with your hands."

"Nothing doing," I said, "you wouldn't let me bawl your readers out the way I go after the stars. You'd want me to give them the usual soft soap and tell them how 'beootiful' they all are. I can't write like that. I'm after results."

Jim laughed. "Try me. Write a beauty article the way you want to write it. I dare you."

By MADAME SYLVIA



POSITION 1

Maybe he didn't think I would. But I did. Remember? And for three years once a month I bawled you out, laid you low, built you up and took you down. You loved it. Your loyalty has proven that.

I'd like to make you understand how much I appreciate that loyalty. It is darn gratifying to know that you depend upon me. Hundreds of thousands of letters have told me what I've helped you do for yourselves. I've seen many of you personally, when I've been lecturing all over the United States. (And didn't we have fun?) Even when I raise the devil with you and make you work, you came back for more. That thrills me more than a starring rôle would thrill an extra girl. And you can be sure, darlings, I'll never let you down. Remember, I'm your guinea pig. Whatever I tell you to do I've tried out on myself, and proven it in my work with movie stars, society women, business girls and housewives.

You don't have to be in Hollywood to get the benefit of my system, either. It works in China, New Zealand, Poland, India—all over the world. I have letters to prove that.

So stick around, children. I've got some swell new diets and exercises for you. I'm going to give you a complete, workable, scientific and all inclusive system for taking off and putting on weight on any part of your body, for correcting all your complexion faults, overcoming nervousness, for shooting pep and energy into your body, overcoming anemia and glandular maladjustments, even changing your entire personality. If you don't find what you want this time, and can't wait until my next article, then write to me, care of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 7751 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California. Tell me what it is you want corrected, and I'll send you instructions. Don't forget to enclose a stamped self-addressed envelope.

Well, now let me see. I think we'll start on

An exercise for office workers with hips. Can be done right at your desk. Sit straight in chair, legs outstretched, crossed at ankles. Drop a pencil under the chair on the right. Straighten up and get yourself balanced



POSITION 2

Another telling exercise for those bulging hips. Stand with your feet ten inches apart, toes slightly inward, arms outstretched overhead. Bend the right arm at the elbow so that the forearm is across the face



Now bend over to the left. Keep your body well back and go straight to the side. Use your right arm to balance yourself. Reach under the chair and pick up the pencil with your left hand. Repeat on other side



POSITION 3

Now bend the body to the left. Keep the knees stiff. Keep bending until the fingertips of the left hand touch the floor. Be sure to bend straight to the side, never forward. Now repeat on the other side

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ILSA HOFFMANN



POSITION 4

the hips because that's where most of you get heavy first. Don't think you can smear some grease on your body and *abra-ca-dabra*, those hips vanish. You've got to get beneath the skin. Break down and banish those fatty tissues which lie beneath. Exercise is best for specific spots and this one will do the trick for those bumps on the hips: Stand with your feet about ten inches apart. Turn your toes slightly inward, you'll get a better pull and do a more complete job. Arms outstretched overhead. Bend the right arm at the elbow so the forearm is across the face. Now bend the body to the left. Keep the knees stiff. Go on, more! Keep bending until the fingertips of the left hand touch the floor. Pull, and imagine you're trying to touch the floor with that right elbow. That's it. Feel the pull in the hips and all along the right side of the body? O.K., now repeat on the other side. Remember, bend straight to the side. Don't cheat and try to make it easy by sneaking forward each time, you'll just wear yourselves out, and get nowhere. And for beauty's sake do it regularly. Every day. Oh, I know you. You'll do it a couple of times when you get through

reading this and then you won't stretch a muscle for another month. I can't be there every morning to bawl you out and put you through your paces. You'll have to develop some gumption yourself—and use it. I know this exercise will do the trick, but the trick is: DO it.

Look at Margaret Sullavan. She has a swell figure, without any unnecessary bulges. Look at those slim hips and those straight legs. Can you imagine how she would look, with that small frame of hers, if fifteen pounds of flabby fat were to settle on those hips? I [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 114]



It Was HATE At First Sight

SOMETIMES, after you've put down one of those bright-jacketed rental library books and have sat for a while still in the mood of the sure-fire finish, you think "Maybe such things can be. Maybe there *are* people things like that happen to."

They can. There are . . .

This is Ida Lupino's love story, in all entirety. It's the account of a second and final romance that has taken the place of a first and all-enclosing one—and it's a cheese-slice from the life and personality of the girl Hollywood has named Madcap, because Hollywood can't understand her.

Ida met Louis Hayward (tall, dark-eyed, sensitive, slated-by-Metro-for-stardom) one sultry afternoon four years ago in Elstree, England. She was on a cluttered British movie set under Klieg lights then unperfected; they gave forth a special kind of heat, blistering and dry. She was trying, with every ragged nerve and with every atom of energy left from her headache, to make plausible an impossible bit of dialogue. The picture, its title identification enough, was called "Money For Speed."

She hates visitors to come and gape at her, even under the best of circumstances. And so, of course, on this afternoon there had to be a visitor. His name was Hayward, and he was a

friend of a friend of somebody's, and he gaped in every sense of the descriptive word.

They were introduced afterward. The immediate, almost tangible hostility she felt was reflected in him; a barrier slid between them and through it they touched hands politely. "How d'y do," demanded Ida frigidly.

He observed her like something under a microscope, and discovered her to be a fresh kid.

"I thought him the dullest person I'd ever met," Ida told me simply, remembering over her salad.

"He seemed to run around with the theater crowd," she went on. "Anyway I saw him occasionally across the room at a party, or walking down the aisle at a play—people at soirees would bring him up and say, 'Do you know Louis Hayward, Ida?' and I'd murmur that we'd met and turn away. Of course it was naive of me; but he bored me to extinction. And you understand the feeling was utterly mutual. We've talked about it so much since. It was very strange but the dislike we felt for each other was an uncommon sort of thing. It amounted to contempt."

This, remember, was five years ago. For several months they noticed each other at a distance, were re-introduced persistently by well-meaning friends and persistently insulted



*That's What Ida Lupino and
Louis Hayward thought. But
Fate has tricks up her sleeve
to play on stubborn mortals
who go against her decrees*

By FRANK SMALL

Ida's first love was the sort of storybook romance that suits her volatile personality. Will this second love for a man as sensitive as she is lead her to happiness?

each other—until finally the meetings just didn't happen any more. Which was all right with both of them and especially with Ida.

Anyway, she was completely in love at the time, with another person. His name was Johnny and she'd known him since she was fourteen.

It was exactly the sort of fictitious romance that suits the extravagant, rich personality of Ida Lupino. It began, with all the unbelievable trimmings, when both were struggling through the first dreary stages of their own success stories: when both lived in dismal little rooms and worked long hours for short pay.

They shared small worries and mighty triumphs and skimpy meals and inexpensive entertainments and joy and sorrow and love. It was a devotion built on so firm a foundation that through the years it grew to be the greatest thing in both their lives.

For Ida it was more. She is an intense, introspective person whose emotions are not only sincere but complete. Her loves are all-encompassing—her hates as devastating as an earthquake. And she loved Johnny.

They made their future together, planning and fitting it into its pattern like pieces of a picture puzzle. Being the sort of

people they were, success in their respective careers must come first. They must have the satisfaction of their own accomplishments, they must have financial security—since both were aware that beauty drowns in a scrub bucket.

And being the sort of people they were, they got their success and their money. Johnny's name was first on theater programs; the motion picture studios were bidding for Ida, bidding so keenly that finally she couldn't refuse.

Ida said goodbye to Johnny in London. "I'll be back in just a few months," she told him, "and I'll expect to see your face the instant I dock."

"You will," he promised.

Hollywood was a madhouse, strange and friendly, full of subtle excitement and quivering with nervous energy; it was amusing and fun and very tiring. One went to previews, one went to dinners and cocktail parties, one was surrounded by high school girls holding autograph books open. One wrote to London. "It's a gorgeous town but I think it's driving me a little crazy. I want to come home. Anyway, I love you very much."

One night she went to the preview of a picture in which a newcomer to the screen, named Louis Hayward, had a small part. Ida didn't notice his name [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 94]



★ SING, BABY, SING—20th Century-Fox

LOOK out for the Ritz Brothers. Be prepared for a new and riotous Adolphe Menjou. Listen to Alice Faye sing as she never sang before. Get ready for Gregory Ratoff, Ted Healy and Patsy Kelly, and you have some idea of a story that starts out with a zip and never lets down.

Menjou is an actor off to New York for a vacation and a bender where he meets Gregory Ratoff, who is trying to place Alice Faye in radio. Menjou imagines Alice is his Juliet, and he her Romeo. He imagines it all the way from a hospital to Kansas City with reporter Michael Whalen hot on his trail. Menjou finally escapes his guard and joins a radio broadcast that's a riot.

Here is nonsense, fun, laughter, and sheer lunacy, but don't miss it.



★ PICCADILLY JIM—M-G-M

A FROLICKING farce with Robert Montgomery, its chief attraction, up to his best form in creating laughs and infusing the whole with charm and taste. A gay sauciness in telling, plus some really good dialogue, sweeps the audience into a high old humor as the story unfolds.

Montgomery is an American cartoonist in London, who supports his playboy papa, Frank Morgan. When papa falls in love with Billie Burke and her *nouveau riche* family comes to call, Robert seizes the family *en masse* as a model for a comic strip which sweeps the country. The family are forced to flee in embarrassment. But when Robert falls in love with Madge Evans, not knowing she is a member of the funny family, the fun really begins. Eric Blore, as the valet, walks off with scene after scene, while Grant Mitchell, Cora Witherspoon, Billy Bupp and Ralph Forbes add to the hilarity.

The Shadow Stage

A Review of the New Pictures



★ THE GORGEOUS HUSSY—M-G-M

JOHN HOPKINS ADAMS' great novel glorifying the tavern-keeper's daughter, who influenced the political destiny of America, comes to the screen as a vivid, sincere, exciting pageant of national affairs and enduring love, and as the first real costume picture Joan Crawford has ever done, it marks for her what may amount to a new film career.

Peggy O'Neal is interpreted by Miss Crawford as a shrewd, intelligent and flamboyantly beautiful woman, who, badgered by a relentless love and handicapped by unfortunate parentage, is nevertheless an idealist and a loyal patriot. Against the colorful curtain of Washington politics, a succession of gorgeous love affairs offer brilliant relief from too much text book drama.

Reared in Franklin's Inn—way station for influential Americans, Peggy first meets *Andrew Jackson* and admires; meets the tragic *John Randolph* and loves him. *Randolph*, being older and ambitious cannot marry a nineteen year old girl. So, dashing, handsome *Lieutenant Timberlake*, played with considerable spirit by Robert Taylor, catches her on the rebound. On their wedding night, he is killed in battle. Thereafter the story follows Peggy's spectacular life in relation to *President Jackson*, her eventual marriage to *John Eaton* and her unconsummated love for *Randolph*.

Lionel Barrymore as *Jackson*, Franchot Tone as *Eaton*, James Stewart as love-lorn *Rowdy Dow* and Melvyn Douglas as *Randolph* are genuine, believable, and excellent.

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

THE GORGEOUS HUSSY	GIRL'S DORMITORY
PICCADILLY JIM	SING, BABY, SING
A SON COMES HOME	TO MARY—WITH LOVE
MARY OF SCOTLAND	STAGE STRUCK
STAR FOR A NIGHT	CHINA CLIPPER
RHYTHM ON THE RANGE	

BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

Joan Crawford in "The Gorgeous Hussy"
 Robert Taylor in "The Gorgeous Hussy"
 Beulah Bondi in "The Gorgeous Hussy"
 Robert Montgomery in "Piccadilly Jim"
 Eric Blore in "Piccadilly Jim"
 Simone Simon in "Girl's Dormitory"
 Ruth Chatterton in "Girl's Dormitory"
 Adolph Menjou in "Sing, Baby, Sing"
 The Ritz Brothers in "Sing, Baby, Sing"
 Gregory Ratoff in "Sing, Baby, Sing"
 Mary Boland in "A Son Comes Home"
 Myrna Loy in "To Mary—With Love"
 Warner Baxter in "To Mary—With Love"
 Ian Hunter in "To Mary—With Love"
 Fredric March in "Mary of Scotland"
 Jane Darwell in "Star For a Night"

(Casts of all pictures reviewed will be found on Page 124)



☆ A SON COMES HOME—Paramount

CHARMINGLY sincere, down-to-earth in its wholesome appeal, this picture of justice triumphant over mother love emerges as one of the finest family pictures of the month.

Against the background of San Francisco's waterfront, the story concerns a mother's search for her long-lost son. When a friendly reporter writes her story, a boy in jail for murder claims her as his mother. A dramatic highlight is reached when, in her efforts to free the innocent boy, she discovers the identity of the real murderer.

Switching from her usual high comedy to a rôle typical of the late Marie Dressler, Mary Boland deserves superlatives for a fine, convincing portrayal. Julie Haydon, Donald Woods and Wallace Ford head an excellent cast. A grand picture for everyone.



☆ TO MARY—WITH LOVE—20th Century-Fox

A PORTRAIT of married life. That single line of dialogue well describes this intriguing triangle of two men and a girl. Warner Baxter and Ian Hunter both love Myrna Loy. Myrna marries Baxter, leaving Hunter to seek solace with a blonde intruder, Claire Trevor.

Through the years, high-lighted by such events as the Dempsey-Tunney fight, and Lindbergh's triumphant return, the two drift apart. Caught in the whirlpool of high finance, Baxter neglects Myrna. Then comes the crash of 1929, and with it the crash of a man's soul as Baxter, unable to bear his losses, sinks into deep water with Myrna and Hunter standing bravely by to help.

At last Myrna seeks a divorce, but is persuaded by Hunter to return to the man who has loved her through it all.

All three stars aid in making this an unforgettable picture.



☆ GIRL'S DORMITORY—20th Century-Fox

IN the person of Simone Simon, a young French actress, comes a new screen personality so vibrantly alive, and youthfully charming, she completely overshadows the story itself and forces into secondary place such stars as Herbert Marshall and Ruth Chatterton.

An undergraduate in a strict, almost militaristic, Teutonic school for girls, Simone falls in love with Herbert Marshall, the director of the school. The idol of pupils and teachers, the director is unaware of her love until a love letter written by Simone comes into his possession. When an investigation looms, the young pupil runs away. Marshall pursues her, discovers her love and returns it. Learning of the deep silent love of Ruth Chatterton, a teacher, for Marshall, Simone attempts to sacrifice herself in order to bring them together, but young love finally wins.

Director Irving Cummings has ably depicted the Continental atmosphere, and the theme of adolescent love is sincerely and delicately handled. Ruth Chatterton gives a sensitive and superlative portrayal of the teacher who loved in vain. Simone Simon is so amazingly fresh and sweet, it is hard to realize she is even old enough to be the nineteen year old undergraduate she portrays. Marshall is excellent. J. Edward Bromberg as the strict professor and Constance Collier as the busybody are effective support. The standouts among the pupils are Dixie Dunbar, June Storey and Shirley Deane.

A beautiful picture throughout. You should see it.

SELECT YOUR PICTURES AND YOU WON'T



☆
**RHYTHM ON
THE RANGE—**
Paramount

SEE this for Bing Crosby's voice and for an introduction to ugly little Martha Raye, who all but steals the show. It's on the cross-country trek pattern, wherein an heiress gets into difficulties with a cowboy and his bull; three hobos form the comic menace and there's general hilarity. Swing music by Prima is swell.



☆
**CHINA
CLIPPER—**
Warners

A STORY of the thrills, the vision and the drama behind the building and launching of the famed China Clipper. Pat O'Brien as the hard driving manager, Ross Alexander and Humphrey Bogart as the pilots, turn in strong performances—all dedicated to the achievement of American aviation. Beverly Roberts scores as Pat's wife. Stirring photography.



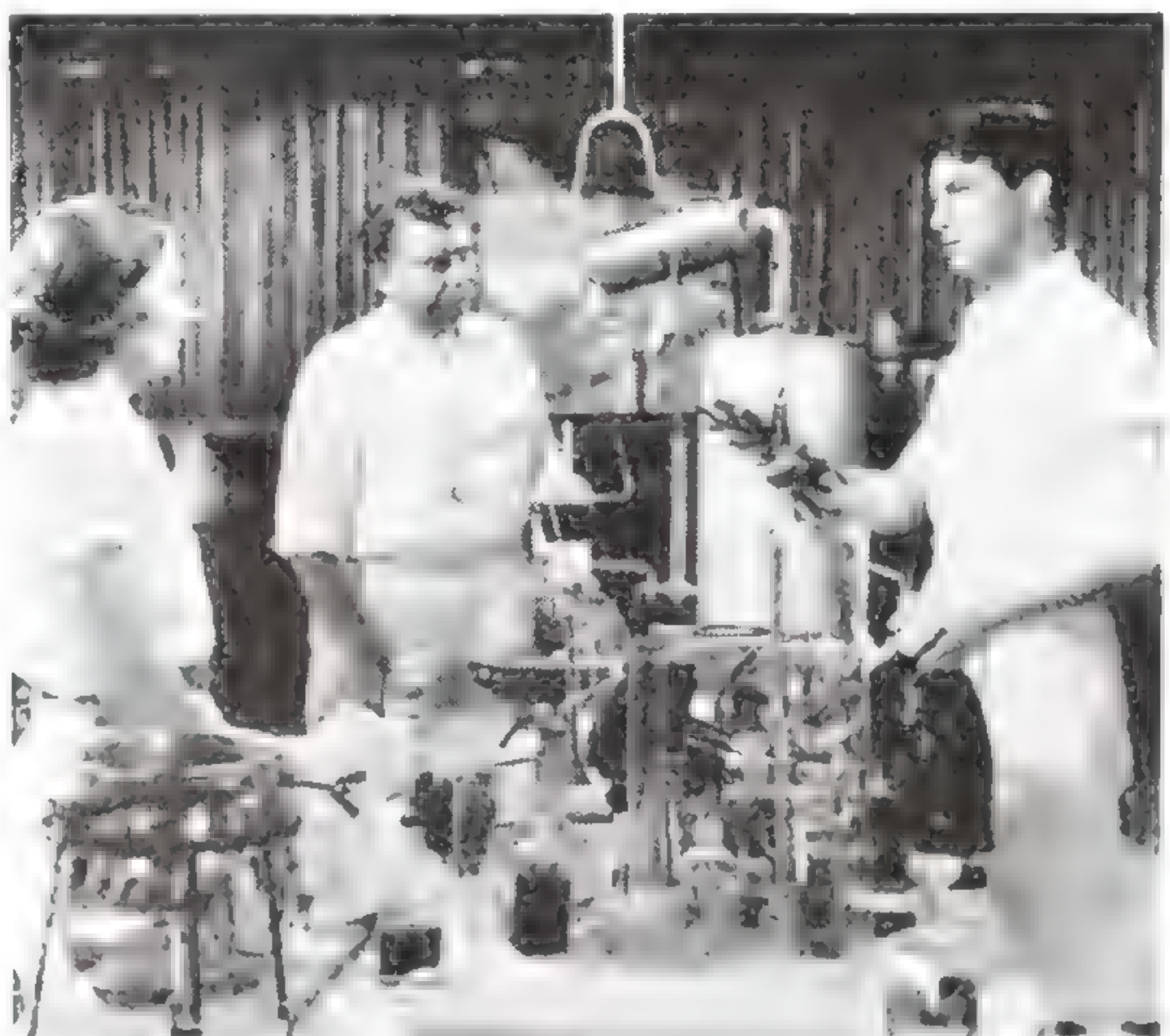
☆
**STAR FOR A
NIGHT—**
20th Century-
Fox

TENDERLY appealing, eye-filling and musical, this story combines the family love for a sightless mother, with a fast moving, back stage comedy of errors. Jane Darwell is grand as the mother. Claire Trevor sings and dances as the daughter and Arline Judge sparkles in her rôle of the chorus girl. The family will enjoy this splendid little picture.



**HOLLY-
WOOD
BOULEVARD**
—Paramount

THE Brown Derby, Sardis, The Trocadero, the Boulevard and all the Hollywood high spots you've yearned to glimpse are featured in this frail yarn of a has-been actor who writes his love memoirs and meets tragedy. John Halliday, Marsha Hunt, Robert Cummings, C. Henry Gordon, Hymie Fink, our cameraman, plus many old timers add to this novelty.



**HIS
BROTHER'S
WIFE—M-G-M**

THIS first teaming of Barbara Stanwyck and Bob Taylor is a pretty dismal thing. Cluttered, unreal and unhappy throughout, it concerns a playboy scientist who wavers between his duty to fever-stricken natives and his love for a woman who isn't meant to be, but is, neurotic. Stanwyck is commendable, Taylor embarrassing, and the story nauseous.



**YOURS FOR
THE ASKING**
—Paramount

DON'T let the presence of Dolores Costello Barrymore and the creampuff title fool you. George Raft plays a smooth gambler with a penchant for sending ladies gravy bowls. The "boys" decide Dolores is bad news and try baiting Boss Raft with Ida Lupino, but Ida isn't as sweet as advertised. It's the old story of "Cheating Cheaters" in a novel form you'll like.

HAVE TO COMPLAIN ABOUT THE BAD ONES

GRAND JURY
—RKO-Radio



DRAMA in a small town, handled in a synthetic and not very interesting way; Fred Stone is the neurotic old citizen who, incensed at the spread of crime, takes up arms against it with the aid of a cub reporter. Romance is sympathetic and good, with Louise Latimer trying hard and new Owen Davis Jr. walking off with most of the honors.



TWO IN A CROWD—
Universal

AMUSING but weak little horse story, and not too well done. Joel McCrea manages only to look charming as the down-and-out stable owner who finds money, enters his last nag in a handicap, wins the race and marries Joan Bennett. She helps him throughout, but there is no sense of 1936 realism in any single scene

MY AMERICAN WIFE—
Paramount



FRANCIS LEDERER turns cowboy in this breezy comedy about the Americanization of a European count who marries Arizona heiress, Ann Sothern. Fred Stone is excellent as the rough-and-ready grandfather who puts Lederer through his "initiation" of bronc-busting and Western scrapping. Billie Burke and Ernest Cossart are good.



I'D GIVE MY LIFE—
Paramount

A STRONG story full of drama and action brings this unpretentious picture well within usual entertainment demands. About Tom Brown, a boy who kills his criminal father and braves the noose rather than reveal why he did it. Sir Guy Standing, Janet Beecher and Frances Drake head a good cast. You'll like this.

LADY BE CAREFUL—
Paramount



LEW AYRES regains his place in the cinema sun in this amusing summer comedy. The story, made superlative by Dorothy Parker and others, is the simple one of a shy sailor who by chance gets the reputation of being a Lothario, and then has to live up to it. Even the photography has a scintillant touch. You'll enjoy it all.



POSTAL INSPECTOR—
Universal

CENTERED about the activities of a postal inspector, Ricardo Cortez, this shallow story wanders from floods to mail robberies and gets nowhere. Patricia Ellis, as a night club entertainer, complicates matters by revealing post office secrets, but finally proves herself trustworthy. Little entertainment value.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 102]

Private Life of Nelson Eddy

BY HOWARD SHARPE

THE docks swarmed with people and noise. Nelson stood at the deck railing and looked far down, between the ship's curving side and the pier, to a strip of oily water where one paper bag and two apple cores floated; he dropped his cigarette and watched it fall for a long time. It missed the paper bag by several inches.

I could still change my mind, he thought. I could still get off the boat and give back the money . . . But he knew he wouldn't.

He thought, standing there, of how long he had worked for this, and of what it would mean to him someday, and of the voyage ahead, and of work to be done; it was a little difficult to completely comprehend that this was himself—that this was Nelson Eddy—with a stateroom reserved and tickets bought, bound for Dresden:

He tried logically to reconcile such mad, almost foolhardy departure from routine with the standards of living he had built for himself over so many years. A young man, he thought wildly, whose childhood has been unexceptional and whose youth has been drowned in careful study and dogged, persistent work does not suddenly borrow a tremendous sum of money and go sailing off to Europe to take singing lessons—maybe I'm a little nuts.

Up high a whistle roared. The tempo of the shouting on the docks heightened and became hysterical. Behind him someone said, "Well, we go now."

Nelson laughed suddenly.

"Goodbye, you!" he yelled to the docks at large, and turned to the stranger. He said, "It's going to be a slow crossing."

He reached Dresden in the early summer and found it just a big city with an occasional budding tree. To the tall, ash-haired boy who had journeyed across an ocean for this, and who had left his friends and home and job for this, the modern streets and dirty gutters were somewhat of a disappointment; still, he'd come for work and not for atmosphere.

He found a German family in a bulky old warm-smelling house, who needed a little extra money and who would not mind a *good* baritone voice running up and down scales at all hours—Nelson sang a little ditty at the parlor piano to reassure them.

And after that it didn't matter to Nelson whether Dresden was made of china or smoke-soiled bricks. He never saw it. The long months that followed were spent in a positive orgy of work, of determined effort. He learned the scores of several operas, and in four languages; he experimented with arrangements and discovered larynx control and learned what to do with his breath.



"Naughty Marietta" and "Rose Marie" made the team of Nelson and Jeanette MacDonald the most popular on the screen today

Violant, usually patient, sometimes frenzied, gave him no rest. "There is little time," he would remind Nelson, "and you haven't much money. You've got no hours to spare—work is the thing."

And Nelson worked. Somewhere the beer gardens resounded and twinkled under the hot summer night, somewhere people laughed and made love, somewhere men, as young as he, were making the most of their youth while the season lasted.

Nelson, grown a little thinner and singing always a little better, lost himself in a welter of sheet music. Until at last, one cooler evening, he finished his favorite aria, on a triumphant

note, knowing well that it had been perfect, and turned happily to his friend. "So?" he asked, certain of the reply.

And Violant said, "All right. I think you can go back to America now." The portly, red-cheeked Scandinavian hesitated for a moment. "—But before you leave I wish you would do me a favor. Tonight three girl pupils of mine have auditions at the Dresden opera, and it would please me if there would be one of my boys, too—just to show those Generals that I *can* teach men the art of singing. Will you go tonight? You will have time before your train leaves."

"Sure." Nelson laughed. "Swell gag, too."

So that night, just as a gag and in slight payment for

Nelson pushed him away. "What rôle? What are you talking about?"

"But at the Dresden Opera," Violant howled. "You are to be the new leading baritone there! The beginning of your career—and all because of that fake audition!"

"That's very swell, Wilhelm," Nelson said softly. "But I'm sorry. I've got reservations on tomorrow's boat for America, and nothing on earth—not even the Dresden Opera—could keep me from catching it."

Nothing could, or did. And Violant never forgave him.

If this were a movie you were watching, instead of an article to read, you would be given cut flashes, now, of a ship moving into New York harbor, with of course Miss Liberty holding her welcoming torch and Nelson in the bow, swallowing lumps in his throat; then the screen would begin to whirl, theater programs and headlines and press notices and sheets from calendars would begin to drop successively before you. Men in tails would gesture with batons at huge orchestras, audiences in sables and tiaras would applaud for a brief moment; Nelson in progressive fade-outs and in many various costumes would stand and sing on as many various, moving stages.

You would read high-lighted critical pieces from photographed newspapers:

The Public Ledger, Philadelphia—"Mr. Eddy's characterization of the difficult rôle of Tonio was so excellent throughout that it looks as though the Civic Opera Company might already have justified its existence by the discovery of real operatic talent."

The Evening Bulletin — "Nelson Eddy proved that he is capable of holding his own and keeping an audience thoroughly interested without stage surroundings. . . His voice retaining all of the oft-mentioned 'luscious' quality, he is acquiring the style and authority of a real artist."

Then anonymous snatches of print:

"—none of the crudeness or uncertainty of the amateur . . ." "—not in a long time has there been revealed a baritone voice of greater beauty, of fresher sympathetic quality, excellent [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 116]



A great singer and a genuine good fellow—sure of his future and unregretful of his past—

Violant's friendship, Nelson stood on the stage of the Royal Dresden Opera and sang his lungs dry.

He changed his plans at the last minute, went to London for two weeks, and then to Paris to talk with Violant again before leaving the continent. The great teacher met him at the door of his studio with loud, glad noises, pounded Nelson's back, planted an excited smack on each of Nelson's cheeks.

"My boy, my boy!" shouted the old man with great emotion. "You are made as a singer—you will be the next great opera star of Europe! They gave *you* the rôle."

Concluding the only authorized biography of the famed singer. His European study—his triumph in opera—his entrance into Hollywood



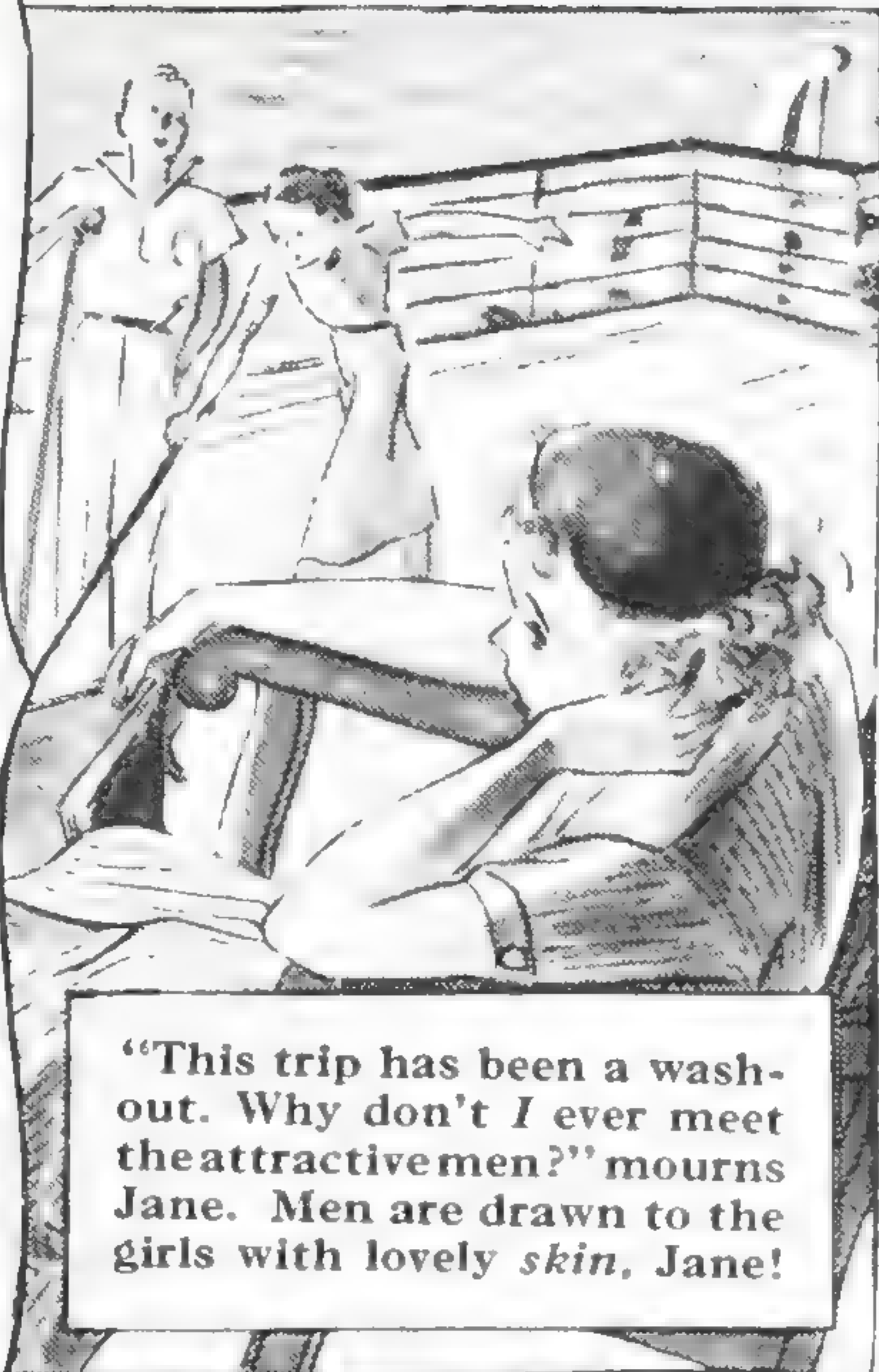
FINK PHOTOS

—and the Fans were there too



At the Hollywood première of "Anthony Adverse" Warners thoughtfully erected a grandstand for blocks around the Carhay Circle Theatre for the benefit of the thousands of fans who wanted to see their favorites. This is a small section of the huge crowd that gathered before the opening. Upper left, Freddie March, who plays Anthony, Mrs. March, Princess and Prince zu Lowenstein. Upper right, Mervyn LeRoy, who directed the epic, Mrs. LeRoy, and the Irving Thalbergs. Right, lovely Olivia de Havilland, who is Angela, and Clive Halliday

**EVERY
GIRL
LONGS
FOR
ROMANCE**



"This trip has been a wash-out. Why don't I ever meet the attractive men?" mourns Jane. Men are drawn to the girls with lovely skin, Jane!



"I've bought so many shower gifts this spring," thinks Dot. "I wish the girls could give a shower for me!" Better look to your complexion, Dot!



"It seems as though I'm always the extra girl," sighs Betty from the back seat. Too bad she doesn't realize that unattractive Cosmetic Skin is spoiling her looks!

IRENE DUNNE

RKO RADIO STAR



**DON'T RISK COSMETIC
SKIN! MY COMPLEXION
CARE—LUX TOILET SOAP—
REMOVES COSMETICS
THOROUGHLY—KEEPS
SKIN SOFT AND SMOOTH**



**IT COMES
TO GIRLS
WHO GUARD
AGAINST
COSMETIC
SKIN**



Miss Charlotte B. of Chicago says: "My fiancé says I'm pretty as a movie star. Just blarney, I guess, but I do keep my skin nice the Hollywood way."



Miss Susan M. of St. Joseph, Mo., says: "I'm engaged. Maybe my Lux Toilet Soap complexion is responsible—Danny says nice things about it."



Miss Elizabeth B. of Conyngham, Pa., says: "Last week Paul gave me my ring." Elizabeth uses cosmetics freely, yet keeps skin lovely with Lux Toilet Soap.

ask the ANSWER man



His mild appearance belies his deeds. He's always either a crook or a crook catcher. "The Texas Rangers" is his latest. He's none other than Lloyd Nolan

B. WOLFSON, CORPUS CHRISTI, TEXAS.—Allan Jones uses his own name in pictures. He is twenty-eight years old, and was born of Welsh parentage in Scranton, Penna. He is six feet tall with brown eyes and brown hair. He has just married Irene Hervey, and his last appearance was in "Show Boat."

EDWARD FITZPATRICK, ATLANTA, GA.—George O'Brien weighs 176 pounds, is five feet eleven inches tall. Victor McLaglen weighs 215 pounds, is six feet three inches tall. Fred Astaire weighs 163 pounds, is five feet nine inches tall, and Clark Gable weighs 190 pounds, and is six feet one.

T. G., ASHEVILLE, N. C.—Spencer Tracy, whose last rôle in "San Francisco" is getting such applause, was born in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, on April 5, 1900. He weighs 165 pounds, is five feet ten and a half inches tall with dark brown hair and blue eyes. He attended the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, played in stock companies, and had his first big part as the heavy in "The Royal Fandango" with Ethel Barrymore. He played with George M. Cohan, the Theatre Guild, and won a screen contract by his acting as the killer in "The Last Mile." He is married to Louise Treadwell, and they have one son. He loves outdoor life and his pastimes are fishing and hunting.

SUNNIE COOPER, WICHITA, KAS.—Vivacious Lili Damita is married to Errol Flynn. She was born in Paris, France, on July 10, 1906, weighs 112 pounds, is five feet one with light brown hair and brown eyes. She was a well-known dancer before entering pictures in 1925.

SUSAN FUNK, UNION PIER, MICH.—Margaret Sullavan was born in Norfolk, Va., on May 16, 1911. She weighs 115 pounds, is five feet four and a half inches tall with brown hair and grey eyes. She was married to Henry Fonda; her second husband was William Wyler, the director, from whom she is divorced also. She has often insisted she would like to be an animal trainer.

CURIOSITY, WASHINGTON, D. C.—Grace Moore was born on December 5, 1901. She weighs 130 pounds, is five feet four and a half inches tall. Loretta Young was born January 6, 1913. She weighs 105 pounds, is five feet three inches tall. You will see her soon in the

Technicolor picture "Ramona." Rosalind Russell's birthday is June 4th. She is five feet, five inches tall, weighs 120 pounds.

R. J., JACKSONVILLE, FLA.—Louis Hayward was born in Johannesburg, South Africa, on March 19, 1909. He weighs 140 pounds, is five feet ten and a half inches tall with dark brown hair and blue-grey eyes.

He appeared on the English stage, and was signed for pictures in 1935 because of his fine performance in Noel Coward's Broadway production of "Point Valaine." Since then he has appeared in "The Flame Within," "A Feather in Her Hat," "Absolute Quiet," and "Trouble for Two."

His hobbies are riding and English history and he has a big part in "Anthony Adverse," soon to be released.

R. N., WICHITA, KAN.—Humphrey Bogart was born in New York City on Christmas Day, 1900. He was educated at Andover, was on the stage eight years before entering pictures in 1930. His best known rôle was in "The Petrified Forest." Mr. Bogart is five feet ten and a half inches tall, weighs 154 pounds, and has brown hair and eyes. Helen Morgan was born in 1900, Douglass Montgomery in 1909, Margot Grahame in 1912, and Henry Fonda in 1908.

H. C., FAIRMONT, W. VA.—Harvey Stephens was born in Los Angeles, California, on August 21, 1901.

He attended the University of California and expected to be a mining engineer. When a silver mine venture he was interested in turned out a failure, he turned to acting and in two years got leading parts. His first screen rôle was in "The Cheat" with Tallulah Bankhead in 1931. He weighs 175 pounds, is five feet eleven inches tall with brown hair and brown eyes. He is married and his favorite pastime is golf.

THE Answer Man's mailbag bulges these days with questions about Lloyd Nolan, so here you are!

Lloyd, a native son of California, found that a little twisting of Horace Greeley's advice was the best way of getting in the movies, so he went East in order to get back West. Born in San Francisco, his father wanted him to go into the family shoe business, but shoes as a life work did not appeal to Lloyd. Instead, he went into amateur theatricals. Before this, however, he had left Stanford University and worked his way around the world on a boat. He then began playing small parts with the Pasadena Community Playhouse. Finding this got him exactly nowhere, he went East.

First he worked as a stage hand in the Dennis Theater at Cape Cod; later he played in stock companies in Cleveland and Detroit, and finally landed on Broadway in "One Sunday Afternoon," one of the biggest hits of recent years. Paramount brought him to Hollywood in 1934.

Lloyd found a wife in the East, too, a titian-haired young actress, Mel Efrid, but says his marriage isn't news because it's happy. He rides, swims, plays tennis and golf, and is one of Hollywood's best handball players. His most prized possession is a broken watch given to him by his father when he was three years old . . . to keep him quiet during the San Francisco earthquake! This handsome young actor is five feet ten and a half inches tall, weighs 176 pounds, has brown hair and brown eyes. His ambitions are to write a play, learn to tap dance, and own a house at Carmel.

The ANSWER MAN is a librarian of facts concerning screen plays and personalities. Your questions are not limited, but brevity is desirable. Also, The ANSWER MAN must reserve the right not to answer questions regarding contests in other publications. If you wish an answer direct, please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address your queries to The Answer Man, Photoplay Magazine, 1926 Broadway, New York, New York.

YOU CAN'T CARRY A CARPET WITH YOU WHEN YOU GO SHOPPING

- • but you can wear AIR STEP
Shoes with Magic Soles that turn
hard sidewalks into soft carpets

No need for us to tell you of the fatiguing effect that pavement-pounding has upon you. Your feet will tell you when you kick off your shoes at the end of a weary shopping day. The lines in your face will tell you, too.

Guard against those aging telltale lines by "walking on air" in the magic-soled Air Step Shoes. There are no smarter shoes afoot than these. No shoes more flattering to feminine feet. You would never guess that their light, flexible soles contain hundreds of shock-absorbing air spaces which protect you from all the jolts and jars that cause fatigue.

Don't wait. Begin today to let these magic-soled shoes carpet every step you take...keep you young, refreshed, vibrantly alive. For walking, working, shopping, dancing, ask for Air Step Shoes. They are sold by Department Stores, Shoe Stores, Buster Brown and Brown***bilt*** Shoe Stores. Write to Dept. J for catalog of New Fall Styles.

Brown Shoe Company, Mfrs., ST. LOUIS • Also manufacturers
of Air Step Shoes for men and Buster Brown Shoes for children

AIR/STEP
SHOES

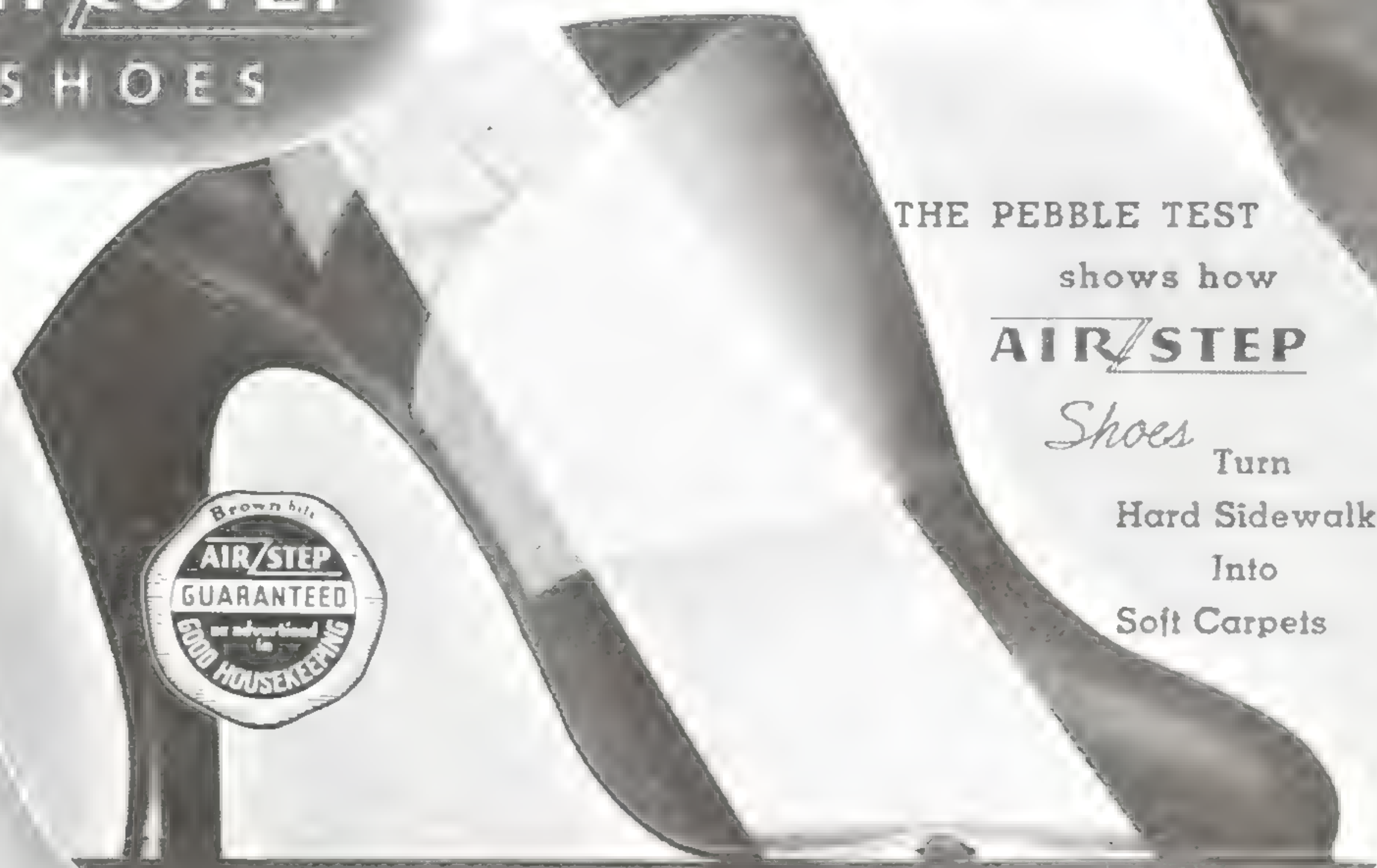
\$5.50

SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE FAR WEST

THE PEBBLE TEST
shows how
AIR/STEP

Shoes Turn
Hard Sidewalks
Into
Soft Carpets

Note the "SHOCK ABSORBER" action of
Air Step's Magic Sole



fashion letter for October

By KATHLEEN HOWARD



PHOTOPLAY recommends extra care in corseting this season. The accepted tunic flare accentuates the waistline which must be confined. The flared skirt achieves the same effect and is seen at its best when the waist is molded to slimness. Both these silhouettes demand extra trimness of hips in their ideal representation, and the long line from waist to knee should be slim and sleek. As indicated in the Directoire trends, the bust should be trimly defined. All the chic of the new clothes depends upon the correct molding of the figure by the undergarment, whether it is in girdle form or one-piece.

PHOTOPLAY recommends the lovely coiffure Norma Shearer has adapted from her "Romeo and Juliet" picture. You will see it in a later number of PHOTOPLAY. When she posed, specially for us for a color insert, I had the opportunity of studying how she achieved it. Her hair was parted in the center, brushed up and back into high, soft, rather small curls over the forehead and ears. The back hair was plain, following the contour of the head to the nape where two soft rolls extended from behind the ears across the back of the neck. Miss Shearer had lightly dusted the curls with gold powder which gave an extraordinarily luminous effect to her burnished hair.

PHOTOPLAY recommends for Back to School fashions, the type of clothes worn by Virginia Weidler, Paramount's child star, which you will see in this issue of PHOTOPLAY. The buttoned-on washable blouse she wears with her plaid skirt, under her smock, is excellent.

For more formal little dresses taffetas and velveteens are recommended. The latter lends itself well to the Princess silhouette which is so good this Fall. In coats this silhouette, with flared hemline, is often developed in tweeds.

Fitted fur coats are indicated for this winter, along with the swagger models which are so well adapted for the casual coat. At a recent showing I saw a hem length coat of black Persian lamb with a fitted bodice and a flared skirt. The collar line was trim and small, a touch highly necessary to the dash of the silhouette. The waist was confirmed by a wide black suede belt. With this was worn a small mushroom hat of Persian lamb, with a green cloth crown.

Little ermine coats for early fall wear are with us again, very youthful with their short box lines and fuller sleeves. They may be short or long. Jacckel showed one which tied at the neck with narrow ermine ties. He also showed

a tremendous red fox coat, with straight lines to the hem; very dashing but only to be recommended for the slim, smart woman. A sweeping ermine cape, in almost ankle length, was the acme of simplicity and richness. A small, band collar added to its sleekness. Cut almost circular and beautifully worked, it fell in great width from the smooth shoulder line. Seal is still excellent for the general-wear coat.

On pages 54 and 55 of this issue showing the Madge Evans wardrobe, there are several fashion trends shown. The trim tailored bodices and the full sweeping skirts are important. The white pique evening gown would be excellent done in slipper satin. The deep pinches on the shoulder tops of the cire jacket, Madge wears over this gown, afford a striking way of stressing shoulder width. The return of cire seems assured. It is well adapted to the sculptured folds seen in some of the new 'dragged over the figure' models, which are Paris sponsored.

PHOTOPLAY recommends spice colors in the new brown tones for shoes. Also eggplant and deep pine green. These latter tones may be combined to give a very new look to the costume. For example, a pine tree green dress with aubergine shoes and gloves. The idea may sound exaggerated but if soft shades of the two colors are used the effect is charming. I saw some samples of the new ankle high shoes the other day. They are taken from a shoe Mrs. Simpson wore at Saint Moritz. They fit the foot trimly and stop just at the ankle, with either a straight around line, or one cut down into a scoop at the side. It will be interesting to watch their acceptance.

I lunched with Travis Banton of Paramount and asked him what was in his mind for fall wear. He is working on "Personal Appearance" for Mae West, and on the new Claudette Colbert picture "Maid of Salem." For Mae West he has made a zebra coat. He says the black lines form a logical and striking back design. The clothes for Claudette will doubtless be interesting as he is anxious to try the softly gathered skirt which "does things" on the screen. The little hoods, capes and lingerie he will use in these costumes should be important in details.

An idea Travis is enthusiastic about is organdy for fall wear. He plans to use it for

evening gowns, weighted with fur. As he points out, the weight of the fur will pull the full skirts into lovely folds. One dress is to be of gray organdy with platinum fox fur; another of blue organdy with blue fox. Little fur capes will accompany these costumes.

All of his new sleeves stop short at a point just above the wrist. As to coats, Travis is designing those for daytime in full length, or exactly the length of the dress. They have flared skirts and very little fur trim, confining it mostly to small collar effects.

I saw a sleeping or lounging pajama he designed for Arline Judge. It is of heavy silk satin in bisque and is copied exactly from a little boy's shirt, worn with the tail hanging out over the trousers. She will wear this in "Valiant is the Word for Carrie." Another of her dresses will be a fall dinner dress for nights when there is no company. It is of deep blue velvet, buttoned up to the neck, with a long slim skirt. A wide Charles II collar and gauntlet cuffs of linen, edged with a band of Venetian lace, give the dress character.

In the August PHOTOPLAY, the silk brocade in the pajamas worn by Carole Lombard was specially designed for Travis Banton by Ducharme of Paris. He is already planning special silks with other great French houses.

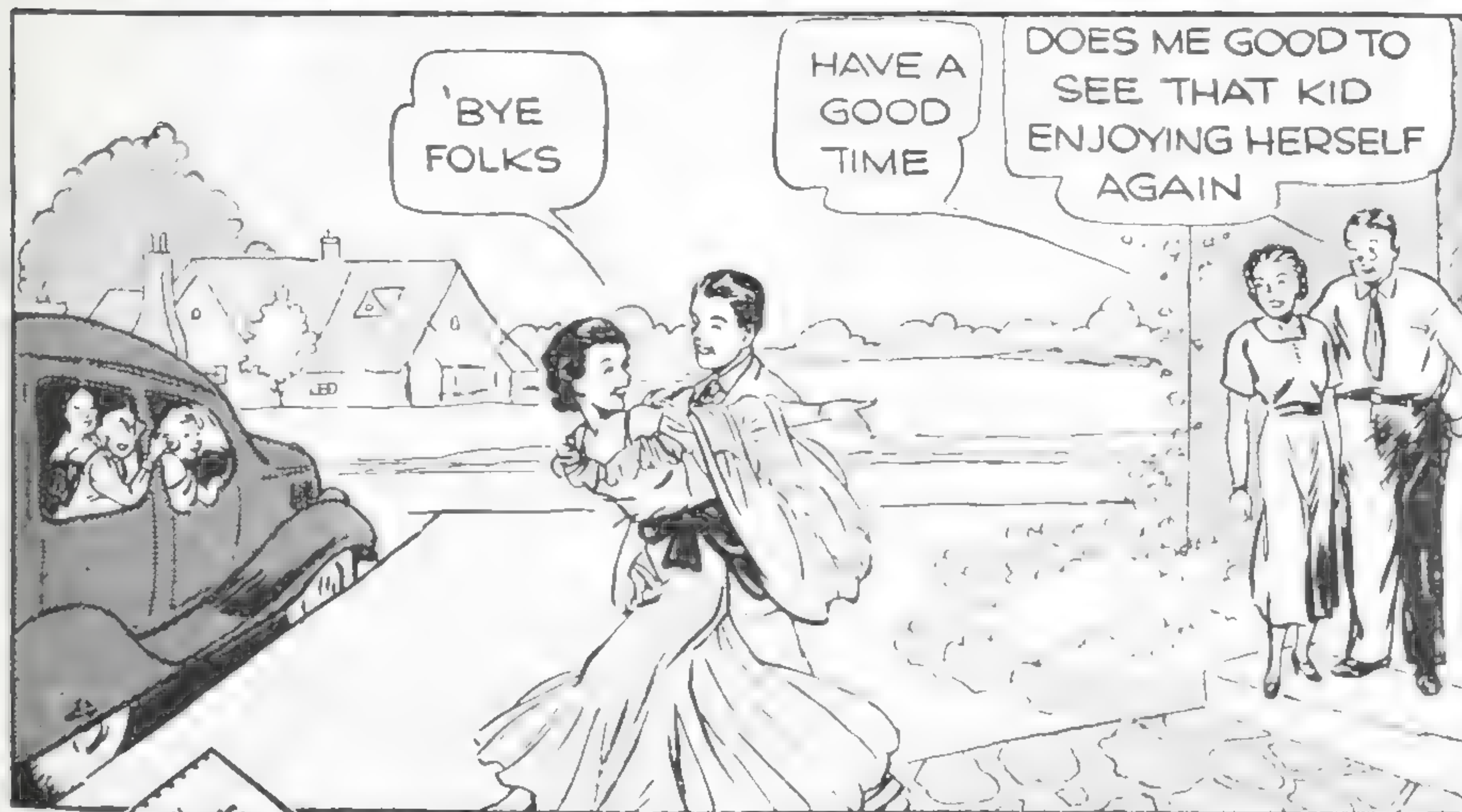
I discussed with Travis the popularity of cire or lacquered finishes. He likes them extremely for the screen as he says their intrinsic smartness often helps in a character build-up for a player. Cire has a great possibility as a screen material. The new silk taffetas with cire finish and silk satins with a leathery feel are excellent.

Travis feels, as I do, that the high hat will be given a hearty welcome in the new autumn editions. In several of its former manifestations it has had a tendency to make its wearer appear older than her age. Now it slopes back to its apex or does other interesting things which give it a delightfully youthful look. Look at the one Marian Marsh wears on page 59 of this issue.



**NOBODY ASKS
ME OUT
ANYMORE!**

HER
PIMPLY
SKIN WAS
THE
REASON
FOR SARA'S
'THIN TIME'
UNTIL -



—clears the skin
by clearing skin irritants
out of the blood

Copyright, 1936, Standard Brands Incorporated

**Don't let Adolescent Pimples make
YOU feel neglected and forlorn**

PIMPLES are often a real calamity to girls and boys after the beginning of adolescence—from about 13 to 25 years of age, or even longer.

During this period, important glands develop and final growth takes place. This causes disturbances throughout the entire system. The skin becomes oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin. Pimples break out.

Fleischmann's fresh Yeast is an effective remedy for adolescent pimples. It clears these skin irritants out of the blood. Then—with the cause removed—the pimples vanish!

Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast *regularly*—a cake about one-half hour before each meal. Eat it plain, or in a little water until your skin is entirely clear. Start today

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30]

GUESS who is "Flash" to the stage crews of M-G-M studios?

None other than Bill Powell himself. And all because Bill is the slowest, most deliberate actor on the lot.

"Flash" Powell. Kinda cute, isn't it?

HOLLYWOOD'S newest bridge foursome has the whole town in chuckles. It's the C. Aubrey Smiths and the Robert Montgomerys. And to see and hear the seventy year old actor give and take with the lively Montgomery is something. In fact, Montgomery is thinking of framing some of Smith's lively comebacks. After a nightly session of the four, all M-G-M gathers around for the rehash. And, sorry to say, Robert usually comes in second best.



A number of pigskin stars appear in "The Big Game" and June Travis is the All-American's girl. Top, Irwin Klein, N.Y.U., June, Frank Alustiza, Stanford, Bottom, "Bones" Hamilton, Stanford, Gomer Jones, Ohio State, Bobby Wilson, S.M.U., Jay Berwanger, Chicago U., Bill Shakespeare, Notre Dame

It happened when Robert Taylor made that famous personal appearance at Dallas, Texas. A beauty contest winner was selected to greet the popular actor at the Fair, but no sooner had the young lady met the actor than she fainted dead away in his arms. "Hand her over to one of the guards," the frantic publicity representative of M-G-M whispered. "The cameramen will make a big thing of this."

"Hand her over nothing," Taylor snorted. "She's too good looking. She stays right here."

But when the young lady came to and promptly fainted again in Taylor's tired arms, there was nothing left for him to do. The young lady was reluctantly passed on to someone else and Taylor made his appearance.

YOU, Mr. General Public, may rise up and take a bow, for Movie Moguls have finally taken the hint you've thrown their way and

are preparing bigger and better rôles for Mr. Jack Mulhall.

Your persistent applauding of Mr. Mulhall in even the tiniest bits and your written and verbal approval of his spunk and courage in coming back the hard way, has finally hit home.

Mr. Jack Mulhall, we are happy to say, will be given his first big opportunity in "Without Orders" for RKO.

Why not get behind some of those favorites struggling back and give them the same boosts?

TO hear Bill Powell tell of his famous house that jack (hard, cold jack and plenty of it) built, is a riot in itself. Bill claims he always felt all architects, carpenters, electricians, cabinet makers and decorators were completely frustrated people who had always to succumb to other people's desires, demands and pe-

Suddenly a newsboy thrust a newspaper into the car screaming the lurid headline "Mary Astor's Diary Scandal."

"What did the paper say, nannie?" the little girl asked.

"It said this was going to be a lovely party you're going to," the nurse smiled through her tears, and the car rolled on, taking the little tot to her first party.

The little girl's name? It was Marylyn Thorpe. Mary Astor is her mother.

SOME seven years ago a tall lanky lad stood in a line outside Sam Goldwyn's office. Some fifty or so hopefuls were waiting for one of them to be chosen for a small part in "The Winning of Barbara Worth."

Out of all that line-up, a newcomer by the name of Cooper was chosen by Goldwyn.

Today that star is worth plenty at the box office. Sam Goldwyn sent for him. "I'd like to have you as my star, Gary," he said. "I need your services."

"They are yours," Gary said, and picked up the pen and signed. Through all the \$5,000,000 storm of protest that has broken over his head because of that bit of business, Gary has remained adamant.

"He gave me a chance when no one else would," Cooper says, "and now I can pay him back."

WHAT'S the most necessary requisite for a young actor or actress coming to Hollywood, we are often asked. And here's our answer, children. Learn to play a cracking good game of tennis.

Tennis has broken more ice in Hollywood than a spring thaw. Tennis has been the means of young people breaking into important friendships. Tennis has been the ladder up which young hopefuls have climbed. Albeit, it hasn't kept them there.

Why, believe it or not, it was Carole Lombard's ability to smack the ball across the net at a certain prankish party that convinced Clark Gable she was the girl. And if tennis can get you Gable, it must be a good game in Hollywood.

THE cast of "Winterset" noticed an unusual friendliness between the famous Russian actor, Maurice Moscovitch, and his youthful stand-in. The young stand-in was always solicitous with the actor, fetching him a chair and anxiously watching his every scene.

An extra discovered the reason. The young stand-in was the son of the actor. Having no talent for the screen or stage, he was content to act always as his father's stand-in.

It is the first father and son stand-in combination Hollywood has ever experienced and brings many a visitor to the set.

THE Fredric Marches have solved the happy marriage in Hollywood problem to perfection. And the bows, we believe, go to both of them. Here's how they do it.

When Mrs. March, the former Florence Eldridge, feels a bit of acting coming on, Freddy fails to rant and rave about a wife wanting a career when he gives her everything. Oh no, not Freddy. He merely agrees, encourages her to seek a part, and then sits quietly back

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 82]

cuniary limitations, as Mrs. Micawber would say. So Bill decided to let everyone go wild and get it out of his system.

The electricians went wilder than the rest. Wires, bells, gadgets, complicated telephone switchboards, insane electrical devices sprang up like mushrooms. The others had a good time, too, especially the decorator. Rare antiques that wouldn't work, beds that pulled out of Mona Lisa panels, and doors that led to weird places, filled the place.

Everyone, in fact, recovered from his frustration but Bill, who was so completely overcome by it all he was compelled to move to a simple little cottage.

"At least, I feel I did humanity a good turn," Bill says, but then you know Bill.

A LIMOUSINE halted at a stop signal in Hollywood. A little girl, just four, sat back in the car with her nurse.

Thousands Admire Her Beauty!

WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO KNOW

Her Make-Up Secret?



ADMIRING glances...every girl wants them...and here's Hollywood's secret of how to win them.

"Most girls," say famous screen stars, "could easily be more attractive, more beautiful, if they knew the secret of make-up. To create beauty that is fascinating, your make-up must be in color harmony...it must accent the appeal of your type."

This is the secret of a new kind of make-up created by Hollywood's make-up genius, Max Factor. It consists of powder, rouge and lipstick in harmonized shades to emphasize the loveliness of blonde, brunette, brownette and redhead.

Note the photographs of Ida Lupino, Paramount star, currently featured in Pickford-Lasky's "The Gay Desperado." Read what she says. Then you'll realize that there's a new adventure in beauty awaiting you. Try Max Factor's powder, rouge and lipstick in color harmony for your type, and enjoy this thrill today.



Satin-Smooth Face Powder

"You will note the difference the very first time you make up with Max Factor's Face Powder," says Ida Lupino. "Your skin will appear smoother, lovelier. The color will be more flattering. Hours later your make-up will still be beautiful." Max Factor's Face Powder, one dollar.

Ida Lupino

IN PICKFORD-LASKY PRODUCTION

"THE GAY DESPERADO"

Starring

NINO MARTINI

Lifelike Rouge that Blends Easily

"Rouge must be in color harmony to give a delicate, life-like touch of color to the cheeks," advises Ida Lupino, "and when you first apply Max Factor's Rouge in your color harmony shade you'll see how much more attractive you will be. Its creamy-smooth texture makes it so easy to blend, too." Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents.

New Lip Make-Up

"We give lip make-up a severe test in Hollywood," says Ida Lupino, "so you may be sure that you, too, can depend on Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick. It's super-indelible and moisture-proof...two features that insure your lip make-up remaining uniform in color and lasting for hours and hours." Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick in color harmony shades, one dollar.

Max Factor ★ Hollywood

FOR personal make-up advice...and to test your color harmony shades in powder, rouge and lipstick...MAIL COUPON NOW.



© 1936 by Max Factor & Co.

Mail for POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK IN YOUR COLOR HARMONY

MAX FACTOR, Max Factor's Make-Up Studio, Hollywood:
Send Purse-Size Box of Powder and Rouge Sampler in my color harmony shade;
also Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. I enclose ten cents for postage
and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and 48-page
Illustrated Instruction book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up"...FREE.
1-10-19

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Blue <input type="checkbox"/>	BLONDE
Fair <input type="checkbox"/>	Gray <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Creamy <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE
Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE
Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>	LASHES (Color)	REDHEAD
Olive <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Only <input type="checkbox"/> Normal <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	If Hair is Gray, select type above and here <input type="checkbox"/>
	AGE	

and watches her enthusiasm lag as the hard, tedious work cuts into her home life. The rôle out of her system, Mrs. March is content to be Mrs. March for some time to come.

Mrs. March lends equal co-operation by sharing Freddy's anxieties and hopes during each picture. By being a wife.

And what a system. And does it work?
It does.

WILL all her adoring fans please come forward and help Ann Sothern make up her mind about Roger Pryor? This indecision is driving Hollywood into madhouses. Shall or shall she not marry Roger? That is the question.

The fly in the ointment is that Roger is planning on chucking his screen career to lead an orchestra in New York and Ann loves him

that Pat hasn't bought at an auction. The books that line the walls, the drapes, the skins on the floor, door handles and even light fixtures were all purchased by the actor at auction.

O'Brien calls it his moping room because it's a grand place in which to mope over the things he didn't get but let go to a higher bidder.

Of all things!

TOM BROWN is beginning life all over again and this time for himself. Tom has just purchased a valley home for his parents, established a fund that will keep them all their lives, and is now dead, stony broke. But happy.

"Now that I know they are happy and contented for life, I can begin all over again for

ing house kicked him out, and the magazine with his story was lost.

Last week an extra told him he'd found an old magazine in a secondhand book store, and had noticed a story in it by Alan Dineheart. Alan drove over to the extra's house, opened the tattered yellow *Pearson's*, found the right page—and down the margin were his scribbled budget figures.

THAT trained chimpanzee, named "Cheeta," on the Tarzan location got lost the other day. Or rather the company lost him.

They searched for hours. And finally, in a neighboring dairy, they found him.

Either someone had taught him the trick, or else he was a very clever chimpanzee. Because there he sat beside a mild, ruminating cow—milking with both hands and catching the streams of warm, frothy milk in his mouth.

SHORT STORY:

Jimmy Stewart shut off the showers, stepped out of the tub and reached for a towel.

A man in pyjamas, clutching a dead chicken by its limp neck, came running in.

"Do you live here?" the man shouted.

Jimmy stepped back, looked down modestly. "Uh—I hope so."

"Well, your dog has been killing my chickens. I'm afraid I must ask you to pay me for them."

Outraged, Jimmy protested. "That pup never killed anything in his life! You're crazy! Why—"

His dog came meandering into the room, carrying a feathery mass in his mouth.

"How much?" Jimmy said.

It seemed that setting hens were five dollars. And every one of this man's chickens had a mother complex. Baby Chicks were seventy-five cents. Jimmy had seen the same things in countless poultry stores for ten cents.

The final bill was twenty-six dollars.

"Well, I'm going to give a chicken dinner," Jimmy told the man.

"I'm sorry," the man said. "I'm going to keep them myself. I didn't ask to sell them to you. This killing has been going on for months, anyway—but I thought it was Jeanette MacDonald's dog that did it so I didn't say anything. She is such a purty woman."

"Favoritism." Jimmy's voice was bitter.

The man, taking the proffered check, began to smile. "By the way, you're an actor, aren't you?"

"So I'm told."

"Well—" the man held out his hand—"I'm a producer, in a small way. Got a little class D studio up near Frisco. You come around some time and take a test. Maybe I can work you into a bit, or something." He went away, his pyjamas billowing.

Jimmy reached again for the towel, then put it down again. He was quite dry.

JUST to show you what lengths some people will go to—a florist in Beverly Hills has spent two whole years growing a single dahlia just for Jean Harlow. The stem is a yard long, and the flower measures a foot across, and the color is yellow and gold. He named it for her and made her a present of it with his compliments—

And was so surprised he didn't know what to do when she opened an account at his shop. Gosh, was he surprised!



A Hollywood children's hour with Sue Carol and Jobyna Ralston playing nursemaids to Jobyna's little boy, Dick Arlen, Jr., Sue's daughter, and Gary Crosby and his twin brothers, Phillip and Dennis, Bing's babies

terribly but does she love him enough to give up Hollywood for New York? That's what the lady would like to know—and what you Ann Sothern fans will have to decide, since the lady can't make up her own mind.

FRRIENDS predict the Chaplin-Goddard romance or marriage, as you prefer, is rapidly heading for the rocks. The two were glimpsed dining recently in public and hard words were banded about for all to hear.

"Just a family row," was the general opinion but the rumblings are still heard here and there in the gay spots, so one wonders about the muchly married and still unhappy Chaplin.

THIS time it's love. Glenda Farrell says so. And the young man is Drew Eberson, an assistant director at Warner Brothers studio. Drew has been taking Glenda to visit his mother and mother approves, so don't say we didn't tell you.

Miss Farrell may become Mrs. Eberson any one of these fine days.

PAT O'BRIEN possesses one of the quaintest rooms in Hollywood. Pat calls it his auction room and nothing is permitted in it

myself," Tom says. Nice work, young fella. Let's hope the future is a rosy one for Mr. Brown On-His-Own.

NOT that we're trying to break a new romance, or anything—but it was Clifford Odets, the playwright, who escorted Luise Rainer everywhere every night during her secret vacation in New York.

THIS is coincidence month, or something—anyway the first one happened when Roy Del Ruth, directing "Born To Dance" at Metro, came on the set for a scene that was supposed to take place in one of those Lonely Hearts Clubs. You know; intention matrimony.

So he was wandering about, looking things over, and among other items he picked up a prop book. A card fell out of it.

It was a blotter advertisement for a real Lonely Hearts Club, situated in downtown Los Angeles!

And then there's Alan Dineheart's story.

Once, twenty-two years ago in Minneapolis, he earned a scrubby living writing for magazines. One story was printed by *Pearsons*, and on the margin he scribbled budget figures; then finally he couldn't pay his rent, the board-

Script Girls Prefer Husbands

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47]

stopped for announcements, and she stood there, waiting, undecided.

Sol Kessler said: "Look, Bill—we're all going to the Trocadero. How's for you and your little friend should get dressed and come along? We'll celebrate, heh?"

Bill said: "I'm afraid not, Sol. Not now anyway. I may join you later."

"Well brother," said Jimmy Frost, nodding to Sue, "can you spare the dame?" He smiled to her with the affectionate intimacy he felt for all pretty girls.

"I'm sorry," said Sue, sharply. "I'm going home as soon as Toto finishes my dress. I'm a working girl you know."

"No hits, no runs, one error," said Peggy Storm impishly.

Jimmy Frost's hooded eyes blinked. His thin smile masked a thin anger. He wasn't used to rebuffs.

"Okay!" said Kessler impatiently. "If you feel like it later, Bill, we'll be at the Trocadero. Come on everybody!"

He herded them out and Sue stood there listening to the purr of the car as it started and drew away. A vast deflation was sucking at her soul. She seemed headed for disaster.

"WELL, Duchess," said Bill, with an attempted briskness, "that's that!"

"Isn't it!" agreed Sue grimly.

"Sue," said Bill tensely, raptly, "that little fat guy isn't the worst in the world! What I promised you goes. You're going to play the part opposite Peggy's vamp."

Even that announcement did not dispel the unanalyzed gloom that had settled upon her with the tenacity of a physical weight.

"Of course," she said tonelessly, "you know what they'll think about me, Bill." A pained crimson painted her cheeks.

"Look, kid," said Bill, suddenly grave, "this is probably the best thing that could have happened. There will be plenty of men hounding you. If they think—you belong to me, they'll let you alone. It'll mean protection!"

She stared at him, nonplussed. This amazing point of view hadn't occurred to her. It never would have.

She said: "That Jimmy Frost. If he prints anything—"

"He won't," said Bill, brusquely. "Leave it to me, Duchess."

Suddenly she was tired. She said: "Take me home, Bill. Toto must have my dress dry by now. I'm very tired."

Toto had the dress ready. Bill drove her home in a rapt silence. She sat quietly thinking. The Fates had taken the reins of her destiny and were driving ahead heedlessly. At her door, she said: "Good night, Bill, and—congratulations."

Before she could remonstrate, Bill had gravely kissed her.

She drew back unconsciously, looking up at him. She had been kissed before. Since her sixteenth year she had known that men were disturbed by her. She had learned to sidestep the ubiquitous yogis of the flesh drilling around in their eternal quest. Bill, however, was different—not in that classification.

"That means," he told her gravely, "that I like you—lots, Duchess."

Safety FOR THEIR EYES TOO!



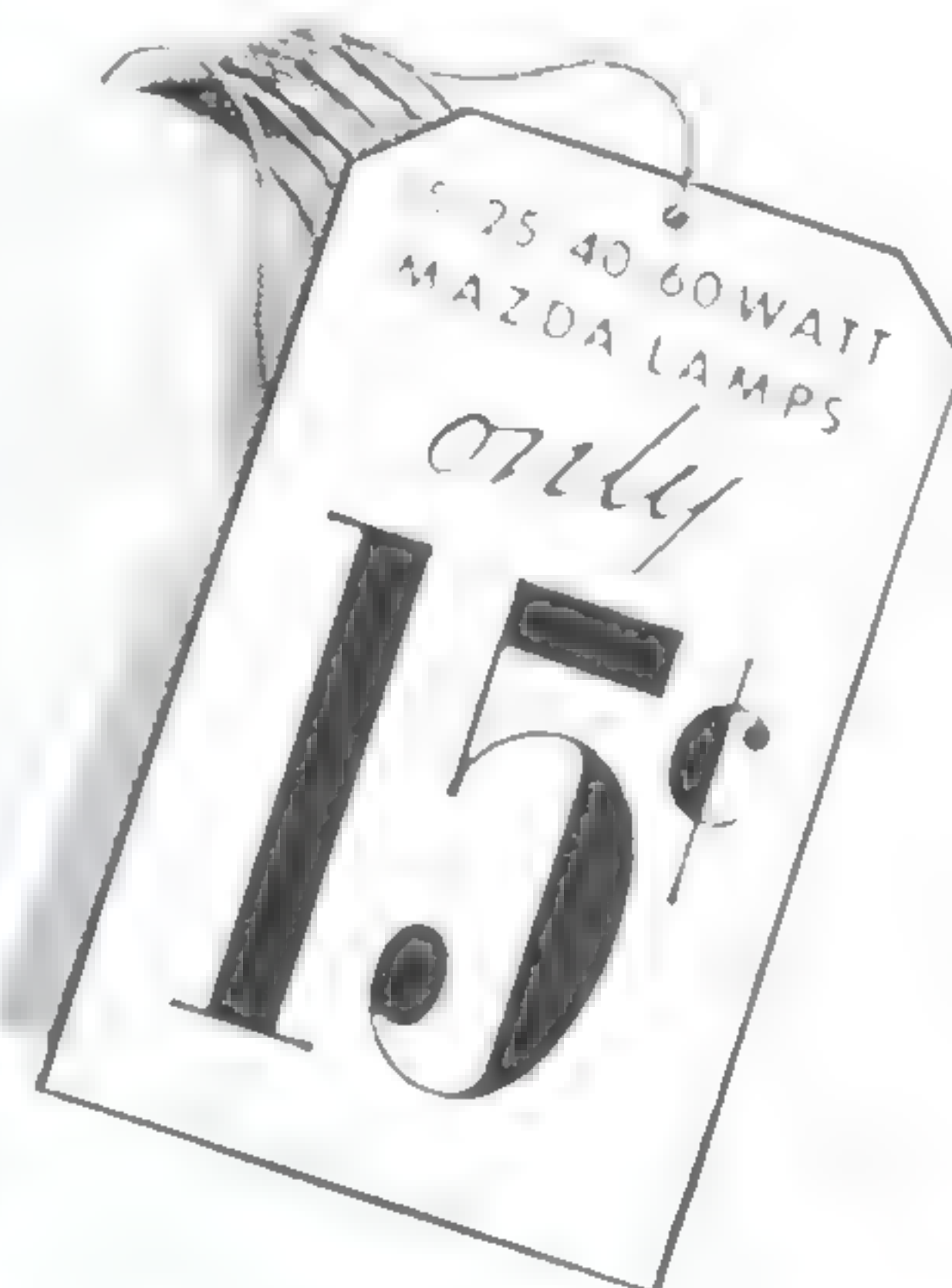
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"And what gave you the idea," she asked, "that I'd like it? Or do I have to pay off the old mortgage—if I get the part you promised me?"

"Reading between the lines again, eh, Duchess?" he said. "You do like me a little don't you, Sue?"

"I—" she began, and stopped. No use telling Bill about Tommy. She said: "I like you too well, Bill, for the casual Hollywood kissing. Let's not, please."

"And I think enough of you, Duchess," he countered, "not to offer you the usual week-end wedding ring. If that's any sort of an explanation."

"I—think it is, Bill," she said and ran upstairs.

There was a letter waiting for her—a special

looking for, but finally she found it on the society page.

A picture of Tommy, handsome and debonaire, and next to his picture was one of Sheila King, the daughter of the owner of the *Times-Press*.

MISS KING, the article said, was one of the prettiest debutantes of the season; and her engagement to Tommy Carter united two old Tremont families.

Sue stood there and stared at Tommy's likeness; and she was frightened—more frightened than she had ever been in her life. Shattered illusions, she told herself, bewildered.

Last night she had become, by implication, the ostensible mistress of Bill Lederer. This morning she found herself jilted! A perverse

with Sol Kessler, Alma Allen and Dudley Aimes, Mammoth's famous sex appeal team. That first time she thought Paul Elsmere gaunt and ugly.

The four were bound for Sol Kessler's office. She could see the obsequiousness that oozed even from the mighty Sol Kessler, high Mogul of Filmiland. She examined the tall Paul Elsmere with a frank and curious interest before he disappeared from sight.

He was young, she decided as she trudged to the set, to have accomplished so much; certainly not more than thirty-five. He was tall and slim, and his face was lined with the initiation of multitudinous experiences. His expression was coldly sardonic, his eyes tired and slightly sneering. His mouth, she thought, was both sad and bitter.

She wondered where he got his reputation for fascinating charm, and why women were supposed to find him irresistible; why he was supposed to be the vogue in a smart international orbit.

She knew, furthermore, that he was supposed to be the foremost playwright, composer and producer of the day; and that he successfully wrote anything from straight romance to stark drama and roistering musical comedy. Frequently, since he had been raised in the theater, he played the lead in his own plays. His income was said to be the greatest in the theater world. Whatever he did, wherever he went, he was front-page news.

On Stage Five, the technicians, the camera men, the staff—everybody except Alma Allen and Dudley Aimes—were present, ready to go on with the picture. The scene was set, but the new director didn't show up.

BEHIND her concealing sunglasses, Sue sat in her chair on the platform and waited; while in her mind she went over Tommy's letter and the newspaper story in the *Times-Press*. A sense of hopelessness possessed her. She became absorbed by a stream of contending memories and reflections.

Her introspection, today, had a critical detachment it had heretofore lacked. Tommy, then, couldn't be trusted out of sight, and so he was definitely in the past for her. It was over. Done. Love, she had always vaguely felt, gave importance to life; and she wondered if it was ever really going to happen to her. While her emotions had always been held in check, she knew that she possessed a latent capacity for passion which at times almost frightened her.

Into her mind sprang a picture of last night—in Bill's living room. What would be the result of that extravagant quip of fate? Slowly through her absorption she became aware that Jackson, the assistant director, was talking.

"Well," said Jackson cynically, "if Alma stabs her green eyes at Elsmere it's all over with the guy. She'll marry him—the minute he ain't looking."

"How can she?" asked the head camera man. "She's got a husband, hasn't she? That guy, Ricardo—the Spic?"

Jackson answered: "This Elsmere person, I seem to recall, has had a few wives himself. Marries his leading ladies."

"Then this ought to be good," chuckled Dresser. "The guy's brilliant though, you have to hand him that."

"Yeah?" said the chief camera. "He'll probably lay an egg here!"

"Bill Lederer," said Jackson, "is the better showman." His eyes alighted upon Sue. "See your write-up this morning, Sue?" he continued, grinning broadly and winking.



On the shores of Jenny Lake, Henry Hunter and Judith Bartlett, play a love scene from Universal's "Yellowstone." This is the first full length picture using the National Park as a background for both story and scenery

delivery—from Tommy. She opened it eagerly.

"Dear Sue," it read:

"It's difficult for me to write this, but I'd rather tell you myself before you get it from some other source—possibly see it in the Tremont papers. This is good-bye. I'm sorry. It wasn't meant to be, I guess. I want to wish you the best luck in all the world.

Tommy."

SHE was bewildered.

Suddenly something within her was frightened. She didn't know what it meant, except that Tommy was saying good-bye to her. It was too late tonight to find out what it was all about. She undressed slowly and went to bed. She lay staring at the ceiling, a prescient weight on her heart, until the dawn tinted the east.

Before she went to the studio she visited a little stand where "home town" papers were sold to the many visitors in Hollywood. She bought a Tremont *Times-Press* and looked through it. She hardly knew what she was

hysteria struggled within her to laugh—to cry. She hardly knew which was the stronger.

Slowly she turned away from the newsstand and walked toward the studio. She was stunned. Somehow she went through the motions of going to work.

Bill Lederer was in his office, alert, dynamic, oblivious to everything but the new opportunity before him.

"Hi, Duchess!" he greeted her. "I'm going to be out of town for a few days—looking over some locations for our next picture. Paul Elsmere's coming in this morning. He may want to ask you some questions. Give him the low-down on those scenes we muffed. When I get back I'm casting you opposite Peggy Storm. Glad, kid?"

She nodded. Her capacity for feeling was exhausted this morning. She climbed into her slacks and put on her sunglasses. Someone told her that Paul Elsmere was with Sol Kessler and would soon be on Stage Five, where everything was ready to go on. She nodded and picked up the big script.

In the hallway, on her way out to the set, she saw Paul Elsmere for the first time. He was

"What do you mean?" she asked. "What write-up?"

"Jimmy Frost gave you a paragraph—by inference of course. On the level, kid, what happened? How'd you get into Bill's house in pajamas?"

The abruptness of this question confused her. In a low voice she related just what had happened.

Jackson nodded grinning. "It sounds too simple to be clever." He winked at Dresser, but Sue didn't see the wink.

"I'm not," she snapped, "lady enough to lie about it."

Later that day, she saw the item in Jimmy Frost's gossip column.

"Script girls are supposed to know their books—and some do. A certain well-known and good-looking young director, and his equally good-looking script girl—whom, by the way, he addresses as if she were foreign royalty—are paddy-caking. Informally, of course—oh quite informally!"

There was more, thinly veiled. Jimmy Frost was a master of innuendo, and he knew how to lay enormous importance on trifles.

FOR a week everybody assembled and waited on Stage Five but nothing happened. Paul Elsmere, Sol Kessler and his two stars were still in conference.

Elsmere, it was now understood, was going to scrap the entire sequence Bill Lederer had made so far, and start the picture all over again.

And he was a big enough personality to make that stick.

Then it developed that Paul Elsmere was indisposed. He had gone to Sol Kessler's magnificent estate to rest. The order came through, a week later, that all those connected with the picture were to report at Sol Kessler's home. Here, Elsmere would go over the work with them. Studio cars would pick them all up, and they were to come prepared to stay a few days if necessary.

It developed, too, that Kessler was throwing a swanky party at his home to welcome Paul Elsmere to Hollywood.

An order came through that Sue Martin, script girl, also was to report, with the current script, at Kessler's home. A studio car would bring her. On such slight threads hangs Destiny in Hollywood!

Elsmere, it appeared, was busy with the studio writers, and she didn't see him until late on the afternoon she arrived.

The estate of the puckish Kessler was huge and costly.

The house was a cross between Grand Central Station and Buckingham Palace. The grounds boasted pergolas, conservatories, sunken gardens, a swimming pool. It all faced the sea, and there was a private beach that ran for a mile or more.

Informed that there would be no call for her services that day, Sue wandered down to the beach, and there, by accident, she saw Elsmere.

He was in one of the hidden flower-covered arbors, and with him was Alma Allen. They did not see her, and she stood for a moment, in a fixed surprise as she saw Alma rise, pat his shoulder, his hair, with a gesture that carried an intimate tenderness; then she stooped and kissed him on the cheek.

Elsmere looked up at her, and something was said which Sue did not hear. Then Alma Allen made her way to the house.

Sue hurried toward the beach, obsessed by a guilty feeling of intrusion. It was none of

For that uncertain feeling—



Do sudden swerves
Upset your nerves?
Does traffic get your goat?

Do stomach ills
Disrupt your thrills
On board a train or boat?

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her business, of course, and she wrinkled her nose fastidiously. She swung along the beach, reveling in the clean savor of the sea, the white sand underfoot. The sun was hot overhead. After a mile walk she was tired and warm.

She rounded a bend to come upon a tiny, primal cove, sheltered by thick woods. A daring thought flashed across her mind. Why not? The cove was sheltered—not a soul in sight. A plunge in the cool water would be absolutely swell on a day like this.

Being a modern girl, the venture carried few difficulties of dress. She pulled her silk dress over her head and stood revealed in two diaphanous, lacy garments. Shoes, stockings, the two wisps of silk, her dress, went behind a shrub. She plunged into the cool sea with a feeling of exhilaration.

For five minutes she splashed around, oblivious of her surroundings, then she decided to come out. She waded in to her knees and paused presciently, looking up the beach—and gasped.

Paul Elsmere stood there, at some distance, looking at her.

For one frozen, panicky moment she stood, like September Morn; then she exclaimed lyrically and fell back into the water. Elsmere, she saw, had turned instantly and was walking back along the beach.

WHEN he was out of sight, she emerged and dressed in a hurry, her cheeks stained crimson, a keen humiliation pounding in her veins. Then she hurried back toward the Kessler house.

Just before she reached the house, someone called her from a group of trees.

"Oh—ah—Miss!"

Sue paused, irresolutely turned. Paul Elsmere was walking toward her. Her face burned with a sudden rush of blood, but she waited. Close up, she saw that he was very tall, very broad shouldered, but gaunt. His face was thin and marked with an amused cynicism—perhaps a slight surprise.

"I ran," he told her, "as soon as I discovered that I was intruding. Please accept my humble apologies. I didn't know that naiads inhabited the Pacific Coast. May I know who you are?"

Her eyes provoked him acutely, like deep, gray velvet—they were direct, honest. Then there was the embarrassed stain on her smooth cheeks. Virginal. Even as he applied the word, his lips sneered slightly.

"I'm Sue Martin," she told him, choosing to entirely ignore the incident. "I'm the script girl for Mr. Lederer."

"Script girl?" he echoed. His eyes raked her with an arrogant curiosity, up and down, taking in her slim, cool loveliness, her Burne-Jones coloring, the pearl-and-rose personality. A girl made of moonbeams and flame he thought, and laughed silently at his own metaphor.

Her sheer, spiritual beauty, he acknowledged to himself was something exotic—something illuminated by an inner serenity, a young radiance.

"Script girl?" he reiterated. He shook his head slightly. "This Hollywood," he said, "is a fabulously place. Charming interesting madhouse."

Sue nodded, conscious of a stirring resentment. Close up he wasn't different from any other young man. It was the Hollywood build-up that had made him appear a demigod. And she didn't like him, she decided. Too cynical, too sure of himself, too smart and too dissolute.

His unwavering eyes still held hers. "So, you're Sue Martin, script girl," he said. "Well, my name is Paul Elsmere."

A faint smile tugged at the corners of her lips. "Of course," she said easily. "I know. Everybody does. You're the famous composer, playwright, leading man—" She paused and measured him deliberately. Into her mind sprang the scene between him and Alma Allen an hour ago. She thought of the things she had heard about him. "You're the famous director," she continued, "and congenial husband."

He held a tight rein on his sudden desire to laugh. This implied the usual bourgeois censure. A beautiful little script girl had touched



One picture, "Let's Sing Again," made eight-year-old Bobby Breen a star. The remarkable child singer, a protege of Eddie Cantor and Sol Lesser, will be heard in "Rainbow on the River"

him with her rapier. He had a sudden, cruel retaliative impulse to shock her beyond words, but her direct eyes stopped him. He said:

"Don't tell me, Miss Martin, that you're as clever as you are beautiful?"

"Puh-lease, Mr. Hemingway!" she murmured.

"I suppose you're referring to that crazy newspaper story that I've fallen into the habit of marrying my leading women?" he said. "Curiously, however, I never met my own heroine."

She surveyed him fleetingly; saw, for a moment, the loneliness behind the initiated eyes; his thin cheeks. All at once she was sorry for him. "Would you recognize her?" she asked.

He smiled. This girl was refreshing—so ingenious and sweet. He had an impish urge to utter some ribald jibe; but still her eyes held him. With his tongue in his cheek he said: "I'm new to Hollywood. If you're familiar with my script perhaps you can help me. I'm going to rewrite it and start the picture all over again. Will you help me, Miss Martin?"

SHE smiled faintly. The man had a strange and fascinating charm, she acknowledged, and she sensed that he was quite unscrupulous—took everything and gave nothing. For some reason he was making an attempt to gain her friendship and confidence.

"Of course," she said quietly.

With a finely masked, deliberate malice, he

said: "Every story needs the touch that a woman can give it—an understanding woman—don't you think so?" He hid his irony under a careful gravity.

She nodded. "I think so," she said seriously. She sensed his impish malice and resented it. He was deliberately baiting her. Her attitude changed. He was merely another young man who had to be put in his place. She said, with sly seriousness: "I'm glad you're rewriting the story, Mr. Elsmere. Your hero is concerned with too many women—at one time."

"So?" he asked, with veiled surprise.

Sue nodded. "Let him ruin one woman—one at a time—if he has to, but not waste himself on half a dozen. Several at a time, to me, would be a sign of a weak man—or a vain fool."

His thin lips twisted in satirical amusement. "Touché!" he acknowledged. "I didn't think young girls were allowed to carry concealed weapons. There's a law, or something, isn't there?" He surveyed her briefly, but her expression was so sweet that he was provoked. That remark had been too pointed for a haphazard thrust. He suddenly felt tired and washed out.

Sue noted the exhaustion. She relented. "I'm sorry," she said. "I wouldn't presume to tell you what to do"—and she added, hastily—"with your characters." And more kindly, "We heard that you were ill?"

He nodded. They had both turned and were walking back to the house. "I was," he admitted.

"You're getting better?" she asked, diffidently.

"I hope so," he replied. "It's something you can't go to a doctor or a scientist with—you can't make them understand that it's your spirit that's sick—not your body."

She didn't answer.

Several automobile loads of people were discharging in the circular driveway of the big house, and the air was vocal with greetings, the pleasant tones of men, the lyric laughter of women.

"Sol Kessler," Elsmere told her, "is giving a party to welcome me to Hollywood—and Mammoth. I hope I'll see you tonight?"

Sue shrugged. "Maybe," she said, and left immediately for her room. Paul Elsmere, she decided, was interesting, but she hated him cordially; even if other women found him irresistible; even if he were a major celebrity surrounded by adulation.

SHE had hardly finished dressing when the telephone in her room tinkled. She answered it, wondering.

A voice said: "Sue? This is the Reverend Elmer Gantry."

"Who?" asked the astonished girl.

"Bill Lederer. You know—Mrs. Lederer's little boy? Hi'yah, kid! Just got in from location. Come on down. I want to talk business to you."

"Hello, Bill," she said, glad to hear his voice. "What business?"

"Monkey business," he told her, gaily. "I just talked to Sol, and he says it's all right."

"What's all right?" she demanded. "Quit talking riddles."

"About casting you opposite Peggy Storm, you dope! What did you think? Hurry down!"

"Oh!" she said, and her heart suddenly throbbed. She hung up slowly. Was it possible that this was happening to her? It all seemed like something in a fantastic dream.

(To be continued)

We Cover the Studios

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52]

never make a good stenographer, so why didn't I go in the movies. Now I get bounced out of a chorus because I'm too good looking. I ask you!"

It's music everywhere this month. And now M-G-M is busy making Jimmie Stewart a dancer.

We asked this grand actor how he liked being a hoofer. "It took me four weeks to learn a waltz clog," he said. "And that's the next thing to walking. Still, if the studio doesn't mind, I don't."

"Born to Dance" is the show in which Jimmie makes his tapping debut. This is a M-G-M super-colossal. The star-studded cast includes such luminaries as Eleanor Powell (whom the press department is trying romantically to link with Stewart), Frances Langford, Una Merkel, Buddy Ebsen and little Sid Silvers.

The set is the lounging room of a Lonesome Hearts Club, but there never was a Lonesome Heart Club like this one. For one thing, the place is handsomely decorated in the modern motif, and there is a seemingly endless parade of Ziegfeld beauties all about. A long red and white modern bar is at one end of the room, with the rest of the space taken up by ping-pong tables (the extras play for money between shots), couches and, there we go again, those lovely Ziegfeld babes.

Bouncing into this feminine atmosphere comes the hero, Jimmie Stewart, and his two stooges, Sid Silver and Buddy Ebsen. Greeting them is that miniature bundle of song, Frances Langford. The boys are sailors and the Club, you gather, is their home port. What a port!

"Born to Dance" should be one of the big musicals of the year. Directed by Roy Del Ruth who made "Broadway Melody" and "Thanks a Million," and starring the cast it does, I don't see how the picture can miss. Between shots, we talk to Jimmie Stewart, whose skyrocketing fame has left him untouched. We have a good laugh about our first meeting.

We met Jim at Lake Tahoe where he was working on "Rose Marie." Hot after any bits of news we could find, we asked him about everyone in the cast, then returned to Hollywood to write our story. We had never heard of Stewart and didn't mention him in the story, though we spent all our time with him. When "Rose Marie" was released, Jim, of course, was a sensation, and we were exposed as a complete dope with a clogged nose for news. He seemed too natural to be an actor. We thought he was one of the crew.

Well, personalities come and go, but Bill Powell goes on forever. Now he's making "Libeled Lady" under the blonde influence of Jean Harlow and the redheaded persuasion of Myrna Loy.

The genial Bill Powell is going to set the pyjama wearing record in pictures. In all his films, if you'll notice, he wears sleeping clothes. "Libeled Lady" is no exception. If he wanted to equip himself with a complete movie wardrobe, all he'd have to do would be buy out a stock of medium size pyjamas.

In this picture, Bill's paper has got into some sort of legal jam with Miss Harlow, and Bill who is in love with Myrna Loy, has to marry Jean to help his editor. Because he isn't in love with Jean (Yah! Yah!) Bill sleeps on the

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couch in the living room. A bell rings, and Powell rushes to awaken his wife, Miss Harlow.

There is no dialogue in the take, and Powell, a great comedy improviser, is told to do as he pleases. He has the crew roaring with laughter as he falls off the couch, drops the covers and dashes about in an effort to straighten the room before the bell-ringing guest arrives.

Just before the scene is shot, director Jack Conway yells, "Are we in the mood?" Most directors have their special call to begin the scene. There's Archie Mayo's, "Twist 'em"; Van Dyke's, "Okay, kids"; Bill Wellman's,

last few years. While Miss Howard introduces Kay and Claude Rains there are, in the background, about twenty girls in varying stages of undress. They are negligee models. All of them professional models, but before we can get to ask them about the difference between modeling for customers and modeling for the movies, Alison Skipworth shoos all the girls off the stage.

So we go on to the next setup, where Errol Flynn is making his first screen appearance in modern dress. The story, Lloyd Douglas' widely read "The Green Light," has Errol as a brilliant young surgeon. In this antiseptic

work is "Gold Diggers of 1937," latest of the series that goes on and on. We watch a scene in which those lovebirds, Dick Powell and Joan Blondell, supply an amiable amount of lightly amorous chatter. That glow you notice is the light in Joan's eyes as she looks up at the crisply mustached Dick Powell.

The set of this colossal picture is the tiny drawing room on a train. And Powell, unromantically half shaven, is pounced upon by Joan, who wants a job.

They hold hands as they rehearse the lines, then when the real scene comes—with Joan helping him to shave and trying to get a job at the same time—they do their charming stuff. It is the sort of playing that deserves that overworked word, *cute*.

Powell, at this stage of the story, is an insurance salesman, and Joan is a chorus girl. We have never seen her look better. There is a real gaiety about her off-screen manner and her new banged coiffure, along with a wide brimmed hat (that's as close as we can come to describing a hat), gives her a new charm.

There is a piano on the stage and, between takes, Dick and Joan spend all their time near it. The odd thing is, Joan sings and Dick listens.

WHILE the "Gold Diggers of 1937" is concerned only with turning out good, popular movie fare, they're dealing with Art on the RKO lot where John Ford, Academy Award Winner for his direction of "The Informer," is making "The Plough and The Stars."

This film has an Irish setting, too. Dublin in the revolutionary strife of 1916, to be exact, and the film seems due for great critical acclaim. The title, "The Plough and The Stars" is taken from the Irish revolutionary flag. To the Irish, who see the Great Dipper upside down, this constellation looks like a huge plough. They call it the *Heavenly Plow*.

Starring Barbara Stanwyck and Preston Foster, the film tells the story of an Irish patriot and his dangerous struggle to free Ireland.

The grimly realistic set shows the slums of Dublin, and even the houses along the stage are real. They have two stories and rooms, and along with the cobblestone streets, and the pretty little church, they give this stage a most lifelike appearance.

Even the extras seem un-Hollywoodish. They were mostly chosen, not from central casting, but spotted here and there about town by Ford, a great stickler for realism. You've never seen so many redheaded kids. It's rather strange to see a natural redhead in Hollywood. We don't know why.

As these urchins, along with the adults, stand on the sidewalks, the revolutionists parade through the streets. On a platform, there is a trio holding the Irish flags. Bearing torchlights, the soldiers come marching into the scene. They are led by a corps of bagpipe musicians.

I asked an assistant director where in the world they ever located a whole bagpipe band of boys. "We just called Central Casting," he tossed off.

Ford is a believer in shadows. He spends as much time dimming his sets as most directors do in lighting theirs. He feels that shadows give depth and reality to a setting and take away from the "flat" effect of bright lighting. It is surprising to learn that the most difficult thing to photograph is an open flame. The parade torches are more difficult subjects than any stars.

Mere masculine toughness is as nothing beside the feminine warfare that is politely raging on



Stuart Erwin seems to think the white man's burden is a perfect cinch when applied to his family. June Collyer Erwin, Jr., is not sure she likes it, but June Collyer Erwin and Stuart, Jr., think it's swell. Where were we?

"Let'er fly"; Capra's "On our way!"; DeMille's solemn nod; John Ford's, "Here it is"; Wes Ruggles' "This is the picture"; Michael Curtiz's "Begin to act."

Curtiz, who generally directs such virile film fare as "Black Fury" and "Captain Blood," is now guiding the clothes-conscious Kay Francis through a style film called "Mistress of Fashion."

The set is the Paris salon of a famous gown designer and here we see Kay as a simple shop girl. A dapper Claude Rains is also in the scene, about to meet Kay.

Introducing them is, of all people, PHOTOPLAY's own Kathleen Howard. Because she is an acknowledged fashion editor and actress, as well, Kathleen was cast for the rôle of the style creator.

The elegantly groomed Miss Howard is not her usual smart self in this scene, we are sorry to report. Finally she guesses our quizzical look and says, "This is supposed to be in 1929. That explains the dress." You'd really be surprised how much styles have changed in the

take, Errol, assisted by Dr. Henry Kolker and Nurse Margaret Lindsay, is operating on Spring Byington. The camera, placed down near the floor, is shooting a modernistic angle, trying to see the doctors through Miss Byington's eyes.

SHE isn't even in the scene. She's down at the beach, having a swim while the actors perspire. Their faces bandaged in gauze, Flynn and Kolker go to work on Miss Byington, who turns out to be a three legged table marked WARNER BROS. STUDIOS DO NOT REMOVE.

There is a stop clock in the rear of the operating table by which the surgeons time themselves. This is set to ticking by what is supposed to be a nurse's hand, but really is started by the assistant director. So when you see "Green Light" you can annoy the rest of the audience by saying out loud "That's not a woman's hand. It's a man's."

They're doing things in a big way at Warner's this month. One of the many specials in

"The Ladies in Love" set at Fox-20th. Here, the brilliant producer, Darryl Zanuck, who ought to know better, is casting Connie Bennett, Loretta Young, Janet Gaynor and that little spitfire Simone Simon, all in the same picture.

So that there wouldn't be any delicate throat-slashing, each of the stars are given rôles of equal importance.

And the press department insists that the girls are getting along like doves. But behind the cordial fronts you find something quite different.

Connie Bennett won the first round when she served tea to the cast, making her a sort of leader. Then Janet Gaynor copped the second round by stealing two scenes. Loretta Young just sits back and looks beautiful, but the battle isn't over yet.

THE camera man is going nuts trying to give each of the girls a fair break in the photography, and Director E. H. Griffith is getting that worried look while trying to keep the girls in line. Not that much has exploded yet, but no one knows when it will. So far the gals have kind of ganged up on little Simone Simon. Her dressing room, much smaller and less pretentious than the others', is off in a corner. But our money is on this little one to come out on top.

Besides Simone, Loretta, Connie and Janet, there are the male leads, Brian Donlevy, Don Ameche, Paul Lukas and Tyron Power, Jr. Each of these players has a stand-in, which makes sixteen people when only the stars are working. Even the stand-ins are ritzing each other.

If you hear a loud and distant rumble in the next few days, you can win some money by betting it came from stage fourteen, Fox Hills, California.

We got out while the getting was good.

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How a Sleeping Beauty Awoke to Glamor

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23]

tortured and broken by future humiliations, snubs and despairs?

Relentlessly enough, all my dismal prophecies materialized one by one. Virginia's contract was not renewed after one year. She seemed to disappear for a while and then we heard that she had gone to New York and was doing a show girl bit for the Ziegfeld Follies.

Shortly after that Clive Brook dropped into my office one day and paid off our bet.

Just a few days ago I met Virginia at a large and very gay garden party at the home of Arline Judge. Virginia was, if possible, more radiant than usual in devastatingly simple white chiffon, and a very audible rustle of eulogy followed her about the garden. When she reached my side, I decided it was the perfect moment to confess to her that archaic bet with Clive Brook. I thought, "On a day like this, packed with adulation and the lush tributes of success, she will get a good laugh out of it." But she didn't laugh.

Instead a crooked little smile pinched at her mouth and she said:

"But you were quite right. That other Virginia Bruce fresh from Fargo, North Dakota, never did make the grade. She was a failure, and yet, I'm quite fond of her."

AND with that we found ourselves interrupting each other with a swarm of swift reminiscences.

"Do you remember how outrageously I used to giggle whenever Gary Cooper or Buddy Rogers so much as looked in my direction? If they said a civil 'good morning' I was practically pulverized with nervous joy. You know, I used to dream about their asking me for dates, but they never did. That snicker of mine, no doubt, scared them away."

"And, Virginia, do you recall the first talking bit you did in 'The Love Parade,' and your hysterical choking over those five words, and how Ernst Lubitsch lost his usual equable temper and yelled at you? Of course, he didn't know you had never spoken a line before in your life."

Virginia admitted that she had forgotten that agonizing interlude because, as she pointed out, there were so many other more painful humiliations during that year.

There was, for example, the time she was demoted without warning to the ranks of the extras while on location with the company making "Follow Thru." News leaked to the company, but not to Virginia, that her option was not to be renewed. And she will never be able to erase from her memory the crushing mortification of suddenly finding her place in the players' location car usurped, and then the nightmarish reality of walking with the surprised and perspiring extras through the hot sands of Palm Springs to the camera site, bravely pretending to ignore the whispering and knowing glances that followed her.

Then there are a whole set of nagging mental relics of her early maneuvers to camouflage her poverty, timidly borrowing frocks from the studio wardrobe whenever she was ordered to make a personal appearance.

"You used to give me the queerest looks," Virginia regaled me, "when I asked for permission to use studio finery. I knew that you never quite believed my protestations, did you,



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that all my decent gowns were at the cleaners and wasn't it too, too annoying to have to wear some rag from the studio stock room?

"And I wonder if you will believe me now, when I tell you that I never owned a single evening gown until two years later when I had returned from New York to Los Angeles with my M-G-M contract?"

"I was nineteen years old, I had been a contract picture player for a year and I had worked for a whole season in the Follies but I had never owned one single formal or informal party frock."

NOW all this is easier to believe when we discover that Virginia's salary during the tragic year of her stock contract was exactly twenty-five dollars a week, on which amount she supported her father, mother and young

a few pesky lines. The director was, as usual, bawling me out. Beside some priceless coaching, Clive gave me some wonderful advice, and he tried to force some self-confidence into me. I remember how he used to repeat his belief in my ability to be a good actress. He told me that I had talent, but that study and hard work were the only course ahead of me if I really wanted to make good. And then one day, just before I was 'let out,' he warned me not to let any of the cruelty of the Hollywood system grind me to pieces. He said, 'Never let yourself get hard or bitter. Some people can give in to such emotions but not you. You must never, never lose your gift of gentleness.'

And later there was William Wellman, who helped take some of the brackishness out of her dismissal from Paramount.

"Gosh, every actress goes through this," he

tually she was terribly discouraged when she found that though she shared a cramped little apartment with another show girl, living expenses ate alarmingly into her precious ninety a week (for she was still sending money back to Hollywood for her family).

It was Adele Astaire, now Lady Cavendish, the sister of the famous Fred, who first shook Virginia out of the anesthesia of despair. It seems that the famous and sometimes acid George Jean Nathan spied Virginia in the lineup and asked to meet her through Miss Astaire. A luncheon date was arranged for the three of them, and although Nathan dropped from Virginia's New York orbit after that, the incident led to a valuable and candid friendship with Adele.

"Through her I met such people as Neyssa McMein, the artist, Clifton Webb, the actor and Condé Nast, the publisher," Virginia recalled for me. "And this group suddenly swept me off to such things as art exhibits, museums, lectures and concerts. Before the winter was over I had discovered a whole new world populated with such people as Gauguin, Van Gogh, Revel and DeBussy."

"And I also made the discovery that conversation can be an art, that it can be a brilliant, exciting adventure. My giggle, I found, was a very inadequate weapon with which to meet the darts of words and wit that swirled around me at those New York gatherings. I still wonder why people put up with me at first."

"But for some strange reason, these new friends regarded me as an adult, one with grown-up intelligence, and they asked for and actually listened to my opinions on any subject that happened to be under the fire of discussion."

"Not once did anyone smile at one of my observations, no matter how immature its import. I was accepted cordially and in time I felt the warmth of self-confidence in my veins for the first time in my life. It helped me learn how to enter a room without the usual recoil of shyness, how to accept introductions and compliments and how to execute them."

"That winter in New York was one of the most important periods in my life. It did more for me than a dozen finishing schools and a university degree. It taught me how to grow up graciously."

And what Virginia failed to tell me was that she grew up beautifully, too. It is interesting to note that when she first arrived in New York in the fall, she was referred to by her group of friends as "that blonde youngster," by mid-winter it was "that pretty Bruce girl," and by early spring, "the beautiful Virginia Bruce." By some mysterious alchemy the ingredients of grace and charm and poise were mixed in Virginia and the result was breath-taking physical beauty.

It was during the "blonde youngster" stage of her New York career that she met the socially prominent William Rhineland Stewart who immediately asked her to accompany him to a brilliant ball on the following night. The next day Virginia flung her usual stubborn pride to the winds and borrowed an evening frock from one of the chorus girls (she still couldn't save up enough to buy one). But an all day search did not bring forth a pair of evening slippers that would fit her and she didn't have enough extra cash to purchase a pair.

So she bit her lips to keep from crying and went to the telephone and called Mr. Stewart. She saw no reason for lying, in fact, she was too unhappy to think at all. She simply said she couldn't go because she had no formal foot-



Frank Borzage, Margaret Lindsay, Errol Flynn and Anita Louise get a great kick out of seeing the strides that PHOTOPLAY has made between its first issue, twenty-five years ago (which Errol smiles over) and its Anniversary Number, which Margaret holds. Borzage recalls when he too, like Errol today, was a leading male star before he turned to direction

brother. It is true that the studio made out her check for seventy-five dollars each week, but her agent pocketed fifty dollars of this amount as his rightful commission for having conjured a contract for an untrained, unfinished adolescent.

"I suppose the family could have managed things better if we had been accustomed to frugality," Virginia told me, "but in Fargo, my father had a good business of his own and when it suddenly collapsed and set us adrift, we found ourselves finally in Hollywood where my father tried to reestablish himself in an absolutely strange town."

"And, do you know, that in 1930 when I went to New York for the Follies, everyone who asked me to lunch or dinner marveled at my capacity for food, especially steaks, chicken and ice cream. It was simply a very natural reaction following a two-year diet of inexpensive stews."

But there were two oases of happiness for Virginia in this Sahara of frustration, her studio friendships with Clive Brook and William Wellman, the director.

"I was working in a very small part with Evelyn Brent in 'Slightly Scarlet,'" Virginia recalled, "when Clive, who was playing the lead in the picture and an utter stranger to me, took me aside one day and helped me conquer

tried to buck her up. "If you haven't a few scars to show, how the dickens are you going to become a convincing dramatic actress? Lead with your chin, kid."

Ironically enough, during the final month of Virginia's contract, the studio, to realize something on her salary, no doubt, farmed her out to United Artists' for Eddie Cantor's elaborate picture, "Whoopie," thereby forging the first link in a chain that was to bring her golden success.

BY this time Virginia was indifferent. Even the ignominy of wearing scanty show girl costumes and lining up with several hundred chorus girls couldn't make her wince. She was indifferent when Ziegfeld visited the studio and selected the four most beautiful "Whoopie" show girls for his new fall edition of the "Follies." She was surprised but still indifferent even when she was on the train speeding to New York with the other three selected beauties, and with the assurance of ninety dollars a week for the entire winter. The fact that she had been chosen for any job because of her "beauty" amused her. After that year in the studio she was so sure she was bereft of it.

And then in New York she was at first even indifferent to the miracle of that city. Ac-

gear, and that was that. Mr. Stewart gasped and sputtered a reply and she hung up. But an hour later a box containing a beautiful pair of golden sandals from New York's smartest shop arrived with a note from Stewart begging her to accept them in place of a corsage and to meet him promptly in the lobby at nine.

Now this story circulated in the smart set in which Virginia was beginning to travel, and strangely enough they liked it. When Adele Astaire made her a gift of a gold bracelet of Chinese coins as a memento of their friendship, she presented it with the hope that Virginia would always retain her naive, straight forward honesty and open frankness.

And the next summer when Virginia received a long distance telephone call from Hollywood informing her that M-G-M would give her a contract and one hundred and fifty dollars a week if she would return for a picture immediately, she hesitated for two full days (to the despair of her agent and the studio).

During that time she drafted and then tore up a dozen wires of refusal because the old wounds were so newly healed. In New York she was considered beautiful, grownup, a definite personality (and wasn't it strange that when people consider you alluring and intelligent some wonderful mesmerism within yourself actually gives you beauty and physical courage).

AT the end of the second day her pride came to life.

"If you can make hard-cruised New Yorkers take you seriously why not hard-cruised Hollywoodians?" it taunted her. "What's geography got to do with it anyway? And are you going to be a cry-baby again?"

And so she returned and, as you may have guessed, bought an evening gown, with slippers to match, with her first week's salary.

Now the rest of Virginia's story is history to all motion picture enthusiasts. There was her appearance in two pictures and then her sudden marriage to Jack Gilbert. There was a two year retirement from the screen and the advent of a daughter. There was her divorce and her third determined attempt to make the grade in the picture game. But the third time she carried weapons, the right ones, including an unshatterable poise and a solid serenity that still has every star in town a little envious. And along with all this armor she carried a strange new beauty that actually manages to increase and grow magically from day to day.

And that, I guess, finishes the story of how one girl grew beautiful, except for one small item—a ten dollar bill I should return to Clive Brook. But no, it's not ten, I really owe him twenty.

The Most Beautiful Clothes You've Ever Imagined

They start off next month with a full color picture of Norma Shearer's favorite dinner costume, one of the most strikingly distinctive this modern Juliet has ever worn. Also, there are the very chic clothes Ruth Chatterton wears in her new picture "Dodsworth." And to top it all, the magnificent fall things Travis Banton has designed for Carole Lombard's personal wardrobe. But you must see them for yourself in the November

PHOTOPLAY

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It Was Hate at First Sight

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67]

among the titles (she was searching for a lost glove at the time) and she didn't recognize him in his make-up, but afterward she said to her friends, "That fellow who played the young drunk is probably the finest actor I have ever seen in my life. He's magnificent. He's—he's marvelous!"

SHE heard, in casual conversation, that Louis was in town. "You remember that dark young man you disliked so," people said.

I was definitely ill for months." She took a healthy mouthful of salad. "It got less persistent after a while, of course. Not that it went away—I was still miserable most of the time. And it was just about then that this other thing happened."

(The exact point, you will observe, where a clever author of a clever novel *would* have it happen):

She met again, under better circumstances, the dark-haired Louis Hayward of past loath-

for a minute, please." Of course, he recognized her voice when she answered. And again, of course, they talked a bit. And once more, of course, Louis said, "It's such a swell night, and I haven't anything to do—I feel pretty rotten—why don't we all go down to Ocean Park together?"

"I feel rotten, too," Ida said. "Maybe it would help a little."

So they went to Ocean Park, in Felix's open roadster. They tossed pennies into little rings and won kewpie dolls, they threw baseballs at holes in a canvas curtain and watched the pigs come sliding and squealing down, they went in and looked at "The Mystery of Life," discovering that it wasn't so much.

They went on a roller coaster. Ida, with her dull headache and the blues, and Louis, with the blues, sat in the famous (and terrifying) front seat of the little car.

Slowly, jerkily, the coaster was pulled up the long steep slope of the first incline—it poised for a brief second at the top—

Ida and Louis looked down; then they looked at each other.

"Something snapped in both of us," Ida told me.

So that Louis suddenly flung his bag of popcorn into space and took her in his arms. So that neither of them remembers the rest of the ride.

WELL, it was love. It began that night in a flurry of self-pity and of mutual back-patting, developed into a complete understanding and finally into all the elements that go to make up genuine romance.

For Ida it has not blotted out the memory of Johnny; that is still there, but transmuted into the limbo of things past. Louis shares it with her, with complete sympathy, and in himself represents the balm, the ointment for the hurt.

She will not say that the new love for Louis is a substitute for the other; it is on a different plane and more complete because Ida, in these last few years, has herself become more complete.

But Louis Hayward and Ida Lupino belong together. Consider them: both half Italian, both sensitive and over-emotional and inclined to melodrama. Between them there is so perfect a knowledge of the other that usually there is no need for words. Sentences begun by Ida are finished by Louis in exactly the mood and in the words she would have chosen; unspoken ideas in Louis' mind flicker into her consciousness before he can bring them into the conversation.

Both are moody to a degree, so that one moment they are hilarious and wild with excitement, the next somber and dimly unresponsive.

They have the problem faced by very sensitive, very emotional people who see each other often; that sometimes their respective moods do not click. During the first months of their relationship there were constantly recurring evenings when Louis would come pounding into the house wearing his good spirits like a badge, to be greeted by a drooping little person who looked sorrowfully at him through brimming eyes and who welcomed him from the sounding depths of despair.

This, in the course of things, has worked



Mr. and Mrs. Charles Vidor (Karen Morley) think two birds in the hand are worth any number in the bush. They found these wild sparrows when they were babies and trained them. Evelyn Venable watches them perform

"Hayward, his name is. He's been signed by Metro."

"Oh?" remarked Ida, politely.

And went back to London, for a vacation. At the rail of the boat she stood and watched, and out of the shouting welcoming mob stood no familiar face. It was days before her kindly friends could bring themselves to tell her that Johnny had been killed suddenly in an auto accident.

"When I returned to Hollywood," Ida told me, "I had literally almost nothing that made existence seem a necessary thing. Johnny had been so much to me, we had planned so many things—and you see from the first I had outlined my life to include him. He was as much an integral part of me as—as breakfast, as the clothes I wear."

"And you can imagine what the year or two after that was like. I was hideously lonely. The memory of him filled my mind, overflowed in me. I did my work because one does, no matter what happens—but suddenly in the midst of a dinner party I'd remember and burst into tears. And I saw him at night; I have that sort of mind. I wouldn't be asleep, but he'd be standing there suddenly, talking to me. I'd answer him and we'd remember the old days and—I swear it—he'd tell me not to be lonely, not to be absurd about the whole business."

"It was horrible! Mother will bear me out.

ing. She had taken a house with her mother and a cousin high in the hills behind Hollywood—you turned off Los Feliz Boulevard and climbed sharply up a narrow road and suddenly there you were. The view was magnificent.

At the same time Louis and one Felix, his friend, leased an apartment just under the hills on Los Feliz. And of course it was meant to happen; of course Felix, walking one day, met Ida's cousin and liked her and struck up an acquaintance—of course this turned into a warm friendship which necessitated the going of Felix during the evenings to call on this charming girl who was so nice and who was Ida's cousin.

THE night was late summer and completely enervating, as California can be at that time of year.

Ida was in the midst of one of those recurrent periods in which Johnny was the foremost entity, in which the world was completely wrong and tomorrow dark and a blue depression colored everything; a night like this, she felt, could only be a mockery.

Felix came up, looking blithe, and Ida met him forlornly at the door. "She's almost ready," she told him. "Going to the beach, hmm?"

And the phone rang.

"Louis Hayward," the voice identified itself. "Is Felix there—I'd like to talk to him

itself out. They discussed the situation, agreed on its absurdity, and decided that henceforth the one whose mood was bad should make an effort to match the other's happiness. If both felt lousy at the same time, however, that could be a different matter.

There isn't much doubt that this, for Ida, is "the real thing" of romantic renown. She's not the type of person to love lightly, nor for a short space of time.

She remarked over her sherbet (the salad long since digested) that if her career interfered in any way with love or marriage, then the career knew what it could do. And as we talked I began to see, for the first time, an entirely different Ida Lupino from the eccentric, wishy-washy madcap that I, along with Hollywood, had thought her to be.

She has done things that to the general run of people seem a little mad, yes; but they are things that naturally fit into the business-of-living-well when a person is as un-awed by life, as reactive to stimuli, as Ida.

And for each unexplainable action of hers, there is, if you will search, a perfectly good explanation.

First and foremost, she has no kind of unhappy interest in vicarious experience. Her passion is living. She has a completely overwhelming awareness, so that behind a situation which would amuse an average person she sees the tarnish—and finds delight in simple, sometimes mischievous adventures.

THE final answer is obviously apparent—she admits it—in her biography. You know, probably, that Ida's theatrical background is built on the rock of two hundred and fifty years, that through two and a half centuries the Lupinos have lived the cluttered life of asbestos curtains and footlights and applause; naturally when the exquisite little Ida was six or seven her parents began training her to carry on in the old tradition.

In the miniature show house her father built on his estate she learned and rehearsed not child rôles but adult parts. She played *Camille* and *Juliet*. She played *Joan of Arc*. She played *DuBarry*. And by the time she was ten she carried in her intelligent little brain an astonishing fund of knowledge about things usually reserved for less tender years. She had acquired the wisdom that comes of great experience.

So that she went on the stage and into extra work only a few years later; and discovered suddenly, one day, that she had had no childhood.

Ida's making up for that loss now. She can remember no period in her life when her actions have had the carefree insouciance (without worry, without fear, without careful thought) that is the heritage of all children. Now when she feels that Hollywood is closing too much around her she buys a trailer, hooks it up to her car and goes rattling forth to nowhere; with her cousin or a friend she climbs up on a bicycle and pedals for miles far out into the rolling, dry country of California.

Once, when the strain of everyday monotony was too much, she left her friends and family and luxurious home, got a job, and lived in a shabby little room over a store for months.

Louis Hayward understands these things about her. He likes to do them too.

Which is the psychological place at which the aforementioned author of romantic fiction would, in the way of things, write with a flourish: "And so they were married and lived happily ever after."

"Why not?" said Ida, smiling.

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Why Joan Crawford Remains Great

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]

that girl the lessons misery can teach the heart.

I wasn't altogether unprepared for this side light on her. In the course of my inquiries, I had heard a story about Joan Crawford from one closely involved, which changed me from a coolly objective investigator to a staunch supporter. An investigator shouldn't take sides, you may say—one story proves nothing. That depends on the story. But read this for yourselves, and see what you think.

She had noticed several times, in the Wardrobe Department at M-G-M, a young man who went about his work silently, almost shrinkingly, as if loath to draw attention to himself.

dreads applying for a job because of the lifted brows that greet his first utterance—and you can see what might happen.

Instead of weeping over him, Joan scolded him. "Don't wear your heart on your sleeve," she told him, out of the wisdom of her own experience. "If you've got to be miserable, go home and shut the door and bang your head against the wall and yell. But when you come out, hold up your head and grin."

She had been used to eating her lunch in her dressing room. He had been eating his sandwiches in a secluded corner of the Wardrobe Department. She made him lunch with her in

heartbreak in his eyes—if you could see, as I did, that he's a man reborn to the possibilities of life—then you'd realize that his fervent "I'd give my right arm for her" is no easy figure of speech, but a matter of fact. You'd understand why I went over, lock, stock and barrel, from neutrality, to the Crawford ranks. And because a generous heart isn't a thing that can be acquired, like glamor or outsize eyelashes, in the course of a movie career, I concluded that fundamentally Joan Crawford has always been the same

SHE thinks so too. "So far as I can see," she said, "it's just a matter of growing up. In many ways I was mature in my teens. In many ways I wasn't. I hadn't the opportunity to learn what comes to lots of girls as part of their background. I was so busy keeping soul and body together that I hadn't time for anything else. I know people say: 'Joan's going highbrow. Jazz was good enough for her once, but now it's Brahms.' Well, it's not—" she said, almost pleading in her earnestness, "truly it's not that I'm trying to acquire culture with a capital C. I always liked books and music. But all I knew was jazz and popular novels. You'd be content with a broken down Ford, wouldn't you, if you had nothing better to drive around in? But that doesn't mean you wouldn't appreciate a Rolls if you got the chance.

"Well, Franchot gave me that chance. He began showing me things in books and music that I'd never known were there. It was like a whole new world opening before me. It was like that old crack: 'Where have you *been* all my life?' Of course I didn't understand it all at first. I don't now. But I see it's worth trying to understand. It was as if I'd been hungry all my life without realizing it, and now I was being fed. When you absorb education as a child, you take it for granted maybe. But I can't take it for granted. I can't help getting excited over it.

"You see, there's so much to do and so little time to do it in. I'll tell you something." The brilliance of her eyes clouded a little. "When people say: 'I'm so tired of living,' it's like a stab in my heart. I'd like a hundred years to do nothing but read, a hundred years to do nothing but study music, five hundred years just to act. What can you do in one short lifetime?" she cried, with a passionate little gesture of despair.

Then she laughed. "Too warm to get excited, isn't it? Well, anyway, that's the only reason I know for these new Joan Crawfords. That—and moods. You have moods, don't you? The people who write these things about me must have moods. Maybe actresses have them more than most. I don't know. We're all a little crazy, or we wouldn't be in this business. But because I feel like dancing one night and staying home the next with a rug to hook—that doesn't make a new person of me, does it?"

The question answers itself. And it seemed to me a pity that, because she's in the public eye, she should have to justify what would otherwise be taken for granted and even applauded. The world has a way of exalting people and then throwing brickbats at them. In you or me this straining toward broader horizons would be called intelligence. In her it's suspected as a pose, putting on an act.



Count Alfred Carpegna, Ruth Chatterton and Fritz Lang lunch at the Troc. Mr. Lang, director of the sensational "Fury," is devoted to the actress-aviatrix. He visits the "Dodsworth" set daily to see her at work

It was none of her business, of course, and she didn't want to obtrude herself upon him, but there was a look in his eyes that wrung her heart. It was always there, and one day she suddenly felt that she couldn't stand it any longer.

She went over to him. "You're unhappy, aren't you?" she asked gently. "Is there anything I can do?"

He looked up, startled. "No—thank you," he said. His voice sounded hoarse and strained, as if he were using it somehow unnaturally. He said nothing more, but his eyes seemed to be begging her to go.

She went that time, but she came back. Little by little she won his confidence. He began to realize that she was prompted neither by curiosity nor the whim of a star to play Lady Bountiful. She told him, casually, some of her own experiences—saying, though not in so many words: "I know what it is to be driven in on myself. I know what it is to be so hurt that you shrink from a touch. I've been through it, too. Let me help you."

AND at last the youth found he could tell her his story. During a boyhood illness he had lost his voice. When it came back, it was thin and reedy and weak—the kind of voice people make careless jokes about. Life holds worse catastrophes, to be sure. But worse catastrophes aren't laughed at. Take a sensitive boy who's been made a butt since school days, who's grown so bitterly self-conscious that he sees gibes where none are intended, who

the commissary. She drew the cloak of her prestige about him. One doesn't have to know much of human nature to foresee what happened. "Hm—look at young Asher lunching with Joan Crawford"—and their added esteem for young Asher, and young Asher's added confidence in himself.

This was just a salve, however. Joan was bent on a cure. She sent him to her physician, who said there was nothing wrong with his vocal cords, that the whole thing was mental. "You've got to cure yourself," the doctor told him. He tried. He would climb to the top of a high, lonely hill, read aloud, talk to himself. Once, in a moment of utter relaxation, he heard himself speaking in normal tones. He couldn't believe it, but he tried again, and it was true. His voice was right. He pelted down to the valley and there, surrounded by people, the old phobia, the old voice took possession again.

That was the time of his blackest despair. That was the time when, except for Joan, he might have gone under. She held him up. She refused to abandon hope. "You did it once," she insisted. "That proves you can do it again." Many stars, who have money to spare, give of their surplus. Patience and compassion and the fighting courage to meet another's needs are rarer gifts—in Hollywood or elsewhere.

Joan finally prevailed on her friend to go to Dr. Bertrand Frohman, a noted Los Angeles psychoanalyst. Three months ago his voice reverted to normal, and has stayed so. If you could see the happiness which has replaced the

Why? Because she's a movie star. Because it's unthinkable that a girl whose formal schooling stopped at the sixth grade, and who still achieved wealth and fame and position, could possibly hanker after any of the subtler values she missed along the way.

But why should she care what people say, you may ask. Everyone in the limelight is a target for slingshots. If she knows what she's after and believes in herself, then what people say shouldn't matter.

A good principle, but it doesn't always work. It doesn't work with Joan Crawford because she's thin-skinned. She reads what people write about her and, when they have unkind things to say, she weeps. It's not that she considers herself inviolate. She's equally sensitive to the feelings of others. Recently a writer was sent to the set for a story. Through a misunderstanding, no appointment had been made and she left storyless. Joan heard about it with dismay and sent the writer a note of apology, though the fault had been none of hers. She has never knowingly stepped on anyone's toes. She's like a hurt and uncomprehending child when her own are trampled.

IN her heart of hearts, and despite all tangible evidence to the contrary, she can't quite believe in her own success. She can't see herself as others see her. A fairy tale flavor still clings round the fact that the girl, who drudged her way through school, should have turned into a glittering figure of romance. Cinderella still waits for the ominous clock to strike twelve. And because she's not clothed in the armor of complacency, the shafts find a ready mark.

"Maybe one reason it hurts when they say I show off," she explained with the courage of honest self-analysis, "is because there's a grain of truth behind it. And yet it's not really showing off. The minute I get into a crowd, I grow stiff with self-consciousness. I immediately begin to imagine they're criticizing. 'She's not as tall as I thought she was.' 'Do you think she's pretty? I don't.' 'I wonder how much she paid for that dress she's wearing.' 'She's worn it four times—can't she afford another?' Oh, I know it's stupid—a form of ego, vanity. I've told myself so a thousand times, but it's hard to break the habit. I feel they expect certain things of a movie star. And because I'm so self-conscious, perhaps, I try to act as I think they want me to. It's a kind of defense, I suppose—if that's any excuse."

"But what does it matter, Joan?" asked a friend, who sat in the dressing room with us. "You know you're all right. Your friends know you're all right. Why should you worry about the rest?"

She hesitated for a moment, then smiled—half shamefaced—like a child who knows she's being unreasonable. "I want everybody to think I'm all right," she murmured.

If it's a weakness to want people to like you it's at least an amiable one. Human flaws she has like the rest of us, but you'll find they're the flaws of a warm and impulsive spirit. There must have been a time when she was naïve enough to think that her own wholeheartedness would call forth the same in others. She found, to her pain and bewilderment, that she was wrong. She treads more cautiously now. She's not as trusting as she used to be. But, completely loyal herself, she returns proven friendship with passionate gratitude.

No, there's never been more than one Joan Crawford—a girl who started with gallantry and good will and has kept them both.



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The LOS ANGELES AMBASSADOR

BEN L. FRANK, Manager



The Star Creators of Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15]

Having arrived with the firm intention of becoming a producer at once, he became a prop boy—and liked it. That was twenty-two years ago. Twenty-one years ago he became his brother's assistant director. And twenty years ago he was given a camp chair of his own.

Universal kept him on for several years, during which he turned out the tidy sum of fifty pictures, and then he went to Fox. Nineteen-nineteen was the beginning of the industry's adolescent period, and Ford was one of the greatest influences of maturity

ing match after match, his hair rumpled by thoughtful fingers, he started, surprisingly, at the beginning.

The routine of his first efforts on any picture is of course dependent on the circumstances, the type of story, the particular stars who are scheduled to work in it.

"When they gave me 'Mary of Scotland' to do, my first thought was of Hepburn," Ford said, with only a trace of brogue in his voice. "She was already set for the rôle, and it wasn't as if she were just any talented pretty

He paused to relight the inevitable Ford pipe. "After that was time enough to worry about the story."

With "The Informer" the approach was entirely different. It was a picture, in the first place, which the studio was not enthusiastic about making—Ford had met the author in Ireland, liked his masterpiece, and had come back to Hollywood aflame with the desire to put it on celluloid. Producers read the book with indulgence, muttered that it was too realistic and too gloomy for popular appeal, and turned away. Ford persisted for four years, and during that time studied every detail of the story, planned every scene of the picture in his mind.

So that when RKO gave in finally (he offered to make his little film portrait for \$300,000 in a corner of an unused sound stage) the director was ready. He invited Dudley Nichols, who did the adaptation, for a week's cruise aboard his boat, and in seven days together they wrote the script.

A few extras, Victor McLaglen, and three weeks of shooting, were all the necessary requisites. Ford sent his picture to the cutting room with \$40,000 left from the budget.

BUT his approach to "The Informer" and to "Mary of Scotland" were admittedly exceptions. "Usually I take the story," he told me, "and get every line of printed material I can find on the subject. And then I take the boat and simply cruise until I've read it all."

"I eat, sleep and drink whatever picture I'm working on—read nothing else, think of nothing else; which is probably the reason the continuity and mood of my products stay at an exact level."

He works directly with each department during the long preparations for any of the motion pictures he directs. His hand draws the design for a set fireplace. His own suggestions are the inspiration for certain gowns and coiffures and uniforms—and most important of all, much of the dialogue (especially in his Irish portraits) comes from the Ford typewriter. His is the quality of versatility, coupled with good ability and complete knowledge of whatever trade he puts his hand to; so that you are inevitably aware of his special genius when his pictures live their sixty minute lives on your favorite theater's screen.

For the sake of simplicity, the various basic secrets of John Ford's great success must be classified into four or five distinct divisions. Seated across the stained, round table in the prop Dublin pub—with the tangible mood of fog enclosing the windows and the smell of onions and old beer heavy in the air, he analyzed, in a detached good-natured voice, the elements that make him 1936's ace of directors.

Casting was first, and of supreme importance. "After all," Ford said sitting back, "you've got to tell your story through the people who portray it. You can have a weak, utterly bad script—and a good cast will turn it into a good picture. I've thwarted more than one handicap of that kind with the aid of two or three really fine actors."

"With the exception of the stars who are signed for parts by the studio in advance, I insist on choosing names for myself. And I spend more time on that task than on any other."



Only a true son of Erin could so perfectly depict Irish woes and glories. Ford is now directing Barbara Stanwyck in "The Plough and The Stars"

He made "The Three Godfathers," which was pretty grown-up for that period, and helped introduce the art of light and shadow on the screen; he broke the collective hearts of American audiences with "Four Sons," a four handkerchief picture, and then made the same hearts pound wildly with excitement at "The Iron Horse."

He made "Three Bad Men," and "The Black Watch," and "Arrowsmith." He made "Men Without Women," which contrary to all expectations really didn't have any women in it, and he made "The Brat" and "The Lost Patrol."

When a grateful committee, finally, gave him the Academy Award for his superlative "The Informer," he put the gold statue on some shelf or other and began "Mary of Scotland."

"How?" I asked him. "How do you do these things? I want to know how you get your effects, what your technique is, all your methods, whether you work more with camera than with sound, what you do about casting, what you do with a bad script, how you direct a picture—everything."

He didn't even flinch. Sitting there, strik-

young actress who could be dressed in anything and photographed casually. In that case the primary problem was the star and we had to solve it before we could start on story or script.

"I asked the studio for a print of every picture Katharine had ever made—'Bill of Divorcement,' 'Morning Glory,' 'Little Women,' 'Alicé Adams,' all of them—and then I called in the wardrobe department and set men and the story adaptors; together we looked up portraits and old woodcuts of the period costumes Mary Queen of Scots wore, and photographs of the rooms in her castle. We sketched gowns and ruffs, we planned backgrounds and settings in rough outline."

"When we had some sort of working basis for departure, we locked ourselves in a projection room and, one each night so long as they lasted, ran the Hepburn pictures. We studied every angle of her strange, sharp face—the chiseled nose, the mouth, the long neck—and then adjusted the sketches to fit her personality. We planned photographic effects, decided how best to light her features and what make-up to use in order to achieve for her a genuine majesty."

He's enough of an egoist to resent really big stars on one count alone; they have their own styles of acting, their own very vivid personalities, their own settled methods. So that instead of molding them into the picture he has visualized (an impossibility on the face of it and in any case) Ford has to rebuild his story and his mood around their concrete, unplastic entities—which is gall to his palate and hellish torment to his peace of mind.

Wherefore, when the choice is his, he selects lesser but capable lights, and through sheer labor builds the performances he wants—with the mood and the aura and the detail of the story he is telling inexorably intact.

McLaglen is the classic example of this premise. "The studio spent weeks trying to foist better known heavies on me," Ford went on, "but I knew Vic could do the job, and I knew I could handle him exactly as I wanted to. I won in the end—and you saw the performance he gave."

But the strongest forte of Ford is his selection of bit players. You may have noticed in his pictures the constantly recurring faces of ex-celebrities, men and women who once rode the crest of the Hollywood wave and who have, through various adversities, but mostly because of changing public opinion, been relegated to the motion picture backwash. These people he hires for two reasons: one based on objective intelligence, one on mere subjective sentiment.

"FROM my chair as a director," he said seriously, "I'm able to see that these ex-stars will, after all, give a better performance even in the smallest part than any casual extra would; and it's my contention that the bits in any picture are just as important as the starring rôle, since they round out the story—complete the atmosphere—make the whole plausible. You've seen, certainly, a good many really fine scenes spoiled suddenly by a background player who is obviously reciting his lines, or blundering awkwardly through his action. I won't have that. A woman walking down a street, while people like Barbara Stanwyck and Preston Foster create a love scene, must walk as well and as naturally as a star would do it, or the effect is lost."

He paused for a moment, and then grinned. "The other, and just as important reason, is that when I was starting in this town those people were kind to me. I want to repay a little of that if it's in my power."

On Ford's private lists are one hundred names—not all of the once great—from which he picks his cast for every picture he directs. Always the same people, always the same results; they know his techniques and his wishes, they are capable and hard-working. To my knowledge it's the only list of its kind in the movie colony.

They help, too, these people, in the building of story. "A good many of the most outstanding incidents I have filmed have been things that members of the company have actually seen or actually done during their lives. For these pictures that deal with the Irish uprising I've looked up former black-and-tan soldiers, former rebels, former onlookers, and given them parts; it adds to the sincerity because in the mass demonstration scenes they remember their own experiences and have real tears in their eyes—and every now and then some extra will offer a suggestion that lends to the authenticity of the production.

"Some of them—George Shields for instance—were really in the Dublin post office when it fell. They were in this pub we've reproduced when the call came to mobilize. I

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talk with them all informally, and get their opinions, and listen to their anecdotes, and as a result get a better picture."

Which explains, in a measure, some of the superlative effects that have startled you in the multiple John Ford productions you have seen. You remember, of course, the unforgettable scene in "The Informer" where the boy is shot and drops lifeless from a window, while in the agonizing silence his fingernails scratch loose down the wooden sill: one of the extras in the "Informer" company had watched (and heard) that happen at some lost time in his life, and had carried the memory of it through the years until the day came for Ford to use it.

"That particular sequence almost caused me a lot of trouble." The pipe quivered with Ford's laughter. "There was a convention of producers being held at the time, so the rushes were sent up for them to see one afternoon; I asked them what they thought of the scene—and they told me it was all right, not to worry because the sound department could cut out

the sky was bursting; and there was no place of refuge.

Then, as an exceptionally huge shell boomed overhead, he stopped short, looked up, and with a quick motion opened his painted umbrella.

He lifted it above his head, took a long breath of relief.

In his new safety he waddled sedately down the sidewalk and out of sight.

Ford shot that scene, translated of course to the mood and circumstance of the Dublin neighborhood, on the afternoon I was there. Sometimes accidents have happened too—it's the luck of the Irish—which have brought him more credit for certain gorgeous shots than his genius really deserves.

"The Iron Horse," as an entire picture, was great through the sheerest luck and the grace of God, he admits. They had planned it, you see, with the intention of making a class B picture. George O'Brien, the star, wasn't so much then, and all they wanted was a little story about the building of a railroad. The script

ducers in its uncut form. Before I make a single set-call I outline the story, as it will appear on the screen, in my mind, and separate details are subordinated to the final complete effect."

Third, this unpretentious Irishman works with a camera as a 1936 *Aladdin* would work with his lamp; he carries under contract—year after year—one super-cameraman named Joe August, and since the two of them work upon the same basic premise, and since both follow mentally the same artistic groove so far as motion pictures are concerned, between them they manage to achieve a special end that no other director, and no other technician, has managed to reach in all the years Hollywood has been a movie center. Joe is allowed to dream as much as he likes, and insofar as common sense will allow, photograph as he likes—a system which, according to Ford, helps Joe to feel that he really has something to work toward and a responsibility of his own; not deliberate psychology, perhaps, but good.

Sound is of secondary importance to Ford, but nevertheless of great consequence. Forty per cent of the time (and this will amaze you) he uses a silent camera without even a mike for moral persuasion on the set.

"In the first place I can talk to my people while a scene is shooting," he explained, "and give them suggestions about expression or movement; as a result I don't have to make so many takes. I've discovered that if you rehearse a scene too much it looks artificial and—well, *rehearsed*."

"Lighting, as a matter of fact, is my strong point. I can take a thoroughly mediocre bit of acting, and build points of shadow around a ray of strong light centered on the principals, and finish with something plausible—anyway that's my one boast. If you'll watch in any of my pictures you'll see the trick I use for special effect: while the stars are running through their lines a diffused glow settles over the background assemblage, which at the same time begins to murmur and then to talk intelligibly. And the louder the voices, the stronger the glow, until the main actors are merely part of a group and the general realism is achieved. It always works. Good technique is to let a spot follow a bit player with an important line or two of dialogue across a shadowed set until his part of the scene is finished, too."

SO far as the industry—as an industry—is concerned, he has pretty definite opinions. "Just now we're in a commercial *cul de sac*," he complains mildly. "We have time schedules, we are ordered to direct a certain story in a certain way because that's what the middle-west wants and after all the middle-west has all the money. But the profession on the whole is progressing steadily. Actors are getting to be better actors, technicians are learning more about their trade every day, and the success of such simple deathless portraits as 'The Informer' is making it easier for those who have ideals about pictures, to make blasting demands in the interests of their convictions."

"Eventually motion pictures will all be in color, because it's a success and because it's a natural medium. And we'll go out to a Maine fishing port or to an Iowa hill and employ ordinary American citizens we find living and working there, and we'll plan a little story, and we'll photograph the scene and the people. That's all pictures should do anyway, and it'll be enough."

Agree with him, or not; but in his very definite statement you must discover the essence of his personality, both as a man and as a director. Simplicity, real sincerity, hatred of ostentation: greatness.



When he directed "Mary of Scotland" the temperamental Katie Hepburn met her match in this quiet, unpretentious man who thinks the picture is more important than a star, and has proved it. "Mary" is another hit

the unfortunate sound of the scratching nails! I'm really afraid I insulted them a little during the next five minutes."

But not all of the touches of realism are garnered from the well-stocked memories of carefully chosen extras; more than a few are transplanted to the scene direct from the storage vaults of Ford's own subconscious. In "Plough and the Stars" you will see a little comic interpolation which to many will seem an improbable bit—merely because the banalism about truth and fiction is still true.

Ford was in Shanghai during the Sino-Japanese war (he recounted this to me as if he were discussing a bridge game) and found time during a particularly cluttered afternoon to see and store away this amusing slice of experience. Shells, as he remembers it, were bursting like exaggerated fireworks over the narrow streets of the old city, and he stood sheltered in a doorway while bits of metal whizzed down at comet speed. Suddenly, around a corner, a plump Chinese nobleman came running—retarded by his heavy silks and splendid trappings, tripping and terrified. His attendants lay dead beside his overturned sedan chair in the street behind;

was written to fit California weather, of course, and the company was dressed for sunshine.

But when they detrained at Reno there was a blizzard that blinded the entire town, snow lay in five-foot drifts, and the shrieking wind was penetratingly painful. They'd spent too much money to go back.

So they filmed their picture in the snow, while each man's breath made frosted plumes like fantastic comic-strip balloons and each man's clothes were glued to his body with frozen perspiration. They shot the Indian raid scenes during a storm, remembering that such hardy savages as these did not, probably, wait for the summer months for massacre. And when spring finally came they utilized it naturally, in the course of things.

The result was a masterpiece of movie making.

JOHN FORD is great, then (secondly) simply because he visualizes a motion picture as a whole, and in terms of the complete production, rather than as a grouping of scenes; "I very seldom play a sequence to its full effect," he told me with careful emphasis, "and so my stuff is usually confusing to both cast and pro-

THIRTEEN DON'TS

WHEN WRITING TO A STAR

By IVA CHASE



1. Don't start in by telling him he is your favorite movie actor. In the first place he won't believe you. At least fifty per cent of his mail begins with this piece of information, and he casts all such letters into a pile labeled, mentally if not actually, "racketeer letters."

2. Don't tell him you are "collecting movie stars," or that you are "saving movie actors." If you say the first he will be justified in answering that a great many people who do, find it expensive, and if the second, that most of them aren't worth saving.

3. Don't announce blandly that you have seen all the pictures he has played in. Again he won't believe you, and furthermore, he won't care. Tell him what specific pictures you have seen him in, which you liked best, and, if you are mentally capable, why.

4. Don't ask him to send you pictures and autographs of other actors. He probably isn't acquainted with them either, and besides, it isn't flattering.

5. Don't apologize for writing, or say that he is the first actor you ever wrote to. That's another sign of the racketeer.

6. Don't criticize a costume he wears or the rôle he plays. You can be fairly certain that he didn't like the part either, and that he was as embarrassed as you when he loomed on the screen in knee breeches and a white wig (especially if he has the kind of legs that incline to bow).

7. Don't ask him to become a "pen-pal." If you make your letter sufficiently interesting there is a chance he may answer it, but if he sees that hideous phrase in your letter, he will shudder and cast it aside, and I don't blame him.

8. Don't think, in the event that he does reply to your letter, that you are now endowed with all the privileges of a lifelong friend; that you may now address him as an intimate, tell him all your troubles, pry into his private life, and ask him for his home address. Fan mail is of little value unless it is addressed to the studio, and the least you can do in return for such courtesy, is to address your reply to the studio, where it will help indicate a rising tide of popularity.

9. Don't write a lot of meaningless flatter to fill space, and wind up by saying: "Incidentally, please send me a personally autographed photograph." If a photograph is what you want, say so, and don't precede your request with a lot of words for him to wade through, because he won't. He'll hand it to his secretary and say: "Here, you take care of this."

10. Don't say you think he is the handsomest of all movie actors. Be specific. Tell him he's better looking than Clark Gable or Ronald Colman, or somebody else. Chances are you may be lucky enough to pick his worst enemy, in which case he is sure to write and thank you.

11. Don't be afraid to tell him something about yourself. If you can't think of anything interesting, make up something. He reads a lot of fiction anyway, and if you chance to catch his interest, it's just possible he may follow through with a letter.

12. Don't above all don'ts, suggest that you are in love with him. The first three times that happened he may have been amused, even a little pleased, but you may be sure that after that he only sighed with weariness. The chances are three to one that your letter will find him at a moment when he is too, too tired of love, and the very mention of the word will turn his stomach.

13. Don't under any circumstances ask him to do you a favor. Some of the most common requests are for a job, to arrange a visit to the studios, or to read something—a play, a song, or a story that the writer has authored. In the first place he probably already has several more people working for him than he actually needs, and so has everyone he knows.

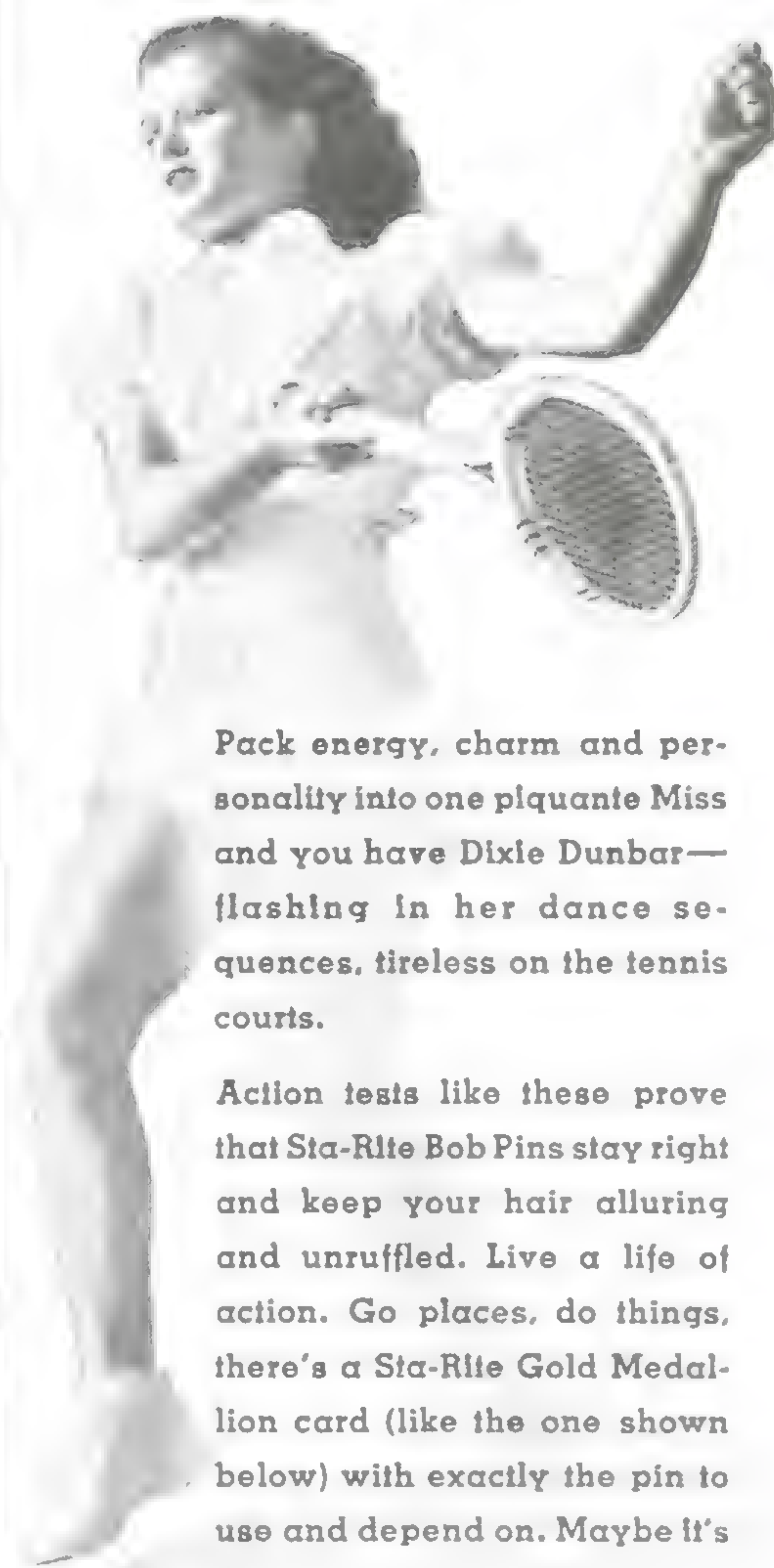
As for studio visits, here too he is helpless. The studios have, of necessity, closed their gates to all visitors, except in extreme cases. And he hasn't time to read plays, stories or songs, and if he had, his opinion probably wouldn't be worth anything anyway.

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The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71]

☆ STAGE STRUCK—Warners

THE old familiar back stage plot of this Dick Powell-Joan Blondell comedy does not keep it from being good entertainment. Dick is a struggling young dance director who finally succeeds in giving deserving chorine, Jeanne Madden a break, when temperamental star, Joan Blondell gets into trouble. Frank McHugh, Warren William and Craig Reynolds are splendid.

man of her choice. The confusion comes when Ann falls for her bogus count who turns out to be a radio crooner. The singing isn't much.

BACK TO NATURE—20th Century-Fox

ANOTHER amusing episode in the life of that average family, the Jones' . . . and it's just as good as the previous two. Those of you who are getting a real kick out of this homey series, involving the day-to-day life of

Roberts as *Grandma* keep the fun rolling in grand style. If you like the Jones Family, by all means go.

☆ CAIN AND MABEL—Warners

HAVING borrowed both Clark Gable and the lavish production motif of "The Great Ziegfeld" from M-G-M, Warners have whipped up the most entertaining Marion Davies picture in years.

The story is swell. All about an ex-hash slinger, Marion whose lack of box office glamour is ruining her stage career. When her press agent, Roscoe Karns, finds out that heavy-weight champion Clark Gable is hounded by the same lack of customer appeal he decides to build a phoney romance between them. Yes, you can guess the ending, but it's so amusing you won't mind it being obvious from the start.

Grand laugh lines, tuneful music and a rowdy cast headed by Allen Jenkins and Ruth Donnelly help the stars bring you a very entertaining evening.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER—Paramount

THIN, uninteresting material and uninspired performances leave this picture without many redeeming features except where the children are concerned. It chiefly involves the heartaches and courage of a little boy, David Holt, who feels he has first lost his father, Ralph Bellamy, to a woman, and secondly to death-dealing thugs. Ralph Bellamy, an artist with an all-seeing eye, sees three payroll bandits escape after a murder. He draws pictures of them for the detectives, who recognize and capture one. Pathos and childish appeal tug at the heartstrings as David courageously thwarts the killers and finds a friend in his father's fiancée, Katherine Locke. Ralph Bellamy, who never seems to rise above his surroundings, runs true to form, and newcomer Katherine Locke is so inexperienced as to be painful at times. Andy Clyde, who is *Papa*, is fairly good, but David Holt takes what honors there are. Send the children—don't take them.

FOLLOW YOUR HEART—Republic

MARION TALLEY, Michael Bartlett and the Hall Johnson Choir open their famous throats to fill this definitely better-type musical with gorgeous song, and save a misconstrued, rather silly story from Class D oblivion. Hit song follows hit song and you will love Miss Talley's arias from "Mignon" and her duet with Michael Bartlett from "Les Huguenots." The story, serving merely as a backdrop for the singing, concerns a family of show people whose daughter, the most talented of them all, wants a sane, normal marriage and babies rather than submit to the hard road toward a successful career. Marion Talley is not an experienced actress; however, you'll overlook that when you hear her sing. Michael Bartlett, as the press agent who forces her to start her career, sings beautifully too. The cast of characters is well chosen and all acquit themselves well. The hit tune of the picture is "Magnolias in the Moonlight." You'll rave over "Follow Your Heart," too. For music lovers, this is worthwhile.



Katie Kapburn as her friends and co-workers know her. Here is the young actress in a merry mood on location for RKO's "Portrait of a Rebel." She wears Victorian curls in the picture—hence the curlers

☆ MARY OF SCOTLAND—RKO-Radio

MAGNIFICENTLY and lavishly produced under the direction of John Ford, this tale of an emotional, tragic queen grows a little heavy at times. Katharine Hepburn as *Mary* gives a consciously dramatic performance and allows Fredric March, an irrepressible *Bothwell*, to take honors. Go for an education and for gripping but solemn entertainment.

WALKING ON AIR—RKO-Radio

THIS breezy romantic comedy is short on plot, but long on laughs. You'll enjoy Ann Sothorn's performance as the headstrong girl who hires Gene Raymond to masquerade as a French Count and woo her when her Father, Henry Stephenson refuses to let her marry the

this regular family, will reap many laughs and chuckles when the whole group decides to accompany *Papa* on his annual vacation, in an auto trailer. Hard luck dogs the Jones' from the moment they leave home in their trailer. Know-it-all *Papa Jones* tries to impress *Mama* and the kids with his camping knowledge and fails. Then Sister falls for an escaped convict and it takes the whole family to keep her from the altar. Big Brother has his usual summer flirtation and the younger boy picks up a few dollars via photography. All-in-all it's what you might expect—especially when the family arrives home once more with the firm conviction that trailer-traveling is not the most comfortable means of spending one's vacation. The cast is the same as used in previous pictures of this series. Jed Prouty as *Papa*, Spring Byington as *Mama*, and Florence

"Excuse Me, But Aren't You Crazy?"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21]

His superstitions, exaggerated in spots, undoubtedly make snappy reading for summer afternoons but they do not explain the man behind the walking-to-the-left-of-everything business.

Just to be good and nasty I shall now paralyze the natives who have witnessed some of Mr. Lederer's superstitious didoes by stating right here and now that Mr. Lederer claims he is entirely without any superstitions whatsoever, which is practically the same thing as a horse denying his tail. That rear appendage may seem a tail to us, you see, but to the horse it may be something altogether different. A glorified fly-swatter, say. Or a beard in reverse. Thus it is with Mr. Lederer's antics. They may seem odd to us but to him they are natural movements grounded in deep spiritual beliefs.

JUST what religious motives prompt Mr. Lederer every morning and every evening to walk entirely around the inside of a large sound stage, keeping to the left always and disappearing at times behind the framework of sets like a moon passing under a cloud, is beyond me. But you can be sure of one thing. It's all clear to Lederer. No confusion of purpose, thought or action dwells within the complex bulwark of that simple soul. He knows what he's doing.

The life the man leads in Hollywood confirms and affirms his devotion to the purpose of spiritual simplicity in all things. The clothes he wears, and the very food he eats, testify to his earnestness and honesty in the matter. In comparison to the sumptuousness of food and raiment in Hollywood, Francis Lederer may as well be off somewhere in a gunny sack gnawing away at a sassafras root. His life is that barren of luxuries.

If he has had a new suit of clothes in years, no one has seen it anywhere about. He may cut a nifty figure on the screen but off he is given over to one buck polo shirt topped by a heck of a cold in his head.

A Hollywood chiseler, with the sneery statement that Lederer was too tight to buy himself a banana split, was seized by the elbow and ushered up two flights of stairs in a boulevard office building by a friend of Lederer's.

What he saw closed his mouth forever and opened his eyes to something he couldn't otherwise have believed. The wholesale outpouring of a man's funds to an ideal. A losing one at that. In the World Peace establishment of this man Lederer—formed through the aching loss of two brothers on a battlefield—rent, expenses and salaries of eight people are paid promptly and regularly from the pocket of Francis Lederer. And that certainly does not include the salaries of his agent, his manager, his two servants, Kim and J. D.

He lives in a modest, one-bedroom house in Hollywood. His Chinese boy, Kim, cooks or chops, rather, at raw carrots, and J. D., colored, is a combined butler, chauffeur, house-boy, farmhand, valet and walnut picker.

His food is a bewildering array of plain chopped vegetables, raw or boiled, a bit of meat or fish, and maybe a dash of fruit on days he feels irrepressibly lively.

All this, remember, in order that his mind may be kept clear and unfuddled for the business of art. Lederer cannot think on black bottom pie and above all, he persists in think-

ing at all hours of the day and night. Naturally no tobacco or alcohol come near his person.

Exercise, to keep the body in rhythm with the mind, goes on regularly. An hour a day at the studio gym. Dinner guests (and he never has more than four or five at the most), are often startled upon entering to see Mr. Lederer calmly rising and sinking before their very eyes. It is only, they soon discover, the actor chinning himself on the upper hall landing fifteen times each evening before dinner.

I asked him, with a pretty apology for my curiosity, I assure you, just why he has remained a single man in the midst of so many gorgeous possibilities.

His answer was prompt and to the point. "I am looking for something I cannot find. I am looking for a sweet normal person whose mind and character are beautifully developed; who, above all, is lovable. You see how unfair of me it is to ask all that when I am not lovable." (His disparagement of self is honest and sincere, I promise you.)

"No, marriage, it cannot be without my ideal. With me it would be impossible to accept the American viewpoint of 'Let's try it awhile anyway.' No, no, I am seeking but I am afraid I shall never find my ideal."

"What of Miss Loos?" I suggested.

Rumors of his engagement to Mary Loos, niece of Anita Loos, have been floating about.

"No. We are not planning marriage. No. I have not yet found the one. I realize I ask too much, expect too much, so I make no plans."

Of course, if any sweet and lovable intellectual wants to take up the challenge out of the ash can where Francis has tossed it, I feel I must tell you this. You can pitch out the lip stick, the rouge pot and puff. Francis likes 'em as God made 'em. No war paint for "Leddy."

His first marriage, a short and hectic affair, has obviously wounded his sensitiveness beyond the laughing off point.

He played a young romantic Romeo to her Juliet in a theater in Prague some years ago. She was older. It didn't last. It has probably given him a fixation about marriage.

His ambitions and his plans are these. He wants to be an actor with a message. He wants to act in pictures that lend themselves to thought. The "Ah Wilderness" type of thing. He wants (and the rascal will, you see) one day to sit in the front row with the actors he considers the finest in Hollywood. Wally Beery, Greta Garbo and Clark Gable. Whether he wants to sit between Gable and Garbo or Beery and Garbo I haven't any idea. But some day, some day, I warn you, he'll be there.

THE production plans ahead for Lederer lift him definitely from the once-in-a-while picture actor to the waiting ahead list. Studios are beginning to smell the pungent odor of budding genius in the direction of the gallant Mr. Lederer and are casting covetous eyes in his direction. Paramount has seized him for "The Count of Arizona." M-G-M, for instance, thinks Lederer the ideal for their forthcoming production of "Johann Strauss." RKO have the same idea for their "Son of Monte Cristo." Lasky has four honeys a year planned ahead that make him the Prince Charming of all time, and it looks very much as if Mr. Lederer were on his way up front with Garbo. Unless, of course, as "Camille" she hasn't completely



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coughed herself out of the box-office picture by that time.

"He hasn't touched yet what he can and will do," Frances Dee, his staunch friend and leading lady of "The Gay Deception" said. "Why won't people see the genius of this man? For certainly it is there."

His very, very, definite ideas on things is what upsets people right and left. His frank, outspoken opinion, delivered with the greatest of apologetic charm, is what keeps everyone mixed up. If Mr. Lederer were given to crying, "Ah, you're nuts," a body could get the drift of it and take it or leave it. But no. Mr. Lederer precedes all arguments with "Please excuse me." "Please excuse me," he'll say, "but aren't you crazy?" or "Please excuse me, but I think you are stupid." People don't like it. It ain't normal and that's exactly what it ain't. So they resent it. As they do his so-called interference with his movies.

Stories drift in and out about him like the tide of the ocean.

"I have no use for a guy who has a hair-dresser fired for nothing," a member of a studio publicity department said to a friend of Lederer's one day. "No use at all."

"You mean Lederer, of course," the friend said. "To whom and where and when did it happen?"

But facts were vague. Anyway, Lederer did it and that ended it.

"Fifty dollars says he didn't," the friend cried and put up the money. From that moment on, the investigation went ruthlessly forward. It developed exactly as the friend suspected. Instead of having the girl fired, Lederer, it was found, had tipped her so large a check for her kindness through the picture that she had quit her job and got married.

Did Francis Lederer get a clear bill in this land of the spree and home of the knave. I'm ashamed to say no. Not by a long shot. "What the heck," they shrugged. "It's still a

good story. He's only a peasant anyhow. A screw-ball. What of it?"

Genius weeps many a lonely and bitter tear in Hollywood.

"The fool cut out my best laugh," I once had an actor say to me. "Jealous hog-it-all." Yes, Lederer had cut out that laugh. It was bad at that particular moment for the picture. But hadn't he also seen that several extra laughs had been thrown the actor's way in spots where they fitted? "Hadn't he," I asked the actor.

"Nuts," was his answer. "Yes," was the right one.

Joe Valentine, an ace cameraman of the town, who has been photographing actors since the old Essanay days, has found in Lederer the kindest of men, the greatest of gentlemen and the most generous of all artists.

"I've seen him turn his back to the camera time and again to give some bit actor a break. I've seen him try to build feature players' parts. That guy is so kind, so, well darn it, sweet, and so damn misunderstood with it, I could chew bricks when I think of it."

On the way back from the preview of "The Gay Deception" a friend had to practically hog-tie the guy to keep him from bursting into Jesse Lasky's home with the demand that Frances Dee be co-starred.

"But she was marvelous. She was much better than I. The girl was wonderful, it is only fair," he kept repeating.

TOLD Frances Dee about it afterwards. "It's like him," she said, her blue eyes misting. "It's so typical of him. I don't doubt it a second."

Another friend tells of seeing Lederer hatless and in the usual old clothes topped by a camera strapped to his back, pop into a downtown store elevator. "Where do I eat?" he asked the elevator operator.

She gave him the up and down.



Here you see how Screen Snapshots, Columbia's popular short subject series, are made. Harriet Parsons, director, sits alongside and instructs Marla Shelton. At the camera is Robert Tobey, Miss Parsons' assistant

IS MAE WEST SKIDDING ON THE CURVES?

Asks Madame Sylvia, PHOTOPLAY'S Beauty Editor, in the next issue. And her answer offers a wealth of practical advice to all women—young and old, fat and lean. Whether or not you're concerned over your own appearance, you'll thoroughly enjoy Madame Sylvia's keen, clear-cut comments in

November

PHOTOPLAY
on the Newsstands
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something. Overnight he'll decide to invent and manufacture auto signals or publicize some rare Japanese health-food or do some doggone thing that keeps his friends and his manager in constant hot water.

He's a good business man and no kidding. When he decided to buy himself a farm, he went into the thing—not from the swimming pool angle but with the alfalfa viewpoint. He mined the limestone about the place and sold it. He raises crops and sells them. He makes it pay and pay and pay, with Kim and J. D. picking apricots and walnuts like madmen.

He's a telegram sender of the deepest dye. Lavish words of appreciation or congratulations on performances to strange actors, to thank them for anything, and everything, keep the boys on their bicycles in a fever of coming and going. And don't let his expressions of love, in the Continental manner, to the male sex in those wires confuse you in the least. He's a he-man from away back, that one.

The gracious, smooth, naive manner in which he sidesteps the blonde man-snatchers in town should have the entire male population of Hollywood sitting at the feet of this maestro learning a few things.

Lederer knows how to get out of loops like a gentleman, so be on your way, cutie.

He has endless patience for detail. It drives people wild by the herds.

He's hard to place. Hah, a naive schoolboy, you think, and out comes a bit of worldly wisdom that floors everyone.

A sophisticate, you wonder. And yet in him is felt the painfully sweet ideals and spirit of a boy of seventeen. Long forgotten by most of us.

A peasant only, you shrug. Yet his knowledge of music, of art, of English literature and history shames us all to tears.

He mastered the language alone in just four weeks.

"He's the only person in this whole fakey town that after a year I still feel a glow at knowing," a prominent man said of Lederer.

Another tells of him in a meeting of actors, writers and directors. Namby-pamby yessing and agreeing had gone on until Lederer, with that brave honesty of heart, got to his feet. Oh, he knew, mind you, they were bored. He knew they smiled in tolerance, laughing as usual at that which they could not understand. But brave heart that he is, he had his say exactly as he thought.

I could see him standing there alone, against them all, as the friend spoke. A man willing to face silent jeers and smiles to say the thing that had to be said no matter who it displeased or in what hot water it placed him.

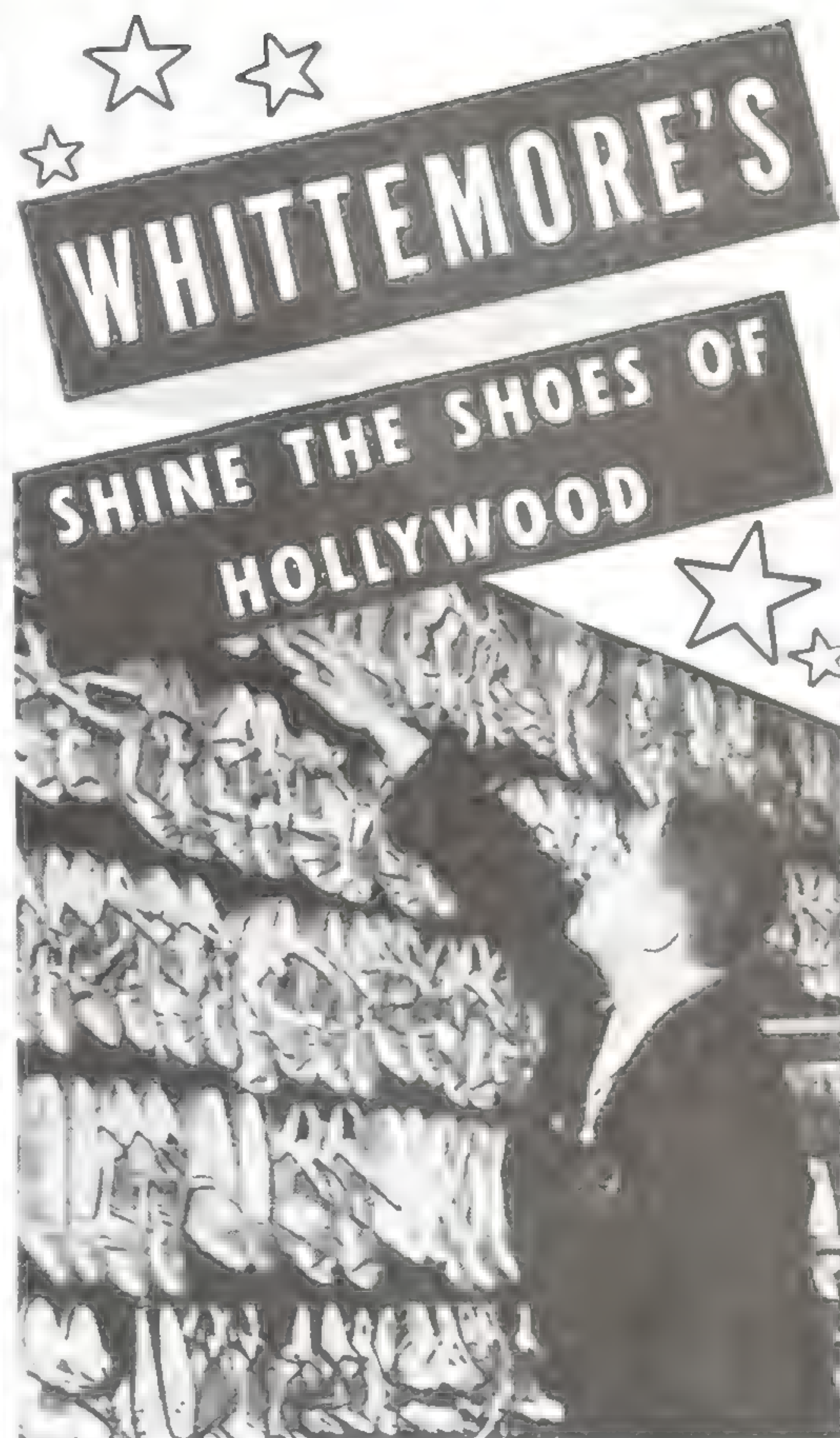
It's the way, something tells me, Lederer will always have to stand in Hollywood. Alone, among them all but refusing to knuckle one-tenth of one inch.

When Lederer sent out those bags of cabbages to Hollywood with the printed comment that they were from his farm and the apricots and walnuts would be along later and even the alfalfa if they had a horse, he wasn't prepared (at least, I don't think so) for the reception it got.

Oh now mind you, I know it was not only a nice gesture but swell publicity. But dear, dear, how the twenty bucks a week chatter boys did make sport of that one! It was too, too devastating!

"What Lederer should have done," a caustic director in Hollywood said, "was to send the cabbages with the comment that his alfalfa would soon be ripe and add,

"Come on out, you jackasses, and eat."



● HERE'S Frank Richardson, wardrobe-master for Paramount, replacing one of the pairs of shoes used by this great studio. They're in perfect shape—because they've been cleaned and shined with Whittemore's Polishes!

The wardrobes of Paramount, Columbia, and RKO-Radio contain thousands of pairs of shoes which must be kept gleaming—ready for use at any time. And all these studios use Whittemore's exclusively!

For almost a century, Whittemore Bros. have been making creams, pastes and dyes in all colors for all kinds of shoes. Keep in step with well-shod Hollywood—use Whittemore's!

Edmund Lowe in "The Wrecker,"
a Gaumont-British production.



"Some shine this morning, Joe!"
"Yes, sir, Mr. Lowe, that's Whittemore's."



Whittemore's Oil Paste preserves and polishes—now in the big new can, standard colors, 10c. Bostonian Cream, world's finest liquid polish, 25c.

"The help all eat in the basement," she said.
"But I don't work here," Francis shrugged. And blew his nose. He had his cold along that day.

"Cheap lunch room on the seventh floor," she announced, dismissing him. And off at the seventh floor stepped Lederer.

"I couldn't hurt the girl's feelings by not getting off," Lederer explained afterward. So he ate in the cheap place.

I don't know. Maybe he is screwy.

When Francis insisted RKO *not* pay him for the six weeks before the picture "The Man of Two Worlds" began, after wiring him to come, RKO knew darn well he was nuts.

When it happened to Lasky, he wasn't so sure. "We must rush production two weeks," Lasky cried one day.

"Why?" Lederer asked him.

"Well, I've got to pay you. You're under contract."

"But don't pay me for those two weeks. Then you won't have to rush. That seems simple to me," he cried.

It would have seemed not only simple but dizzy to a lot of people. But when Lasky walked in and told Mary Pickford about it, the two just sat and looked at each other. They'd been through the mill of the gods, these two, and had known many an actor in their day, but—well, anyway, Lederer, thank heaven, is home where he's understood and loved.

You can count on the fingers of your left hand the people in Hollywood who have taken the trouble to understand this Czecho-Slovakian, and from the American viewpoint he does require understanding. But those few who have, wouldn't trade his friendship for gold of any size.

The story of Francis Lederer and Mary Pickford working together belongs to the screen or a novel. When Pickford and Fairbanks made that triumphant round-the-world tour some years ago, they entered the far-off city of Prague to the accompaniment of bands and flags, banners and speeches.

In the window of a dry goods store to which he was apprenticed, stood a dark haired, eager, yearning young lad, staring wide-eyed at the cinema queen.

Today, that lad works side by side with Pickford. Star and producer, both together. Francis and Mary.

Let his manager so much as turn his back for the space of five minutes and Lederer's into



Be Wise—Alkalize

Alka-Seltzer Makes a sparkling alkalizing solution containing an analgesic (acetyl salicylate). You drink it and it gives prompt, pleasant relief for Headaches, Sour Stomach, Distress after Meals, Colds and other minor Aches and Pains.



JUST TAKE AN ALKA-SELTZER, JOE, AND THERE'LL BE NOTHING TO IT.

I WONDER WHY I FEEL SO LOW, I DIDN'T OVER-DO IT.

MORNING MISERY



AND THANKS TO ALKA-SELTZER, YOU ARE JUST THE MAN TO EAT IT.

YOU SURELY COOK A DANDY MEAL. IN FACT IT'S HARD TO BEAT IT.

ACID-INDIGESTION



YOU'RE TELLING ME? I'LL TELL THE WORLD! AND HOW IT STOPS THE ACHE!

FOR HEADACHES ALKA-SELTZER IS A PLEASANT DRINK TO TAKE

HEADACHE

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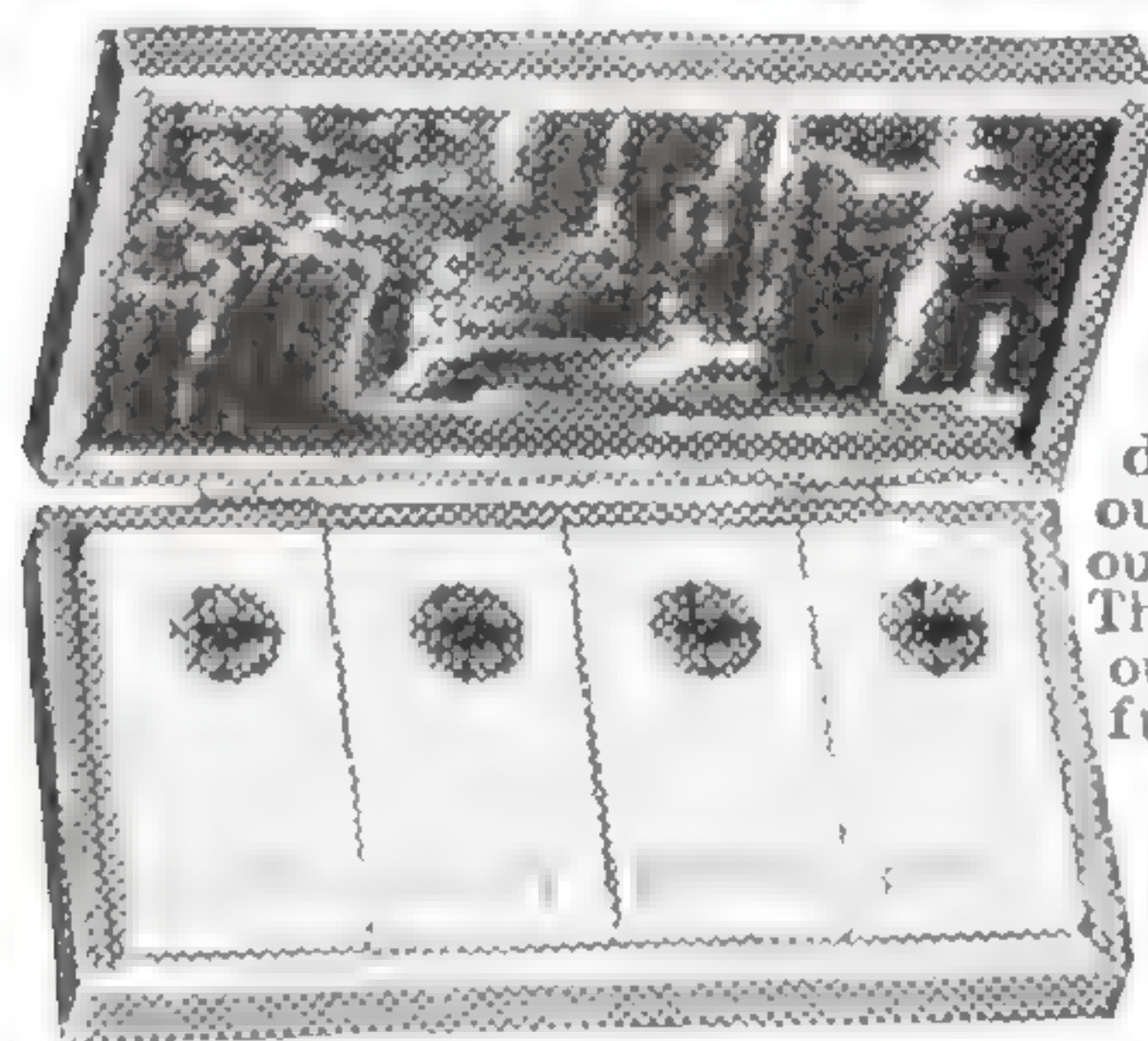
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Send today for beautifully illustrated book entitled "DON'T STAMMER," which describes the Bogue Unit Method for the scientific correction of stammering and stuttering. Method successfully used at Bogue Institute for 35 years—since 1901. Endorsed by physicians. Full information concerning correction of stammering sent free. No obligation. Benjamin N. Bogue, Dept. 659, Circle Tower, Indianapolis, Ind.

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EACH bottle contains 1 dram (¼ of an ounce) of a \$5 an ounce perfume. Thus you get ¼ ounce of \$5 perfumes for \$1.00.

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The four alluring perfumes come to you in this Redwood Treasure Chest made from giant Redwood trees of California. Send only \$1.00 (check, stamps or currency) for the Chest and all the four perfumes. PAUL RIEGER (Est. 1872) 342 DAVIS ST., SAN FRANCISCO

Boos and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4]

\$1 PRIZE

A CARD FOR CAROLE—A DART FOR DIETRICH

Several years ago I saw Carole Lombard playing opposite William Powell. The title of the picture I have forgotten, but not the impact of her freshness, her definite pictorial value and talent. I had seen her rarely until recently, but again I find she achieves naturalness (an evidence of sound acting). Her make-up is not overemphasized and she seems blissfully unconscious of camera angles, possibly because she is lovely from all sides; she displays a good sense of comedy and delivers her lines with a refreshing variety of tone.

Speaking of make-up, leads me to Marlene Dietrich. Why does a woman of such singular beauty disfigure herself with those fantastic eyebrows? In "Desire" they were an annoying distraction, an eccentricity reminiscent of the Sternberg-gargoyle school.

CATHERINE M. LIVINGSTON,
Sarasota, Fla.

\$1 PRIZE

JOAN A COPY CAT!

What is the matter with Joan Bennett? She used to be one of my favorites; now she has changed so that I hardly recognize the piquant little beauty of yesterday, and for the worse! I recently saw her in "Big Brown Eyes." I was so disappointed. One might as well put Titania in a red bathing suit as Joan Bennett in so flamboyant a part. She had none of her old subtle charm, but was rather a poor copy of Carole Lombard. Not for an instant could I detect the appealing little Joan of "Little Women."

I hope she realizes that the hard-boiled type is not her type. She just can't put it over the way Bette Davis, Jean Arthur, Jean Harlow, etc., can. It isn't convincing. So please, Joan, don't try it any more.

MARY ANTHONY,
East Cleveland, Ohio.

\$1 PRIZE

SPICE IS NICE

My biggest boo goes to the writer in a recent PHOTOPLAY who boldly suggests that Fred Astaire's dancing is boring and obnoxious to the public. Does she know that Fred and Ginger are rated fourth in the "big movie ten?" Surely fifty million Americans can't be wrong.

Variety is the spice of life, and Astaire's dancing furnishes just that spice in the cinema world, after a string of murders, melodramas, newspaper yarns and whatnots. My hat, coat and boots are off to the greatest table-hurdler and chair jumper I know.

KATHERINE M. TUCKER,
Bryn Mawr, Pa.

\$1 PRIZE

LUISE IS LUSCIOUS

Strangely enough from the greatest musical picture ever produced, "The Great Ziegfeld" comes my choice for the year's best performance. I'm speaking of the astounding portrayal of *Anna Held* by Luise Rainer. Miss Rainer displays all the outstanding qualities that make a great actress. Her facial ex-

pressions are accompanied by a lovely voice. Never will I forget that memorable scene in which Miss Rainer as *Anna Held* calls William Powell on the phone to congratulate him on his marriage. It was the most magnificent acting I've ever seen. The remainder of the cast and the expert direction make "The Great Ziegfeld" a picture never to be forgotten.

JOHN RANKER,
Elyria, Ohio.

A BRITISH BLAST

As a keen British picture-goer, it seems strange to me that America or Hollywood, if you like, can produce such splendid pictures on foreign themes, i.e., "David Copperfield," "A Tale of Two Cities," "Mutiny on the Bounty," etc., and yet when Americans produce a picture of their own country, they give us what? Night Clubs, penthouses, chromium-plated cocktail bars, and impossible gowns, or maybe I should say creations, that never would be worn outside a studio lot.

What I would like to see is more authentic, homely American pictures. If Hollywood producers delved into American history books they would find plenty of marvelous material for a film production.

JOHN H. GRAY,
Glasgow, Scotland.

GRACIE TAKES THE CAKE

Miss Grace Moore proves that miracles DO happen. She is a Lily Pons with more personality; a Jeanette MacDonald with more pep; an Irene Dunne with more originality and youthfulness; a Gladys Swarthout with more charm. In fact she is the combination of all these stars in a twinkling twilight of "Moore Magic."

MARY JANE MCDANIEL,
West Palm Beach, Fla.

A MILLION VOTES

A million votes to Bobby Breen, the golden-voiced youngster in "Let's Sing Again." You might say his voice is his fortune, but his greatest asset is his naturalness in acting. His emotions are conveyed by his eyes, which shine with excitement and express the moods of comedy and forlorn sadness.

Hollywood, watch and guard this tribute to a music minded world.

DON F. ROCHE,
Seattle, Wash.

LONG MAY SHE WAVE!

Here's the biggest bouquet of all to your darling Grace Moore, more loved and popular over here than perhaps you Americans realize.

She was our late King's favorite actress, and "One Night of Love" he always declared to be the best film he had ever seen. Recently in a popularity contest, she was voted the most popular woman radio singer in the whole world (including our Gracie Fields).

I envy every American who can listen to her weekly broadcasts while the nearest I can get (not having an all wave radio set) is, last year, to hear her singing at Convent Garden and two weeks ago, from Amsterdam, which was very faint.

At the conclusion of her recital at Grosvenor House recently when she sang for charity, the audience clapped for seven minutes, and three policemen had to stand on the running board of her car to keep the enthusiastic crowds off. I think you will agree with me, that over this side of Herring Pond, Grace Moore's talent is appreciated.

GLADYS MEENEY, Southampton, England.

BASIL NO BAD MAN

It seems to me Hollywood is making a mistake in continually casting Basil Rathbone as a screen menace. The fact that he is such a good actor is certainly no reason for typing him. Although he has played every rôle from Pilate to a modern butler, his characters have all been black-souled scoundrels. On the stage he played *Romeo* and *Robert Browning*, but when he went to Hollywood he was cast as the stony-hearted *Mr. Murdstone* in "David Copperfield." And then, when "Romeo and Juliet" was filmed, was Mr. Rathbone cast in the rôle he so well portrayed on the stage? No indeed! He was cast as *Tybalt*, the villain of course.

Since Mr. Rathbone is really so attractive looking, and has such a charming manner and engaging voice, it is a shame that he isn't given a rôle worthy of his talents—I am speaking of the hero's part.

CATHERINE HEATWOLE, Washington, D.C.

EDDIE NO GHOST

I shook hands with Eddie Cantor! What dyed-in-the-wool, honest-to-goodness movie fan hasn't hidden a secret ambition to meet his or her favorite star face to face? I'll admit I did.

I held Eddie Cantor far away in a white cloud of fame, in a haze of make-believe. Instead, I found he was every inch a human being. His hand felt no different from our ice man's. I knew he was human, because he laughed at his own jokes, and accompanied them by live-wire antics. Furthermore, you wouldn't expect a ghost to talk proudly of Ida and the girls and be intensely interesting about them. I'll enjoy Eddie Cantor's next picture much more because of this experience.

KENNETH G. GEIGER, Michigan City, Ind.

THE OLDER GENERATION

It seems to me about time the older players received a word of praise in print. To cite a few instances—I went to see Leslie Howard in "The Petrified Forest," but I chuckled most at Charlie Grapewin's lovable *Grandpop*. I saw Richard Arlen in "Three Live Ghosts," but I can't forget Beryl Mercer's remarkable acting in that picture. When I think of "Anna Christie," it isn't Garbo I remember, but dear Marie Dressler.

I love seeing these older people—they seem so happy in their work. I think it remarkable that neither age nor time has dulled their personalities, but given them an added sparkle instead. They send me away from a film feeling happier in the realization that middle age and even old age can be such a happy time.

JOSEPHINE GRIMWOOD, Dorchester, Mass.

A GREAT LESSON

The other night I saw a most beautiful picture. A picture that showed a man's faith in God, a picture that showed man's love for his family, a picture that showed true human emotion. I'm speaking of "Sins of Man" and I only wish we could have more like it.

When Emil Jannings left American films, this type of story left the screen, but now it has been given a forceful comeback by that marvelous actor, Jean Hersholt. His portrayal of *Chris Freyman* is something I'll never forget. If all the so-called human derelicts could see this picture, and try to realize what it means, there would be fewer such people on earth. The story, the acting, the music, everything about the picture has taught me a great lesson and for that I am thankful.

MISS MARJORIE DAVIS, San Francisco, Calif.

MURMURS FOR MARY

Cheers and cheers for Mary Brian. Just when I had given up hope of seeing her in pictures she comes up with flying colors in that amusing picture "Spendthrift." Practically the whole audience murmured in delighted surprise at her acting with such poise an entirely different type of rôle than she used to play. She certainly has style, in looks, clothes and manner. Let's hope this will be a new start for Mary to bigger and better rôles.

MARY OLEINICK, Philadelphia, Pa.

GIVE ME UGLY MEN

I like the ugly men of Hollywood! You can have your Clark Gables, Robert Youngs, Fred MacMurrays. Give me ugly men, acting men, a man's man. Give me Victor McLaglen, Edward G. Robinson, George Arliss.

Who could forget McLaglen in "The Informer," Robinson in "Bullets or Ballots," or Arliss in "Disraeli," "Rothschild" or any of his parts? Paul Muni is no Apollo, but he is ranked among the gods as an actor.

The ugly men of Hollywood are not "picture men," they are live men, REAL MEN.

ADOLPH B. FORER, Trenton, N. J.

UNFAIR AND UNJUST

I feel that the movie industry has been very unfair and unjust in one phase of its direction. Wearing glasses seems to be the usual means of portraying trite characters such as the sissy, the old maid, the schoolteacher, the studious adolescent lacking in imagination, and many other characters that bear the brunt of comedy situations. This leaves in the mind of the public the idea that those who wear glasses belong to one of the above types. An affliction of the eyes is just as irreparable as the loss of an arm or leg. People of good taste and breeding are taught to pass these physical defects unnoticed. When directors resort to glasses for impersonations (except when really great actors use them deftly) it only serves as a crutch in lieu of acting ability.

MARY REINARTS, Winona, Minn.

AS ONE EARTHQUAKE TO ANOTHER!

One of the most eagerly awaited films here was "San Francisco." We went through our Helena earthquake on Oct. 18, 1935. Several lives were lost, and the damage to property was enormous; many were homeless and all were terror stricken as the earth continued to roar and vibrate for days.

We were curious to see the reaction to this picture. Would audiences avoid it; would it revive tragic memories; would people be able to view it? Now here's what happened. "San Francisco" ran to packed houses and was held over. The crowds were enthusiastic and delighted with the motive, the fine character delineations, the superb music, the amazingly real earthquake. In short, the picture was nothing less than a sensation.

ANNIE O'SULLIVAN, Helena, Montana.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

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The garment shown is a
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Eye Make-up in Good Taste



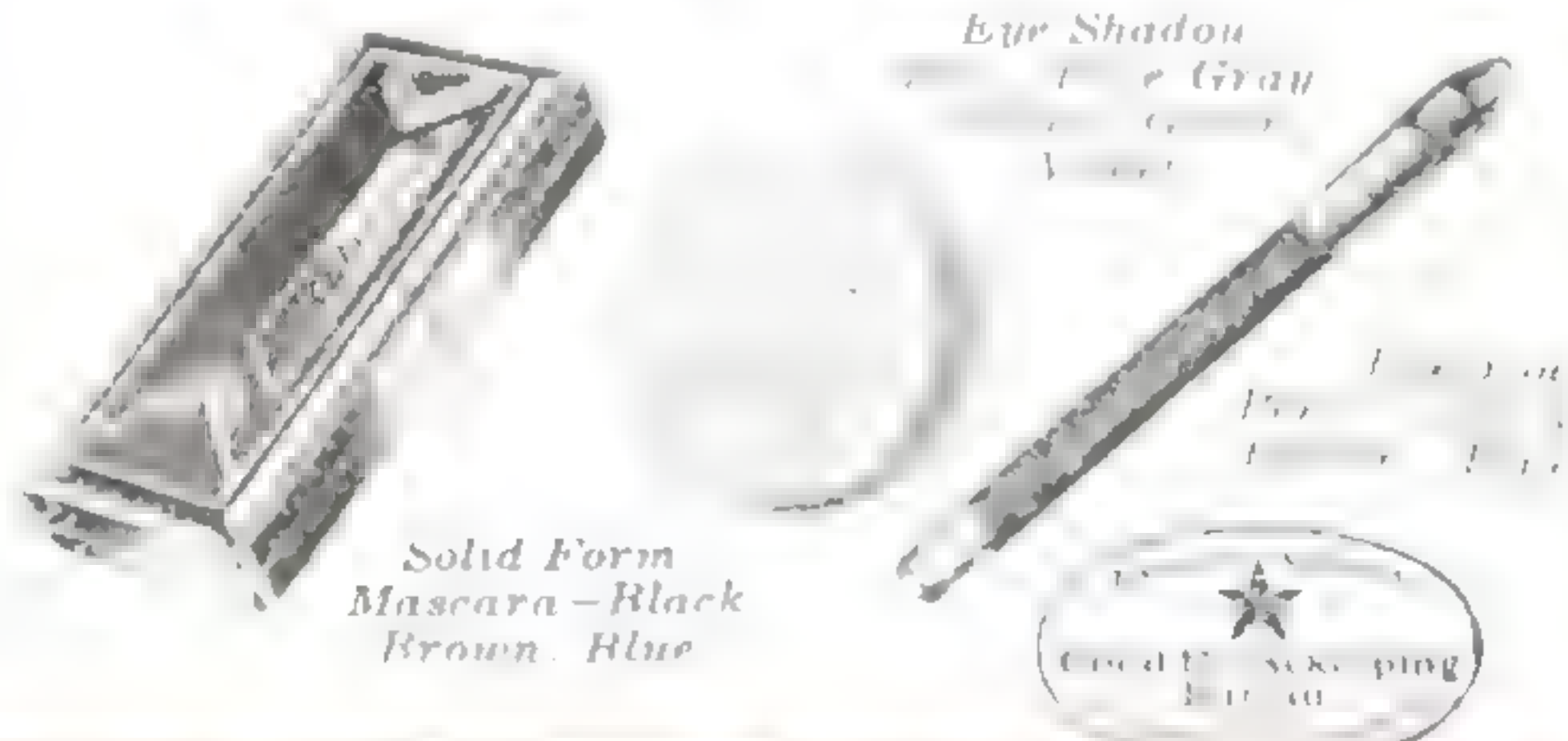
Maybelline Cream
Mascara—Black,
Brown and Blue—
with brush in
dainty zipper bag.
75c



SOME are born beautiful — others acquire beauty. If you aren't a *natural* beauty, then the most natural thing in the world is to *acquire* beauty. Encourage yourself! Begin with your most important beauty feature—your eyes. Make your eyelashes look twice as long, twice as luxuriant—quickly, easily, with a few deft brush strokes of Maybelline. Dark, soft, silky lashes add a sparkling charm to eyes, which heightens the whole depth and expression of the face. Do as the most exquisitely groomed women of Paris and New York do—choose pure Maybelline Mascara, in either the new Cream form or the ever-popular Solid form.

The smoothness and ease of application of Maybelline Mascaras, their naturalness of color and lack of gumminess, have won them unequalled popularity among beauty-wise women the world over. Tear-proof. Harmless. Not beady on the lashes.

Open your eyes to a new and lovelier beauty—with Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids. Obtainable at leading toilet goods counters. Generous introductory sizes at leading ten cent stores. Try them—you'll discover a totally new and enjoyable beauty experience.



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The World's Largest Selling Eye Beauty Aids

WE AGREE WHOLE HEARTEDLY

A friend of mine wrote me a letter the other day. She said, "I am old and crippled and I know I haven't long to live. One thing I keep wishing—that I could go to the moving pictures once again, if only I had a wheel chair."

What a human plea that is. It made me think of how many crippled persons might have a very human need filled, if a wheel chair service could be provided in large moving picture theaters for a limited number of patrons.

There is space in the back of these theaters, and I am sure relatives would gladly pay a necessary fee for the use of the chair. Almost anyone can get a friend to the theater in an automobile. A comfortable wheel chair inside to give a crippled person a few hours entertainment would be an investment that would bring dividends of boundless happiness.

The ear phones provided for the deaf have done so much to solve the problem for those with impaired hearing. Won't some enterprising manager consider my wheel chair idea for *his* theater?

EVA LOVEL DUNBAR, Oakland, California.

HOLLYWOOD DIVORCES

People who are always complaining about Hollywood divorces make me tired. After counting them I realize that there are more people in Hollywood who haven't been divorced than those who have. James Cagney, Bob Montgomery, Fay Wray, Irene Dunne, Joe E. Brown, Norma Shearer, to name only a few. People are so prone to judge them by John Gilbert who had four wives, and Gloria Swanson who had four husbands. Actually statistics show that Hollywood has fewer divorces than Dallas, Texas.

WILMA GREEN, Georgetown, Texas.

LOOKING BACKWARDS

Loving to reminisce, and having a mania for looking through old photograph albums, I can truly say that I enjoyed every word of "PHOTOPLAY's Record of Twenty-five Movie Years" and "My Reminiscences of PHOTOPLAY" in the September issue.

Times certainly have changed since "Pearl White Serials" and "Fatty Arbuckle" were the rage. Now actresses and actors have so much domestic and foreign competition that they have to be exceptionally talented to keep their names on top.

I am afraid that youngsters today don't appreciate how lucky they are to have such grand productions as "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "The Great Ziegfeld," "Romeo and Juliet," "The Good Earth" and "Anthony Adverse," not to forget the latest technicolor films. I am sort of thankful, though, that I can look back and say "I remember when."

AGNES EVANS, Brooklyn, N. Y.

KATIE—VERSATILITY

To me versatility and Katharine Hepburn are synonymous. How charmingly tomboyish she was in "Little Women!" How self-consciously lady-like in "Alice Adams." In "The Little Minister" she played to perfection the part of the wild, but lovable gypsy girl. With equal skill she played the more sophisticated, conventional rôles—witness "Break of Hearts" and "Morning Glory." And now, she is simply magnificent as the tragic queen in "Mary of Scotland."

Miss Hepburn's very human ups and downs, ("Sylvia Scarlett" was one of the latter) bring her even closer to her real fan friends.

M. JAMES, Chevy Chase, Md.

BOUQUETS TO A NEW COMER

I have just returned from "Rhythm on the Range," and it is only fitting that I throw a bouquet or two to Martha Raye for her superb entertainment. I found not only myself, but everyone at the performance, literally keeling over in the aisle at her every movement.

This film firmly establishes Martha Raye as an A-1 comedienne in the movies. I'm urging all my friends not to miss this newest bombshell of laughter and complimenting the motion pictures on their newest find.

MORRIS MEYER, Sapulpa, Oklahoma.

A TRIBUTE TO WILL ROGERS

At the time of the sorrowful tragedy which overtook the beloved Will Rogers, all of my fellow workers felt the same sentimental loss that took away a character we had all enjoyed and a man we had loved through a cinematic association.

During the course of our lamentations, I cut a small picture from the newspaper and stuck it up in a conspicuous place beneath the time clock in our workroom. To this day, every time my gaze meets the eyes of the portrait vivid fond memories of his pictures come to me.

Now a more worth-while picture occupies this hallowed space—Celestial Cowboy from the September PHOTOPLAY, to remind us of one of the truly great characters this country has produced,—Will Rogers

DANIEL V. WALKER, Oyster Bay, N. Y.

OBJECTION SUSTAINED

A great deal of criticism has recently been heaped upon the heads of the so-called "autograph hounds" and in the majority of cases not unjustly, for I too, object to the clothes-tearing mobs that dog the personal appearance of film celebrities but—There always has been and always will be a radical element in a crowd and it is this element that has caused critics to turn against all autograph collectors and say with vehemence "gone is the day when individuals collected autographs out of sheer admiration and respect for great achievement in acting."

Believe it or not, there are those of us in the United States who still follow this much criticised hobby with a deep sense of pride and quiet pleasure. Those who are truly interested in adding to their collections don't usually make themselves obtrusive or disagreeable, and in my opinion, any democratic star should be pleased to present such a person with his autograph.

At any rate, the screen writers might let up in the use of the word "all" in their harsh raillery of the collectors. Objection overruled?

MARY MCCURDY, San Antonio, Texas.

WITH OR WITHOUT

In a recent interview which appeared in "PHOTOPLAY" Dick Powell said "Without my voice I wouldn't last six months."

While Dick's singing voice has played a very important part in establishing him as one of our most popular stars, I cannot agree that it is the only thing outstanding he has to offer. In some of his most successful films, the music was incidental to the picture. His winning personality, natural acting, flair for light comedy and ability to thrill the gals of all ages would assure him a place in the Hollywood sun even if he couldn't sing a note.

MARIE DAILEY, Racine, Wis.

Bob Montgomery—Unhappy Playboy

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25]

idea that Bob's approach and reaction to anything and everything is spiritual rather than material.

I don't mean Bob cares not a hoot about accumulating hunks of Hollywood's slightly soiled lucre. He's as keen on it as the next one, but the material things money buys in Hollywood mean little to Bob Montgomery, or else he's keeping things from me.

He proved that when he moved out of one of those cherished mausoleum mansions, yearned for by every newcomer to the business, into what is frankly a tidy little cottage that is almost too snug, in its smallness, for the Montgomery household. Bob couldn't stomach the mansion business with all the swank and show and attending pomp. His Connecticut farmhouse is, to the amazement of Hollywood, just that. A farm house. On the soil about it, things grow. Not swimming pools and knotty pine bars, but real honest-to-goodness things.

HIS one indulgence is fine cars and even in that he clinches a bargain that leaves auto executives morbidly weeping alone in dark corners for days and days. It has got so down at the Cadillac agency that if a salesman spies him coming he yells, "Here comes Montgomery. Take to the cellars."

For all their cellar-taking, he emerges every time, mind you, victorious and triumphant in a new car at a bargain that paralyzes the car business for days on end. The business man Bob, you see, smug and happy.

His rôles, and especially in his last two or three pictures, are painfully distasteful to him and yet not one member of any cast or crew even heard the man whine or complain. He maintains such a jovial good-natured splendor that actors and actresses actually battle to get into his pictures—odorous or not odorous.

"After four pictures," Madge Evans wrote, "I still maintain he's the wittiest, the best natured and kindest actor I've ever known. And usually after four days of one picture, one knows the worst."

"He's generous. He invents bits of business for everyone in the cast but himself. He shoves people before the camera and gives every assistance in allowing them to steal scenes. I have more out and out fun on a Bob Montgomery picture than on any I make."

And this is, remember, not exactly a happy man concerning his work, yet he continually displays a splendid good sportsmanship while doing it.

He never hides behind stardom to indulge in petty privileges. Morning after morning finds him on that set at eight forty. Not nine or ten after or even nine thirty, but twenty minutes to. In fact, his promptness is such an accepted thing to those who work with him that when he, for the first time in his career, hadn't shown up one morning at ten to nine, they decided to fix him right. They turned on the red light outside the stage door and when Bob, detained by traffic, came rushing up, knowing his was the first scene, he stood transfixed by the red light. What scene could they be shooting? Had they rearranged the day's work? What had happened?

Outside for ten minutes they kept him fuming, fretting and fussing while inside, the crew chuckled in fiendish glee.

There are things, little touching, intimate

things, about the man that are never even dreamed of by those of us who think we know Montgomery.

There are, for instance, those long dreary nights when hour after hour he stands alone at a bedroom window waiting for sleep that will not come. At least two nights out of every week, while Hollywood sleeps, this man, who next day will cut caper after caper before a movie camera, stares, unable to sleep, from a window or reads the entire night through.

A few hours later finds him on a movie set as debonair, as refreshingly gay, as if he'd slept the clock round. Only a long fixed glance between him and his cameraman reveals the truth. Those shadows of sleeplessness must be camouflaged.

There's something else that somehow one just doesn't vision with the Montgomery we've been taught to believe in. It's a little girl, just three, who rides into the studios of a morning with a young and handsome man known as Bob Montgomery. The car pauses at the studio dressing room, there's a breathless moment when two chubby arms go round his neck, followed by a firm little kiss and a "goodbye Daddy."

They tell several little tales of Elizabeth and her daddy that are amusing.

It seems Mrs. Montgomery drove over to Culver City one day for a special toy for Elizabeth, and the two dropped into the studio and out onto the set where Bob was working. The little girl's eyes grew big as she looked all about her and then suddenly she spied Bob.

"Why Daddy whatever are you doing here?" she demanded.

It hadn't yet occurred to Elizabeth that daddy's office was a monstrous sound stage of lights and ropes, wires and scenery, actors and actresses all combined in the work of creating a make-believe world.

"Whatever are you doing here?" she wondered. Of all people, she seemed to say.

His close friends are the friends he made those six years ago when he left a New York stage for Hollywood. Eddie Nugent had a small part in one of Bob's pictures. Bob's still a real and true friend to Eddie. Chester Morris and Sue lived up the street a few doors. The years have only molded their acquaintance into a deep and abiding friendship.

HE doesn't ask or demand of his friends that they think as he does, believe as he does or even share his fondest passions, dreams and hobbies.

Reading (but the best books ever written) is a part of the Montgomery soul—horseback riding his greatest hobby. Yet Chester Morris cares little for either. It's enough for Bob Montgomery that when one's very heart lies cold and dead within him as one's own little child slips off into death, that a friend like Chet Morris stands by matching ache for ache, pain for pain.

He clutters up the Morris household like a pair of old shoes. Chet is just as liable to walk in his front door around noon time and there, in solitary grandeur on the back patio, is Bob Montgomery eating his lunch. "Stay for lunch," Bob will urge him. "Nice place here. Food's good, too. Sue, bring on another salad. That funny man's here again."

"A man in his own house," Chet pretends to grumble, "can't have a salad alone. Moochers



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all over the place," and the repartee of cracks and sallies between the two fairly shrivels the afternoon sunshine.

Let Chester date himself for an interview at home and there's Montgomery cramping his style, offering mortifying tidbits that leave both Chester and the interviewer limp.

And will he go home? Huh.

There's another Montgomery that one might call "the dressing room Montgomery."

He'll be sitting quietly in his corner chair reading "Cyrano de Bergerac" in the original French. Lovingly, almost tenderly, turning the pages of the story he loves. A mad stamping and a mild bellowing approaches, but not on horseback, of course.

"Your father is in Kansas City," the voice calls, reading some ridiculous lines of an old melodrama. "Your father—"

He fills the doorway now. Odd golf knickers, etching paraphernalia and all.

[T'S Lionel Barrymore. For an hour, the two will sit in the litter of Bob's dressing room talking. Books, etchings, music—and drama, ah, the drama of the stage! And then suddenly the two are off again on those ridiculous lines of "Your father is in Kansas City." Always, of course, accenting the Kan-sass City part of it. "Your father is in Kan-sass City."

Later that afternoon we may find him down the hall in Harpo Marx's dressing room. A low rumble of voices, with a word caught here and there, reveals that the discussion deals with composers, modern and classical. Snatches of beautiful melodies float out as an illustration of their argument.

Bob at the piano. Harpo at the harp.

Or it may be Muni, dried and yellow in his "Good Earth" make-up, who drops in for a united tirade against the bungling of Hollywood's methods—Bob's fondest subject.

I hasten like fury, at this point, to assert that with it all there is nothing highbrowish about Montgomery; not even slightly. He maintains a definite feeling with today's hotsytotsy and the modern merry-go-round of boy meet girl. In the midst of a cultural conversation, for instance, he can give a ribtickling good old give-and-take in answer to a telephone ribbing. His usual wind-up to any phone conversation is "Okel dokel."

"Okel dokel," he'll say and go back to his Thomas Mann.

He has a way of letting off repressed steam that's a lulu. It's a long, loud exhilarating howl.

I've heard it just three times in my life and each time I grew a dash grayer. Once the very air of the Beverly Hills Brown Derby was rent asunder by one of Bob's howls while he and Chet Morris sat at luncheon.

Chet never batted an eyelash. An old woman from Iowa and I will never be the same. Once again he gave to it on the set of his new picture, "Piccadilly Jim." And once while waiting a set call in his dressing room.

Mrs. Halstead has been his secretary exactly four years, working with him constantly. She is breathlessly waiting for the day Bob Montgomery will show one sign of rudeness or utter one word of blasphemy or even unkindness.

They plan having plum pudding that night for dinner, just to celebrate. True, he arrives some mornings in blue moods where not a word is exchanged between them. But, even then, he maintains a gentleness that penetrates the clouds of indigo.

If prizes were offered for the man or woman in Hollywood who best concealed boredom, actual devitalizing boredom, born of all the innumerable strangers, interviewers, fans he is

forced to meet, Montgomery would win it.

People, I am sorry to say, resent the man Montgomery. First, before they meet him; second, after they meet him.

They resent the devil-may-care, flimsy-tipsy Montgomery of the screen who can romp through hell and high water without a care in the world, while other people have toothache or sore feet. They confuse him with the screen Bob—and snort "nuts" to him and his confounded didoes, especially when their feet hurt worse.

They resent him even more after meeting him because his naturalness, his obvious breeding and quiet charm completely overwhelm them and reduce them forever to the ranks of rabid Montgomery fans.

People don't like to be done in like that. They resent it and openly feel Montgomery has let them down by being so doggoned swell.

He can't win.

He's outspoken, blunt, tactless of where and to whom he speaks his mind. What he has to say he says to the front office and the biggies sitting there. No complaining behind backs for Montgomery. He has crawled out the back door of more doghouses than any actor in Hollywood.

Madge Evans tells of her first experience with Montgomery's outspoken frankness. It was their first picture together and Madge had spent the entire time fixing a dreadful cupid's bow on her upper lip. At last Bob could stand it no longer. "Did you ever think of painting a setting sun between the bows?" he asked her. It hurt but it cured. She howls at the memory of it today.

His mind works fast. He makes quick decisions, and knows instantly every reason behind each decision. Of all the actors in Hollywood they choose Montgomery to head the Screen Guild.

"I've seen him just before he attended a Guild board meeting," Chester Morris said, "and he'd be like a kid acting up all over the place. Two minutes later he sat there as president of that board, serious, firm jawed, determined that the little fellow, the less successful actor, should have his just deserts.

"Montgomery didn't need that Guild. He was on top. But the little fellows did and he was there to see they got theirs."

HE'S no show-off. I've waited almost to the end to say it, and I repeat it. He never makes a splurge where it will be seen most. His gifts at Christmas time fail to touch, in cost and lavishness, the gifts that are bandied about among studio workers by other stars. And yet in between times, all unbeknown to anyone else, the hand of Bob Montgomery is at work. Extricating this one and that one from trouble, helping here and there.

"He went to the front office for me once," Sandy Roth, assistant director, said, "and saved my job for me. I'll never forget him for it."

Through three pictures he and Frank Morgan have maintained a constant game of backgammon. Morgan now owes Bob exactly nine dollars, only somehow Morgan has the confused idea Bob owes it to him. So a lot of good it does him to win.

He's a stubborn, ill behaved lad about still pictures. Won't, no sir, won't take them for anyone living. Or if he does he talks all the time they're being done and ruins practically all of them.

Studio photographers can think of other people they like better than Montgomery. Right offhand, too.

"You can go to Robert Montgomery with a

personal problem," a studio worker told me, "and wonder if after all it has found a sympathetic lodging. Maybe six months will pass, with Bob off to Europe or Connecticut or on a big production schedule, and with all his home ties, Guild meetings and heavens knows what in between, and then one day he'll turn to you out of a clear sky and say:

"How did your problem work out? I've been thinking about it and I think so and so should have happened."

"Of course, you know what it does to you," she said. "It brings a lump to the throat to think that he, a busy movie star of Hollywood, has remembered all those days and weeks and months."

Yes, there are high lights and low lights to the man Montgomery. The tragic death of his beloved little daughter has not dimmed that love for life and living that wells up in his eyes

and spills over in twinkles. He carries his scars like the gentleman he is.

There was his horse too, you know. His beloved "Det Lewis" who, due to carelessness on a groom's part, fell to his death. Bob flayed himself for trusting that groom and yet he carried his grief gallantly. Merely going over and over, quietly in his dressing room, the medals and ribbons Det had won.

He reads, he clowns, he works, he laughs, he thinks, he suffers, and he fights for the things he feels due him. A new type, a new kind of story, a chance to let the real Bob Montgomery have a turn on the screen.

In the meantime, he goes right on into those pictures, the ones he doesn't think due him, with chin up, head high, eyes twinkling because, perhaps, generations of gentlemen behind him have worn, as he does, the family crest on a ring on the little finger.

Facts of Hollywood Life

WEDDING BELLS

Irene Hervey and Allan Jones, at the bride's home in Beverly Hills.

Jean Chatburn, actress, to *Frank Orsatti*, Hollywood agent. Yuma.

LOVE OPTIONS

Lily Pons on *Andre Kostelanetz*, orchestra conductor and pianist.

Dr. Charles R. Parrish, prominent Los Angeles surgeon, on *Ann Meril*, Warner starlet.

Charlotte Henry on *George James Martin*, engineer with the Boulder Dam project.

Betty Wood, youthful screen dancer, on *George Scott Barnes*, *Joan Blondell's* ex. She'll be his sixth wife.

SPARKING

Elissa Landi and *Nino Martini* are saying very sweet things about each other.

Marian Marsh and *Al Scott*, former husband of *Colleen Moore*.

Rochelle Hudson and wealthy Chicago sportsman, *Quentin Smith*.

Marsha Hunt and *Dr. Gene Dyer*, dentist.

MARITAL SIGN-OFF

Leon Elbert Janney from *Jessica Pepper*, former Follies girl, on grounds of cruelty.

Judith Allen from her singing, boxer husband, *Jack Doyle*.

Celia Ryland, stage and screen actress, from *Ted Husing*, sports announcer.

GONE

James T. Murray, silent-day picture star, at New York. Accidentally drowned when he fell from North River pier.

Alan Crosland, 41, film director, from double pneumonia, following critical injuries suffered in automobile accident.

Stephen Roberts, 41, RKO film director, following heart attack.

GOOD MORNING, JUDGE

Kay Francis granted legal right to use of screen name, instead of *Katherine Gibbs Mielziner*.

Paramount files \$5,000,000 suit against *Sam Goldwyn* over *Gary Cooper's* new contract signed with Goldwyn.

Wendy Barrie filed voluntary bankruptcy petition. Ditto *Roscoe Ates*.

Joan Bennett asking legal change of her eight-year-old daughter's name from *Diana Bennett Fox* to *Diana Bennett Markey*.

Seena Owen entered general denial to *Lila Lee's* \$2500 recovery suit.

Grace Bradley being sued for *Eighteen Thousand Two Hundred Dollars* by Hollywood agent who claims breach of contract.

LITTLE BUNDLES FROM HEAVEN DEPARTMENT

A seven pound girl to *Mr. and Mrs. Larry "Buster" Crabbe*, Tuesday, July 14.

A boy to *Mr. and Mrs. Merian C. Cooper*. He is producer and director; she is *Dorothy Jordan*.

A daughter, *Jacqueline*, to screen actress *Molly O'Day* and her comedian husband, *Jack Durant*, at Cedars of Lebanon Hospital.

A girl to *Director Lewis Leiler* and wife, *Nettie Leiler*.

HITHER AND YON

Douglas Fairbanks and wife, *Lady Ashley*, have returned from a short visit in England. Trip was made because of illness of *Lady Ashley's* nephew.

The Spanish revolution could not stop *Madeline Carroll* and her husband, *Capt. Phillip Astley*, from sailing for the couple's newly acquired castle in Spain.

ODDS AND ENDS

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer was awarded the coveted Mussolini cup, given by the International Motion Picture Exhibition, held in Venice. "Anna Karenina" was judged the best picture of last year.

James Cagney signs to make pictures for Grand National, a new producing company with headquarters at Pathe Studios.

Percy Crosby's cartoon character "Skippy" will be animated for pictures. Released by United Artists.

Samuel Goldwyn released *Eddie Cantor* from his long term contract, when the comedian objected to long production delays.

Alice Brady, newly elected vice-president of the Tailwagger Foundation, plans to visit Washington during the winter and appear before congress in behalf of the Foundation's efforts to have dog stealing and dog poisoning declared a prison offense.



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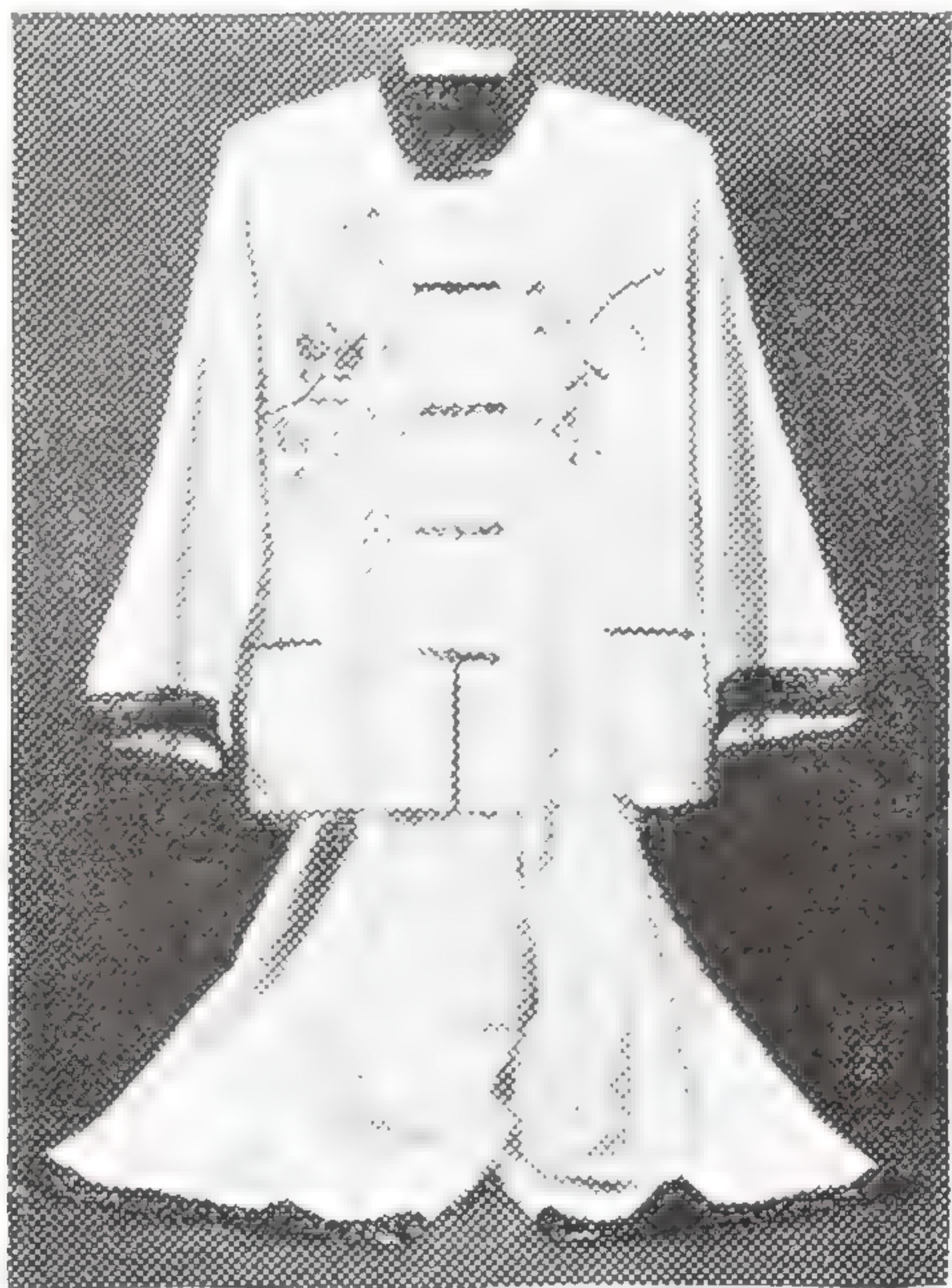
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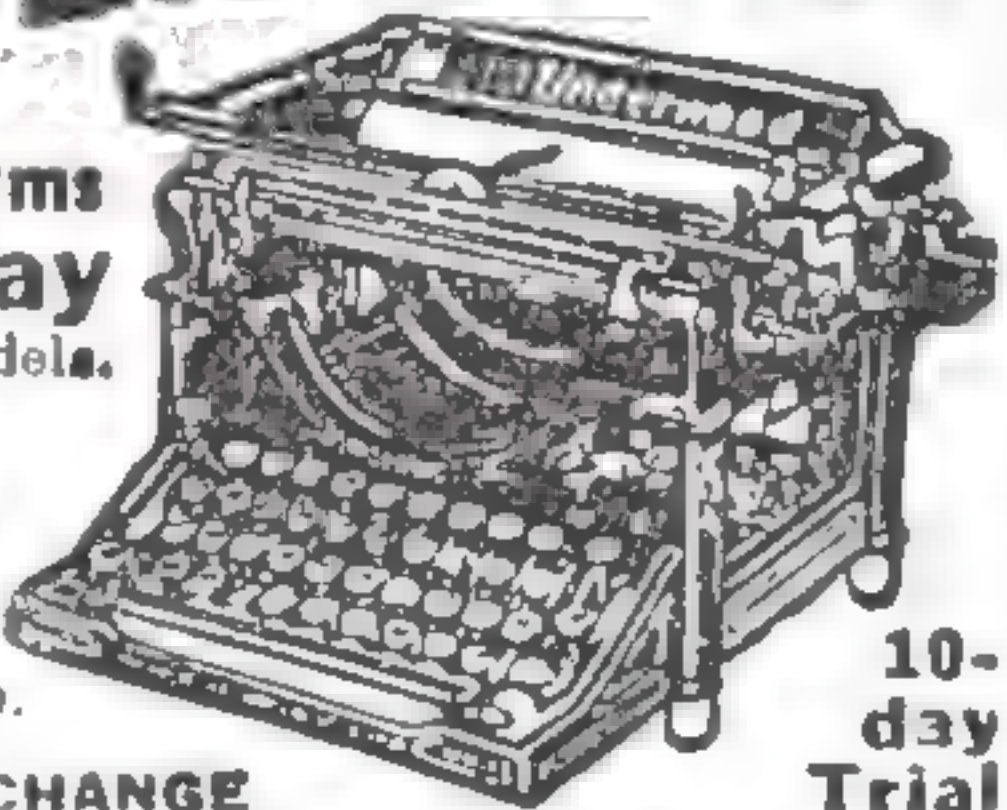
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Choir-boy in Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

His father taught him all he knew, the Welshman's hereditary knowledge of singing. There was another tutor in town who could help. But sooner or later Allan knew that to realize his dream he must leave Scranton and study—maybe abroad. And he knew that would take money—something with which coal mining Welsh families are not particularly blessed.

At eleven he got his first job—running an elevator in an office building. The few dollars he saved vanished with the expenses of starting high school. School was from eight to one o'clock. From one to six Allan became a messenger boy. He delivered clothes first, then valuables for a bank. Still it wasn't enough to keep him going and put those precious nickels and dimes in the savings bank, too. So he worked in the school cafeteria at noon and on Saturdays ran a concession at the high school games.

High school wasn't four years of fun for Allan Jones, as it is for most kids. But there was a thrill that the others didn't know—a thrill that came every time the teller marked another dollar in the savings book that was to help him be a great singer—some day.

Before he graduated from Scranton Central High School, Allan had worked as a chauffeur, a baker's helper on the night shift, a truck driver. Summers he spent in the mines, deep down below, sweating double shifts, sixteen hours a day—making the short months count for the pay was good in the mines—fifty cents an hour. His body was strong, and his shoulders were wide, and he worked with a joy and a feverish zeal, because graduation was near and his bank balance wasn't what it would need to be for the schooling he must have for his voice.

He graduated in February—a mid-term class. There wasn't enough in the bank yet. He went down into the mines again, double time when he could get it. Truck driving, chain bossing, running a steam shovel. Back breaking, sweat pouring labor. From early dawn past dusk.

But when September came around the little book showed \$1,500. And that was enough—what his father had never had—enough to break away from the mines and learn to sing, to really sing.

All the time he had sung on Sundays in the Scranton church. When he was sixteen he had journeyed to Philadelphia for the National "Eisteddfod," a singing contest held wherever Welshmen live. Allan had come back to Scranton with the first prize in his pocket and renewed faith in his heart.

WHEN you have planned something all your life and the time finally arrives, you often do the wrong thing.

Allan went in the fall to Syracuse University, to study music. He should have gone to New York City. He realized it after a short while and left. Manhattan is an expensive place. Fortunately the minister of his hometown church could help him. He arranged a scholarship at New York University, a job singing at the University Heights church and took Allan around to the studios of vocal maestros. Their courses were expensive. The \$1,500 wouldn't go far. One of them, Claude Warford, heard him sing.

"I'll teach you for nothing," he said. He did. For months he taught Allan all he knew. One day he said:

"You must go to Paris, to the National Opera. Felix Leroux can help you."



As Rembrandt van Rijn, 17th century Dutch painter, Charles Laughton brings another of his expert characterizations to the screen. It is produced by Alexander Korda's London Films. Gertrude Lawrence and Elsa Lanchester play opposite him

FRENCH GIRL MAKES GOOD

In November PHOTOPLAY begins the thrilling life story of one of the most thoroughly feminine and fascinating women on the screen—Claudette Colbert. Her history is as heart-warming and emotional as the velvet-eyed little French girl herself. Brought up in the cosmopolitan atmosphere of the Continent, at the age of six she was hurled into a cold and frightening new world—America. Her story reads like a novel, and it always spells "Romance." Read it and see for yourself in November

PHOTOPLAY

On the Newsstands October 10th



Allan's pile was badly melted.

"How much will it take?"

"About nine hundred dollars."

"I'll get the money," said Allan Jones.

He hadn't the faintest notion how. But he had always found a "how" somehow. That is the secret of Allan Jones' success story, hard work and the knack of doing something about his problems.

He went back to Scranton and announced a concert. All the music-loving Welshmen around those parts gathered to hear their boy sing. He raised \$1,100 that night.

He studied in Paris all summer with side trips to London for oratorio instruction under Sir Henry Wood.

He came back the next year to polish his French and study opera. The Deauville Opera company signed him as guest star.

One night in Deauville a French aristocrat, Raoul Duval, who had admired his singing in "Manon," invited Allan to his home.

"You will be going to Paris," he said, "you must call on my sister and myself."

Allan called. He was surprised that a sizable gathering was there to greet him. Several names he had heard before. Titles and nobility. One elderly woman seemed particularly interested in him. A Mrs. Armstrong.

"Well," she said, "what are you going to sing for me?"

"I haven't a program arranged," said Allan. "I didn't know—"

"What? You were going to sing for me without even arranging a program?"

The way she seemed to take charge of the situation rather nettled Allan. She told him where to stand, what to sing, how to act. Several times he was at the point of a sharp reply.

His friend Duval took him outside.

"I apologize," he said, "but I introduced her purposely as 'Mrs. Armstrong.' I thought you might be nervous, I wanted her to hear you. Her name is really Madame Melba."

For a long time Nellie Melba wrote Allan encouraging and helpful letters. She thought he had a future, and she was right.

He sang at the Philharmonic with Anna Case when he had just turned twenty-one, in Carnegie Hall, on the air with the NBC Light Opera Company, for recordings. He opened the new Rockefeller Memorial Church. His concert fees mounted. He couldn't get over the habit of hard work. His eyes were on the Metropolitan.

He had saved around \$17,000, and, like everyone else in those days, he seemed to be doubling it weekly in the stock market.

Then came the crash. It swept away his savings and changed the whole picture.

The future of opera was suddenly obscured.

It was a luxury which even New York couldn't afford. Allan had married and the responsibilities of a family were approaching.

When St. Bartholomew's church offered him \$3,000 a year to sing each Sunday, he snapped at the chance.

But he fretted until he could figure out a new tack to work on. The habit of work is a pernicious thing. When a man is used to it and loses it, he loses his reason for living.

Allan talked his plight over with himself and with his friends, including his old teacher, Claude Warford.

"You must learn to act," they told him, "as well as sing. That is your future now. It will mean work."

That was all the advice he needed. If it meant work he was all for it. A chance at the leading rôle in "Boccaccio" resulted in an artistic success but a dismal financial failure. But it led to a contract with the Shuberts and plenty of hard work.

Allan Jones spent all of his time from then until he came to Hollywood last year traveling in plays and operettas. One night stands, road tours, provincial engagements, municipal operas, even a state fair. "Floradora," "Bittersweet," "The Student Prince," "Showboat," "Blossom Time," "Cyrano."

His family broke up. He and his wife separated, she took his son with her. Work was all he had.

WHEN he first came to Hollywood, not quite a year ago, under contract to M-G-M, Allan Jones was miserable. There was nothing for him to do. His spirit touched a new low when they finally put him in a crooner's bit in "Reckless." He sang "Everything's Been Done Before," and the very words seemed a mocking jest.

Everything that had been done before—his years of toil in the mines, his frantic, desperately striving youth, his study, his resolutions and his denials—all of this had come to what?

A couple of days work crooning a popular ditty—then desolate idleness.

But of course that's the way in Hollywood. Utterly downcast one minute—riding the clouds the next

And how could he know that a crooner's bit would, in this strange place, hook onto a rising star? Not after long weary months of work—but right now?

Allan Jones thinks the world is a pretty much all right place now. He's working. He's been working ever since they picked him for "A Night at the Opera."

And it looks as if he'll be working for a long time to come.



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Sylvia Returns—to Restore You to Beauty

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65]

shudder to think of it, myself. She probably does too. That's why she keeps herself so physically fit. She knows the value of slenderness. And I want you to know it. When you realize it means health and beauty for you, you'll get busy.

While we're on the subject of hips let me warn you not to sit too much. Sitting is a spreader-outer. If you're out motoring, when the boy friend stops for gas, hop out of the car and take a walk. Walk down the road and let him overtake you when the car is finally refueled. If some gallant gentleman on the subway refuses to give you his seat, thank him kindly, and reach for the strap. He's doing you a favor, he's considering your hips. I know you're saying, "Gosh, Sylvia, I stand up all day. It just wears me down." Well, darlings, it isn't the fact that you're standing that wears you down. It's all that excess baggage you're carrying around that puts a strain on your poor feet. Lie on your back and put a hundred and thirty pound bag of meal on your tummy, and see how long you can stand it. Overweight in any position is a burden. And of course you don't help matters any with your eating. You'll run into a drugstore for lunch and order a "choc malt." and invariably the fatter the gal, the more strongly she'll shout that she wants a "double rich one." The fact that she can hardly get up on the stool doesn't matter, she's going to have that "choc malt."

All right, all right, business girls, it's your

turn now. I know that your complaint is, "I have to sit all day and that makes me spread." Well, the gentleman of the subway was meant especially for you. And here's something that should make you sit up and take notice. Sounds like I'm contradicting myself when I say, "you can reduce your hips, while you're sitting!" That ought to please you office workers. You can do this right at your desk: Sit up straight in your chair, legs outstretched and crossed at the ankles. Slyly drop a pencil on the floor, just under the chair on the right. Take a look, is the boss coming? No? O.K. Go ahead. Now bend over to the left and reach under the chair and pick up the pencil with the left hand. If you've placed it properly on the right side, you're going to have to reach to get it. That's what I want. You'll get a swell pull on the right side and flatten out that bump on top of the hip. At the same time on the left side, you're smashing off the other bump, by squeezing the flesh between the hip bone and the lower rib. Repeat on the other side. Keep your body well back against the back of the chair. In bending over and reaching under, go straight to the side. Even better, a little backward. Use the hand that's not reaching to balance yourself. Get the idea? Do this as many times during the day as you can. The nice part about it is, if the boss catches you, you don't have to fib when he asks you, "What's going on here?" Just smile sweetly and say, "Nothing, sir, I just dropped my pencil!"



Flying East for the opening of "The Road to Glory," June Lang made sure she had her PHOTOPLAY to read on the way. In New York she posed for Albert Stewart's new war Memorial, being the model for the war bride

And of course, darlings, the "choc malts" and "three-deckers" are out for you, too. I intended to give you all a general reducing diet this time, but I've got to do a lot of work on those muddy complexions, so if you want that general reducing diet in a hurry, just send for it. In the meantime, cut down on your starches and heavy gravies. Go easy on the puddings and rich pastries. Eat plenty of fresh fruit and vegetables, and unless you want to catch the dickens, do the exercises I've given you here.

Now for the complexion. Listen to me, children! If I catch another one of you squeezing blackheads or any other skin eruptions, I'm through with you! If you haven't any more respect for your poor faces than to bruise and mark them with such nonsense, then there's no reason for me to bother. You know as well as I do that those pimples come from the inside, caused by the rich, gooey foods that you cram into your system. If you pop them, they'll come back again unless you get busy and clear them up from the inside.

Of course you must give your skin the proper external care too. With all the creams and lotions on the market these days, there's no excuse for any of you not to shop around and find the cream that will do the work for you. Whatever it is, see that it cleanses deeply and keeps the skin well lubricated and soft.

Norma Shearer has one of the loveliest complexions in Hollywood. It's like peaches and cream. (Incidentally, she eats the peaches, but passes up the cream.) She never takes a chance with her complexion. She realizes what a valuable asset it is to a woman's beauty. You don't catch that gal taking all the natural oils out of her skin, by the beach frying process, or allowing dirt and stale powder to clog up the pores and cause blackheads. No sir!

Now I'm going to give you one of my most potent complexion diets. It's a special diet I created for Jean Harlow, and you can have a skin as clear as Jean's no matter what your natural tone, if you'll follow it.

First I want to tell you how to prepare some fruit juice that you must use. Do this. Without rinsing, cook a quart of raspberries or blackberries, currants, cherries or strawberries, in enough water to cover. When it begins to boil, remove from fire and put fruit in a cloth bag, let the juice drain through overnight.

NOW here's the diet: Once every month (during that difficult period), for at least three days, do this: drink a glass of the fruit juice mentioned above, first thing in the morning.

(If it is impossible to get the fresh fruit, substitute tomato juice.) Two hours later, drink a glass of skimmed milk, and another an hour before lunch. For lunch, have a bowl of fresh vegetable soup. Eat the vegetables. At two o'clock, a glass of skimmed milk, and at four, another. At dinner, vegetable soup again. Or for a change you can have beef broth with barley. At seven o'clock, skimmed milk again. And also at nine. Just before going to bed, drink a glass of grapefruit juice.

The liquid diet is for three days. The rest of the time, follow my reducing diet. Or you can change off and follow this: For breakfast: The juice of half a lemon in a glass of water. Any fresh fruit in season. Two thin slices of whole wheat toast, well done and thinly buttered. Black coffee. (No sugar.) At eleven o'clock have a glass of orange juice. Lunch: Any green salad. This is particularly good: Lettuce and tomato salad with two heaping tablespoonfuls of cottage cheese. (Lemon juice dressing.) A couple of rye wafers. Glass of skimmed milk or buttermilk. Four o'clock have a glass of tomato juice. Dinner: Plenty of celery. Clear soup. Any grilled or broiled meat. Cut off the fat. (No gravy.) Two green vegetables. Watercress, endive or lettuce for salad (little French dressing). Berries, sherbert, cup custard or fruit gelatine (no whipped cream) for dessert. Demitasse.

Remember, though, diet alone will not accomplish results correctly. Exercise alone will not do it. The two go hand in hand like a couple of happy kids.

My ideal for you is perfection, and I won't let you stop until you have it. You can make this winter the best one you've ever known if you start plugging now. Don't spare yourselves when you make an estimate. I don't spare you when I answer your questions, when I tell you how to improve yourselves. Besides mama here, you have only three friends who will tell you the brutal truth. Those three friends are your mirror, scales and your tape measure. Consult them. Consult me. I'll always give it to you straight from the shoulder.

Impeccable grooming is a sure way to good looks. Cosmetic requisites and where to buy them, the perfect home manicure—are ready for you now in our new leaflet "Autumn Faces Turn Fair" if you will send in a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Carolyn Van Wyck, Photoplay Magazine, 122 East 42nd Street, New York City.

All Hollywood's Playing This Game

There will come a night soon, mark our words, when you won't be able to find the "Monopoly" set, when there won't be 52 cards in any of the decks, when somebody's lost the dice and when everyone is sitting conveniently in a circle around your living room, thinking they should have gone to a show instead of coming here. So then what do you do?

You can do this. You hand out little pads of paper and pencils to everybody (there should be six or more), remarking brightly to their raised eyebrows that "we are going to play 'Questionbox, another new Hollywood game.'" It's very simple:

Everybody whispers a question to the person on his right—any darn question, the sillier the better—and he answers it, also in a whisper. You write on your pad the question you were asked, and the answer you were given; that's all you have to know when the game starts.

Not clear? Listen: there are in this room six

people, peculiarly named "A," "B," "C," "D," "E" and "F." "A" whispers to "B," "What would you do if you found yourself alone with a howling dog?" "B" titters back, "I'd leave him howl!" Then "B" asks his own original question of "C," "C" answers it, and so on around the circle. "B" scribbles down what "A" asked and what "C" answered—progressively every one else is doing the same thing.

Then you start. "A" asks "D" the question "A" got from "F." "D" replies with the answer he got from "E." And when the room has quieted down the others trade back and forth until everybody's had a chance to be funny. You have to adapt your answers to fit gender and circumstance, of course. If someone asks "A," "What would you do if you found your aunt in an open boat?" "A" would have to reply, "I'd leave *her* howl!"

But after awhile you'll learn to plan out the comedy in advance.

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The Private Life of Nelson Eddy

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73]

volume and range . . ." "—Nelson Eddy, as Amonasro, had an electrifying effect on the audience . . ." "—pulsated with the style and authority of the great artist, the artist who cannot be denied . . ."

The huge pounding drive wheels of locomotives would roar down the screen and give forth smoke and the impression of travel; you would somehow be made to know that this solemn youth had found his fame and his great success—almost his star. Not quite, of course; to most singers the honor of offering concerts under the baton of such conductors as Leopold Stokowski, Alexander Smallens, Fritz Reiner, Ossip Gabrilowitsch, Sir Hamilton Harty, Alfred Hertz, Eugene Ormandy, Albert Coates, Ottorino Respighi would be sufficient cause for smugness—but to Nelson it was still (and only) the route to a higher place.

HE sang to increasing applause, with the Philadelphia Orchestra, the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, the Los Angeles Symphony, the San Francisco Symphony, the Boston Symphony, the Detroit Symphony in concerts and oratorios. Radio discovered him . . .

And finally it was 1933, and Spring and the Los Angeles music season had opened with a blast of cellos, and Nelson had been signed for a concert at the Philharmonic. Movie people always have first advance reservations for every genuine musical event that reaches California, so that when he stepped on the stage for his opening song, ermine made white patches in the audience, and diamonds glittered there.

They didn't, as a matter of fact, impress Nelson terribly. He sang with natural ease, doing his best, not because he was appearing for Hollywood celebrities but because this was his profession and his cause. During an intermission a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio scout said to his guest, "That boy really has a remarkable voice."

"More than that," said the guest. "He's got distinction and personality and grace. Handsome, too."

"Looks like a natural," the scout said.

His friend nodded. "Looks like it."

The studio called the next day. Mr. Eddy would report at the Culver City plant at his earliest convenience, please, for a screen test; if he photographed well, the studio implied, Mr. Eddy might receive a contract.

"I'm not sure I want one," Nelson told the phone; and at the other end of the wire somebody fainted. He decided, anyway, to think about it.

AND you must know the rest of his story. You must know that of course his screen test was the most exciting that had hit Metro in years; that (in New York) Nelson signed a long term contract at a comparatively small salary, that after long months of waiting and wondering, during which he had time for a successful and remunerative concert tour, they told him he might, if he liked, sing one number in Crawford's "Dancing Lady."

America, stung with this hypodermic, reacted. It went home from its scattered theaters and sat down at its collective desk—wrote letters, and letters, and letters, and letters. So that the studio, impressed but still cautious, thought it safe to let this Voice loose in "Student Tour."

The fan mail tripled.

Nelson Eddy took a tremendous house in Beverly Hills, bought cars, engaged servants, and with his mother created the first genuine home they'd ever had.

Here, of course, is drama wrapped around with restraint, an unbelievable success story made believable when you have talked with Nelson for ten minutes. Because when you have heard his quiet, utterly assured voice in casual conversation, when you have watched his eyes reflect calmly the very definite philosophy he has worked out for himself, then suddenly you understand that if he had decided on the Presidency, as his goal, he would have started methodically and carefully on the political trail, and that eventually he would of necessity have been made President. To you, after ten minutes, it seems as simple as that.

When he signed the contract he found that, little as he cared for it, he couldn't just take the darn thing and sit on it. Not for a minute. That logical, analytical, purposeful mind began to grind relentlessly, his body, so used to work, cried out for effort; here, for the first time in his life, was a chance to flop in a figurative easy chair and during six months of every year—the time he allotted himself for pictures and Hollywood—to catch up on all the foolish pieces of life that left his pattern incomplete. Time for nonsense and corner tables and roller coasters and blue-hot bands and love.

So he apportioned his waking hours and began to study, as he always has and always must, the immediate problem on hand. He found out what makes a good screen actor and set about becoming one. He learned that there were many tricks in this trade and that among other things it would be good to know how to photograph better than anyone else in the same scene, how to measure up in a sequence with the other actors in it, how to talk and sing so that the sound track would give his voice all the range and resonance it deserved.

HE found out how to do these things, and did them. He bought a recording apparatus and practiced for hours in front of it. He pattered around in the developing plant and talked with cameramen; he went up into the sound booths and bothered the sound men; he watched masters of the picturemaking art at their work.

When Louis Mayer decided finally to take a chance, after all, and make a Victor Herbert piece called "Naughty Marietta," and use Nelson Eddy opposite Jeanette MacDonald—he was ready. He walked onto the set, this new-to-Hollywood young person, and without ostentation made a completely superior movie.

The fan mail, after that, reached uncountable proportions and caused the Culver City post office to add another man to its studio beat.

Nelson, without any sense of complacency, packed his bags and went off on a concert tour where he could be really happy.

We sat in the big playroom of his house and talked dispassionately about Nelson Eddy for two hours. He's not hard to take, if you understand him.

He has the easy knack of self-analysis and is unashamed of what he finds—so that in the end you get a clear, unaffected portrait of a young man who is happy and unhappy at the same time.

I'd heard that Nelson gives more of himself in an effort to please his public, in pictures and on his concert tours, than any other singer alive. The evening papers, one night last fall, stated succinctly that he had fainted suddenly in the close heat of a broadcasting station in New York—and when any human animal, as robust as Nelson, collapses simply from exhaustion, then it's pretty obvious how relentlessly the machinery has been pushing itself.

So I said, "What's all this about slaving on these appearances of yours? I've always thought it was by way of being a vacation, with a little singing on the side . . ." And got no further. His irritated voice drowned me out.

"Yeah," he said. "Merely four solid months of creaking trains and crushing crowds and concerts every other night and every available moment spent rehearsing and arranging for stopovers and signing autographs and squeezing in radio broadcasts and answering mail and trying to catch an hour or two of sleep once in a while. Want me to go on?"

"Yes."

" . . . And finding an evening that doesn't exist to try out a program on a small town audience, and going to dinners and studying scores at breakfast and howling down petulant stage managers and arranging for orchestras and talking with conductors and rehearsing with conductors and orchestras. And—"

"Oh, all right," I said finally.

"And then, of course," Nelson continued, "the other six months of my year are spent just lazying around Hollywood and making a movie. The program then is really simple. I get up at 5:30 (4:30 if it's a location day) and shower and do some exercises and grab breakfast and get to the studio a little before seven. Then make-up and costume, a half-hour to brush up on my lines, and an hour or two for interviews or conferences. If I'm not on the radio, I work at the set until six. If there's a broadcast coming up, I leave at 3:30, dash home, rehearse with my accompanist and then drive down to the network studio for the 5:30 hour, released in the East. There's usually time for dinner before I go on again at 8:30, and after that, if I feel nice and peppy, I go home and study the next day's script before going to bed. Otherwise I just go home and go to bed.

fore going to bed. Otherwise I just go home and go to bed.

"And the rest of the time I give parties and fall in and out of love."

"When?" I grinned.

"That's just it."

Be cynical if you like, but money really isn't the prime motive here—at least not so far as his motion picture contract is concerned. I'm betraying no confidence, because most of the film colony know it, when I remark to your astonished eyebrows that up to the time this article was written Nelson Eddy made only enough, from the Hollywood part of his career, to keep going a house, servants, secretary, accompanist and a couple of cars; Metro had never raised his salary, nor so much as allowed him a loan period, with other studios on their knees holding out wistful *curtains blanche*.

FROM his concert tours and from radio, Nelson told me, he garners his real income—from eight to ten thousand a week. It's only when his picture bosses say to him, "Why don't you give up this running around over the country singing in little jerk-water towns? Stay here and we'll raise your salary," that he needs must snort bitterly into his sheet music.

After all!

But during the last week or two the powers that be seem to have awakened from their stupor. They have called him into sanctums, they have waved expressive hands, they have mentioned sums of money.

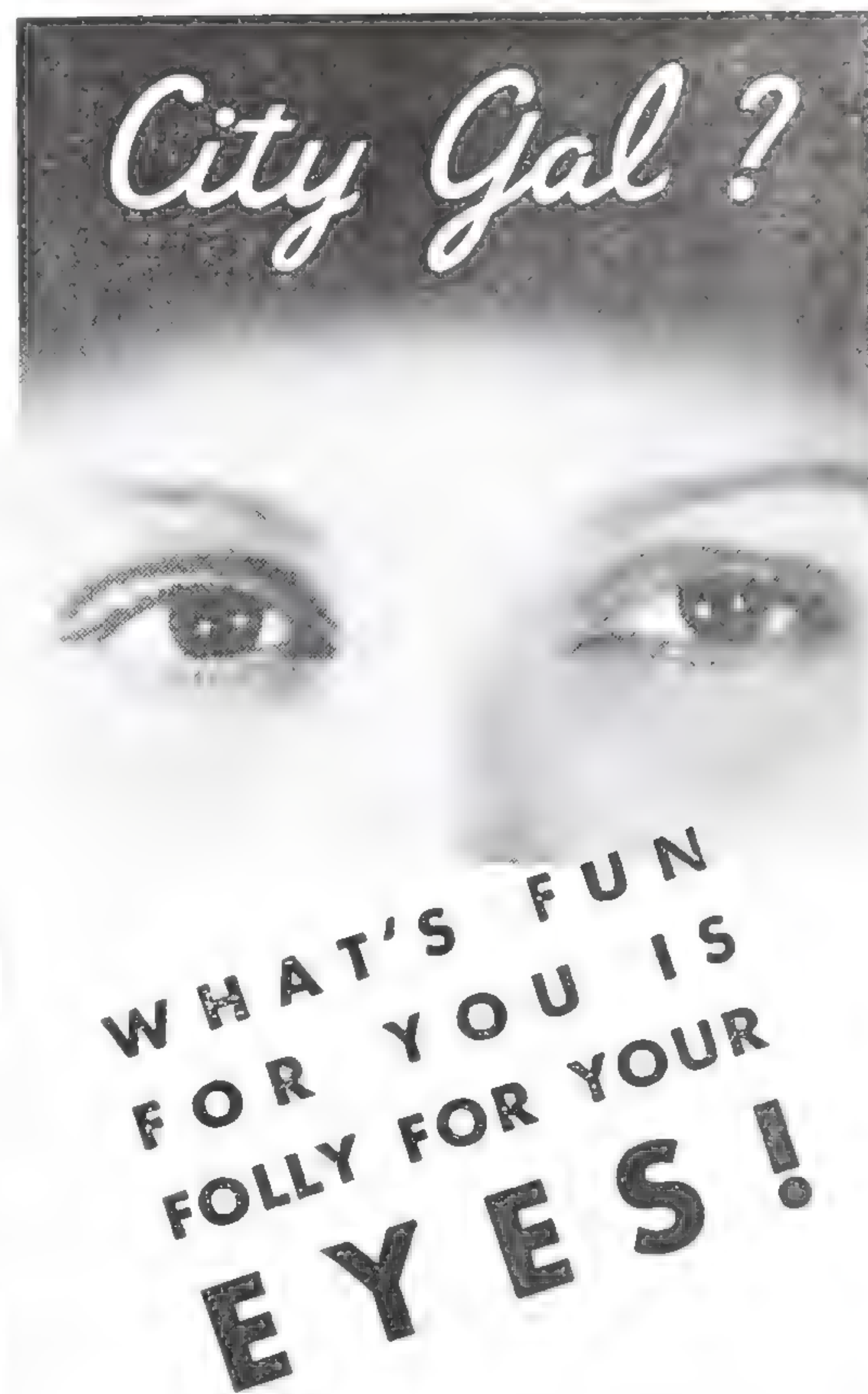
"So maybe I was wrong after all," he said, frowning a little. "Maybe I'll have to break my neck for the picture business just as I have for music—not that I wouldn't have anyway. That idealism of mine cropping up again."

"It'll suffocate you in this town," I told him, "if you stay here long enough."

He smiled. "A thing you've built your life on doesn't die in three years. And in three years I'll have money enough to thumb my nose at Hollywood and pictures. I'm pretty lucky, you see, because what I want from life and from the future, I'm in a position to have; not very many can say that."

"This future of yours—?" I hinted curiously.

"Well, it'll consist mostly of *real* singing."



EVERYBODY loves the excitement and gaiety of life in a big town. Nobody begrudges the extra time and trouble it takes to protect her skin from city life . . . the extra cosmetics she has to buy to smooth away tired lines and banish oily grime and dust . . . BUT—

Somebody is likely to forget that the same menaces from which she guards her face are *showing in her eyes*. That city nerves mean tired, drawn eyes . . . that dust, smoke, late hours cause lack-luster, strain, pink, unattractive edges which cosmetics cannot hide.

There's just one way to have and keep clear, shining eyes of beauty in the city. Get a big bottle of IBATH. Bathe your eyes with it at the same time you bathe your face . . . and just as frequently. This cool, soothing eye refreshment is a cosmetic and a beauty treatment for your eyes themselves . . . as well as a harmless physician's formula. 50c for the big blue bottle at local stores. Try it . . . and see the difference in your eyes!



Frank Lawton and his lovely wife, Evelyn Laye, outside the Lamaze just before they left for a vacation in England. With them is tall Brian Aherne, whose many admirers will be glad to hear he has been signed by Sam Goldwyn to appear opposite Merle Oberon in "Love Under Fire"

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He paused, trying to integrate his ideas into precise sentences. "I want to utilize my capacities—all of them—; I want to fulfill my destiny, whatever it is. There are always odd gaps in a man's personality and in his career. You fill those and discover new ones opening up. Concretely, I want to stay in this game until I'm rich enough not to have to worry, and then I'll go to Europe and join an unimportant little opera company and find out what music is. I'll sing the scores of the masters in the places where they were written and where they were meant to be played. And then I'll come back to America, and establish a home, and go into genuine opera—maybe the Metropolitan. They offer me a contract annually, and it would definitely round out my career, I think.

"I suppose in the last analysis, that what I want is to interpret American music to a receptive American people. I'll have justified myself if I can do that."

Sometime or other, if the gods are with him, he may find his great love and be married. Nelson, true to his almost unique type, is completely idealistic about that, too. And what the press and overambitious interviewers have done to him on this question of romance is an unhappy, moreover a vulgar, thing.

Because Nelson, being a healthy, normal young American, must somehow or other have found a little time in his methodical life for flirtations and infatuations—all of which he chooses to make his own private business. But being as clear of complexes as he is, quite naturally he wants marriage along with the other essential elements for his happiness.

This much is true; he holds within himself an inexorable burning, relentless quality made up of ambition and self-realization and serious purpose. Love, when it comes to him, must match this power and in a measure overshadow it.

Perhaps he wants a little too much from love—but that again has its basis in earlier environment and in his congenital qualities. He has watched, through the years, a succession of marriages in his family and among his friends go into tragic failure, with all the torment and unhappiness divorce carries in its wake. The quick and easy and frequently short Hollywood unions, then, seem a species of blasphemy against human idealism to him; it amounts, in his mind, to an obsession.

So that divorce must never find a place among his experiences. So that he will be pretty sure of himself and of his girl before he marries.

For the present he's a little at loose ends about the decision he must make between careers: Hollywood wants more of his time, and so do the concert agencies. In the end, of course, he must do what his public wants him to do—he must find his answer in your letters to him.

Wherefore your portrait of Nelson Eddy, and his life, is finished. I left him, finally, in that huge, beautiful house—content in his knowledge of himself, unafraid of life because he has completely mastered it, sure of the future and unregretful about the past. A great singer, and a thorough gentleman.

The End

How We Feel About Becoming Movie Stars

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

ON the other hand, if people say to me, "aren't you marvellous" just because I am a movie star, then they are lying unless, of course, I get to be marvellous and they are speaking the truth.

I would like being a movie star because I could go to see myself, and then some of my friends in Germany, Russia, Austria, England and France would see me. And it would be fun to imagine what they were saying about me. Also my ranch friends in Colorado and my school friends in Ridgefield, Conn. And then Miss Carroll, my teacher, if she thought I was good on the screen, would say, "it's not so bad about her being awful in arithmetic because she can do other things."

I like Flash Gordon on the screen better than in the funnies. His name is Buster Crabbe and he looks exactly like Flash Gordon in the funnies.

If I become a movie star, with the money I would learn to be a great dancer, learn my French and German and Russian, which I have forgotten, travel all over the world and be kind to poor children.

If I get to know any star children in Hollywood I'll treat them the same as any other children, and if they don't treat me the same as any other child I'll just ignore them.

When I meet the grown up stars I shall be interested to see if they look the same when they get out of bed in the morning as they look on the screen.

Fred Astaire looks the same on the screen as himself. I know because Richard, Johnnie and I have met him.

I should like to go around between the acts on a bicycle and a horse.

I would like to have one of every kind of animal living with me between the acts. And this might be possible because I would be in the movies and people wouldn't laugh at this. They'd say this went with being a star.

I suppose it would be nice being a star because it would be something new for a change. I suppose I shall have to go to school while learning to be a star and my life will be different, because Mamma says I have to rest a lot and go to bed earlier than usual and be a real lady. So I suppose life will begin for me at twelve which I shall be when I become *Emily* in "High Wind in Jamaica."

I shall be mean to the skipper as *Emily* in this picture, but in real life I shall be a friend, and all the mean things I do in this picture are supposed to teach a lesson to people who understand what this is about.

The people in the world who see this picture ought to remember that *Emily* then is really I, Patience.

By Richard:

RICHARD, wonder whether movie stars wear masks when they are acting. If they don't like my real face on the screen and ask me to wear a mask, I'll resign.

Papa used to work for PHOTOPLAY. He made the best pictures for PHOTOPLAY of the movie stars that were ever made in the world. He also made the best pictures of Charlie Chaplin that were ever made in the world.

I'd like to play in a cowboy picture because you can wear chaps, boots, a ten-gallon hat and a gun and have a horse. If the horse were black I'd call him Blacky. If he were white I'd call him Silver. If he were brown, I'd call him Brownie. If he were speckled I'd call him Spotty and if he were grey I'd call him Cloudy.

I am ten years old and my best wish is to be an expert bicycle rider. I would also like a car like Shirley Temple's with a real motor in it so I could ride around everywhere.

I hope they have sidewalks in Hollywood. We live up here on a mountain, the highest spot in Ridgefield. The roads are dirt and full of New England rocks and we can't ride a bike.

When we first came to Ridgefield one of these rocks broke my arm.

While my arm was broken and I was going to school with it in a plaster, I couldn't fight for myself, so Johnnie and Patience protected me. Once a guy made a swing at me. Then Johnnie made a swing at him and socked him in the jaw. Then this guy ran after Johnnie. Then Patience tripped this guy up with her foot. So when my arm got better I socked him myself so he never bothered me again.

In the Ridgefield school they call me Sauerkraut, Absorbine Jr., and Abbe.

When I go to Hollywood I want to meet Joe E. Brown. Mamma was in a play with him and she says he is a very nice man. I'd like to meet the boy who played the *White Angel*, too.

I like the idea of going to Hollywood because Mamma says there are a lot of bicycles out there.

A long time before I was born Mamma used to pick oranges off the trees in Capri, Italy. Now the next time she picks oranges off a tree she'll have me to help her because she hasn't picked oranges off of a tree from that time on.

When I was born I was bald-headed like Papa. But now I have lots of hair, so I don't think I shall look so funny on the screen as I would have when I was a baby.

By Johnnie:

THE reason why I, Johnnie, want to go to Hollywood is to ride a bicycle.

When we had the movie test, I wouldn't have minded so much if we had done the whole "High Wind in Jamaica" because then I would have known how we were going to do it in Hollywood. But they said you couldn't do it all in one day. But I thought they were going to do it all that day.

I think they are going to make me be

Johnnie in the picture. I get killed, but I come back to life, you bet, when I get finished being killed in the picture. When you are dead your eyes are open, so when I get killed I'll keep my eyes open, but I haven't learned to keep my eyes so they won't wriggle around when the camera is going.

I haven't any special idea whom I want to meet out there, but if I meet anyone it will be all right.

It would be a good idea if we lived on a ranch out there between the acts, and then in the acts being with the pirates on board ship would be a good change too.

I hope there will be some children to play with out there between the acts. I don't think I'd like to play with Shirley Temple because she is too young and besides she is a girl, although I like to see her in the pictures.

Richard says you are not a man until you are ten. I just had my birthday and am nine years old now. So we decided that makes me a child. So then Shirley Temple is still a baby and, therefore, too young to play with me.

When we lived in Europe we didn't go much to the cinemas but here in America we go whenever we get a chance. My favorite pictures are Mickey Mouse. I still hate the cinemas with love in them.

WHEN we were in Germany they wouldn't let children in to see gangster pictures or ones with love in them. But in America children can see any picture they want, even those where the ladies are always kissing the gentlemen. Richard hates love and so do I. We don't mind the gangster pictures or the mystery stories. But my favorite is still Mickey Mouse.

No one is going to make a sissy out of me out there. "High Wind in Jamaica" isn't a sissy picture. No one ever heard of a pirate being a sissy, and I, Johnnie, am supposed to get killed, although I won't really be, and if I were a sissy or they wanted to make a sissy out of me, they wouldn't want me to play that part.

I hope they have as good lollipops and vanilla ice cream cones out there as they do here.

I suppose it will be a lot of fun to go to Hollywood because we have never been there before, and since I have been promised a bicycle and we all like the idea of the pirates in "High Wind in Jamaica," and because John and Jerry Krinsky are good friends of mine, and because Mamma and Papa will be there, I guess everything will be all right.

Mike at Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49]

movie stars as long ago as 1928), told me later that she really should have known better than to have worried about Vic. "The bigger the star," she said, "the more scared he is about going up in front of that microphone. I have learned not to worry because I think nervousness at rehearsal is a good sign.

"I have worried about absent-minded stars. We had to keep all the doors guarded when we had Gregory Ratoff for a broadcast because he couldn't remember time. He wandered off at the most inopportune moments. Francis Lederer gave me a fright. Just as our program was to go on the air, I looked around and Francis was nowhere to be seen. Someone volunteered the information that he had gone clear downstairs for a drink of water.

I sent a boy after him who came back minus Francis. I verged on hysterics! A few seconds later Mr. Lederer appeared, not a bit nonplussed to see the rest of us gathered around the microphone. He took another long drink of the water he was carrying, and then just as it was time for his cue, and as I was dying another death, he calmly took his place.

"Mae West made her one and only appearance on the radio for me and put on a swell show. The script called for her to kiss Paul Cavanaugh. As you know, on the radio what you have to do is to make a sound like a kiss. Mae, at a distance of six feet from Paul, went through all the motions which would indicate extreme romantic fervor. She convulsed the audience. The applause drowned out her

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In November PHOTOPLAY—INEZ HAYNES IRWIN

—writes one of her most brilliant articles:

WHAT THE MOVIES ARE DOING TO OUR CHILDREN

For years this noted author has been studying the reactions of young people to the pictures. Here she brings her mature judgment to bear on this important question. Be sure to watch for her penetrating article.

dialogue and almost spoiled the show. But none of this disturbed Mae. Even when she dropped her script upon the floor, she calmly improvised.

Clark Gable is another who cannot be ruffled by radio. "After all, I work with a microphone every day at the studio," he says, "and there are always people watching me, so why should I feel strange in a broadcasting chamber. But—I don't think I'm really any good on the air. Why they pay me real dough is more than I know."

On the other hand, although he goes through a broadcast without manifesting the slightest nervousness, Lionel Barrymore bitterly resents working in front of an audience. He says: "I feel as if the person who sits watching me is no different from the fellow who peeps over your shoulder while you are reading a letter."

Bing Crosby absolutely refuses to have an audience. Only those actually having business there are permitted in the broadcasting chambers. But those few always see a swell show. Bing, who usually comes in dressed casually in flannel trousers and sweater as if he had just come from the golf course, invariably wears a cap or hat. Once Bob Burns bet the crooner he couldn't go through the broadcast hour without his headgear. He never had, pointed out Bob. He was just an old sissy depending upon a hat to give him poise.

Bing took that bet. Furthermore he hung his hat right on the side of the microphone where he could reach it. Several times unconsciously, he reached, too, but always he caught himself in the nick of time. To get even with Bob, he showed up next week with twelve different caps in twelve different bright colors—purple, red, blue, green, orange, etc.—which he kept alternately doffing and donning. He almost broke up his own show.

Joan Crawford took a big step toward conquering the actual terror she has of the microphone when she appeared with Franchot Tone in "Chained." On the Crosby hour, earlier in the season, she had almost fainted from fright and nervousness in the middle of the broadcast. Bing had to put his arm around her to steady her. But when they asked Franchot to do "Chained," she made up her mind she could and would broadcast in front of a real audience. "Chained" gave Franchot a big opportunity and it was up to her to help him. She went through the show like a Spartan though her knees shook so she had to play all her scenes sitting down.

A moment of real life drama occurred when Claudette Colbert and Norman Foster went on the Lux program in "The Barker." It was during the New York run of this show that they met, fell in love and were married. Since then, as you know, they have been divorced and each is now married to somebody else.

The radio executive who contracted Claudette for her appearance was a little puzzled how to bring up the subject of getting Norman for his original rôle. "Now, Miss Colbert," he began hesitatingly, "there is the question

of the juvenile. We," and then he stopped in embarrassment. "Don't be silly," Claudette said, "By all means get Norman."

But those who expected a dramatic moment when the two met were grievously disappointed. Nothing happened at all except that Norman and Claudette greeted each other like old friends.

"The Barker" was a last minute proposition. It was rushed in to replace "Viva Villa" with Wallace Beery and Stuart Erwin, which was cancelled suddenly, M-G-M giving out the story that the players couldn't be spared from their work. However, Hollywood radio gossip has it that exhibitor pressure on the studio forced the withdrawal of these stars. For you must know that a battle of considerable proportion is raging in Hollywood over the matter of star appearance on the air. Many exhibitors take the stand that these broadcasts hurt theater business, and more than a few studio executives not only agree but are more worried than they will admit about what they can do about the whole thing.

Discussion waxes strenuously pro and con, with a good deal to be said on both sides. Of course, one of the best arguments in favor of radio is advanced by the case of Sam Goldwyn and Eddie Cantor. Two years ago when Sam and Eddie were still good friends, Sam told the comedian if he didn't stay off the air he would be washed up in pictures in two years. That was two years ago, mind you, and Cantor's "Chute the Chutes" broke all preceding box-office records.

MORE movie actors in radio, and concentration of these major broadcasts on the West Coast, means, I suppose, more radio in the movies. So far, Paramount leads studios in putting other big stars on gelatin. It was Paramount, you remember, that signed Bing Crosby when he was just another crooner, and which has made pictures with Burns and Allen, Benny Baker, Jim Prentiss, Jack Benny and others in radio.

Now other studios are on the bandwagon. Radio has Parkycarcus, Patric "Henry Chil" Wilder, Georges Metaxa, an "Bess Meredith, star of "Winterset," who, like or not, used to be the "Red Davis" of a famous radio serial. Warner Bros. has the harp pin, Rudy Vallee, but Jimmy Melton, Jack Froman, and Al Jolson. Fox is exceedingly happy over its contracts with Dan Aykroyd and Alice Faye and has no regrets about the pictures it made with Fred Allen and Charles Winniger, nor will it over the Rita Hayworth. Metro has Frances Langford and Igor Gorkov and don't forget they gave Jack Benny his movie start.

Signing of these radio stars for pictures has been another factor in bringing radio to Hollywood. With radio-developed talent and movie glamour, all concentrated on the Coast, there have been no ifs, ands or buts about the move to the West. Hollywood will be the new capital of radio.

Schumann-Heink—Why Is She Neglected?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36]

read about her. Me? I have seen her. I was the daughter of an Army Officer, I was brought up well to understand etiquette, so I made a grand curtsy to the queen. But she lifted me up, and she kissed me on the cheek, and we talked—what did we talk about?—our children, as you and I have talked. She said, 'You are a mutter, too,' and I said, 'Yes, Majesty,' and then I sang for her and she gave me a beautiful little brooch. Iss nice, no?

"So, when I have fifty cents and there is no place in opera for me—I go into vaudeville. Why not? Take the work always that comes under your hand. Then you do not get soft. Softness I am afraid of—to indulge yourself. That is bad. That is why I always say my prayers every single night on my knees, so I won't go to sleep, because I am so healthy that the minute my head is on the pillow—I am asleep. So all my life, for seventy-five years, I say my prayers on my knees. In the trains, sometimes it is very hard. I am not little, no.

"WHEN I go into vaudeville, people—some people—are shocked. I, who have sung for Wagner at Bayreuth, at Covent Garden, at the Metropolitan—to be in vaudeville, like a jumping seal. I say, 'Vell, now is not Wagner at Bayreuth and now is no room for me in the Metropolitan, but vaudeville.' Perhaps, in my heart, I do not think much of it either. But there are many mouths to feed. And shall I tell you something?"

She leaned very close, still on the very edge of her chair, as though she could not settle back, as though she was too eager and too interested, and her bright brown eyes danced into mine, and she nodded her head and made a face at me, twisted her old face all up to show me just how important this was.

"Never haf I been so close to the people as in vaudeville. Never have I sung where they listen so goot, where I feel that when I sing they listen not with their ears only but with their hearts as well. You see? The voice—at seventy-five—it is perhaps not what it was at thirty. But I can sing—into their hearts—all my faith in the good Gott who has not deserted me ever in all these years, the rock from Gibraltar which always has stood under me and my children and my boys, my soldier boys.

"There is one thing I tell you now—and you should remember it, from Schumann-Heink. I gif it to you as Queen Victoria gave me the little brooch, because since I saw you, you work hard and have three such lovely babies. The home—there is for it no substitute. In the home shall be three things—a belief in Gott. Any Gott. I do not care that"—she snapped her fingers—"what you say for His name. But belief in Gott there must be. And love. Love that is kind. And Authority. Ah-ah—ah, that surprises you, eh? We speak not so much any more of authority. But it is something I haf learned in my so long and so splendid life. Love of life—joy—Gott—all these things must come under authority. To sing—to write—to work—to get all from life and love, we must work under authority, to control ourselves, to get the mcst, to make ourselves work.

"I wish I had known that more as I am younger. To do good—that is fine. We should help others. I am grateful, as you see me today, your old friend after all these years,

for security now, security to work—grateful for the great responsibilities—for motherhood.

"I will tell you a little story. When I first came in America from Germany—a long time ago—I met soon a famous prima donna, already the idol of the people in America. Very beautiful—young—und such a voice! So she was kind to me, because I am a stranger and also a contralto, but when I speak of my children, of which I already have many, she throws up her hands and she says 'Ach, above everything else, you must say nothing from your children. Nothing. Keep them way in the back of the grounds, do not admit you have any children. People do not wish to think of a prima donna as one who has children. She must be without such things as family—she must be exciting and glamorous—' and a lot of other words which I have now forgotten. Well, I got mad! I said, 'If they will not have in this country my children, I will go home again. But I do not believe you. I know this country not so well, but I know people. I know the heart of people. I do not believe they will not be glad that I have nice children. They will love me more.' And I was right. Mein Gott in Himmel, I made my début in America just four weeks before George was born. But with a German prima donna, they did not notice." And suddenly she roared with laughter.

"No, there are many loves in this world. The greatest of all is mother-love. They would rather have had that from me than that I should be something else. Sometimes now I think women think so much of sex they forget other loves. What made me able, in the war, when I gave my own sons to America and one of them died for this land that is now mine, what made me able to sing for my boys?

"What gave me the courage, the very morning after Will Rogers, that great and good man, was killed in an airplane, to get on an airplane right away and go to Chicago? My love for my American Legion boys. And when I got there, at my age, an old woman of seventy-five, what made me able to stand up on the—what you call it in the front from the engine—the cow catch him—and while we parade the street with the locomotive, to sing."

She leaped to her feet, she flung her hand up as though it had a flag in it, and out in a great rich flood, golden and beautiful rolled: "It's a long way to Tipperary, It's a long way to go—"

She sang it through, while I sat and cried as I cried when I heard it sung as our boys went down the Avenue, back in 1917. And she wasn't old, and she wasn't young, and I knew what made her sing it like that on the locomotive, and why it took the tears out of my heart and poured them down my cheeks in a hot flood.

The mother-love Schumann-Heink has for the world. It sings in her voice, as it sings in her heart.

As, I know, it will shine from the screen and maybe, for the first time, replace that mother-love once given us all by a woman who never bore a child, Marie Dressler. And loving Marie the way I did, treasuring more than anything man or woman ever said to me the fact that Marie used to say I was one of the daughters she never had but always wanted, I can't say a grander thing than that of—the screen's great discovery, Madame Ernestine Schumann-Heink.

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6]

HIGH TENSION—20th Century-Fox.—A swaggering he-man, Brian Donlevy, who knows his job but not his women, transforms his piano-playing pal Norman Foster into a first class sea-diving engineer. Hotsy-totsy entertainment from start to finish. (Aug.)

HUMAN CARGO—20th Century-Fox.—Brian Donlevy and Claire Trevor give robust performances in an exciting exposé of the alien-smuggling racket. He is a reporter; she an heiress turned sob-sister. Good. (July)

★ **IT'S LOVE AGAIN**—GB.—Britain's dancing star, Jessie Mathews, in a charming, breezy, tuneful and witty musical comedy involving an ambitious chorus girl and two gossip columnists who hoax the public and help her to stardom. Robert Young, Sonnie Hale, all the cast is excellent. Don't miss this. (July)

LAST OUTLAW, THE — RKO-Radio.—This story of an old time safe-cracker who tracks down a young bandit, Tom Tyler, sets a snappy new high for Westerns. Hoot Gibson, Margaret Callahan, and Henry Walthall bring you romance, fun and drama. (Aug.)

LOVE BEGINS AT TWENTY—First National.—A domestic comedy cut on old-fashioned lines. Hugh Herbert very funny as the henpecked husband who turns on his boss and his wife to help daughter Patricia Ellis marry her choice. Good cast. (Aug.)

MISTER CINDERELLA—M-G-M.—Silly but amusing farce about an ambitious barber, Jack Haley, who palms himself off as a rich playboy. Betty Furness is his debutante sweetie. Arthur Treacher is fun. (Sept.)

★ **M'LISS**—RKO-Radio.—Anne Shirley gives a strong performance in this Bret Hartle classic. As the spunky daughter of an old miner, Guy Kibbee, she fights her way to happiness with schoolteacher John Beal. Sweet and sentimental. (Sept.)

★ **MY GAY GODFREY**—Universal.—A mad and gay picture sparkling with humor depicting the rehabilitation of a "forgotten man" by a dizzy rich girl. Bill Powell and Carole Lombard divide honors in the title rôle ably assisted by Alice Brady, Eugene Pallette and Gail Patrick. See this by all means. (Aug.)

NAVY BORN — Republic.—William Gargan, Douglas Fowley and William Newell decide to keep their dead friend's baby from the clutches of scheming Claire Dodd. Clever performances keep up the interest. (Aug.)

★ **NINE DAYS A QUEEN**—GB.—The tragic story of *Lady Jane Grey* in line for succession to the English throne after the death of Henry VIII. Cedric Hardwicke splendid as the *Earl of Warwick*, Nova Pilbeam lovely as *Lady Jane*. To Desmond Tester go top honors as the little King. Superb cast, adroit direction. See this by all means. (Sept.)

NOBODY'S FOOL—Universal.—Laughs from start to finish with Edward Everett Horton as the innocent lamb in a flock of real estate racketeers. He defeats the schemers and wins flippant Glenda Farrell. Cesar Romero deserves praise too. (Aug.)

★ **ONE RAINY AFTERNOON**—Pickford-Lasky.—Romantic, frivolous, Continental little farce with Francis Lederer kissing the wrong girl and finding out later she is the right girl. Hugh Herbert, Roland Young, Donald Meek add to the sparkle. You'll like it. (July)

OUR RELATIONS — M-G-M.—Those crazy comics, Laurel and Hardy pile up laughs by getting into mixups with an identical pair of twins. Sidney Toler and Alan Hale help the frenzy of fun. Swell. (Sept.)

PALM SPRINGS—Wanger.—Frances Langford's songs are not enough to lift this poor story and poorer dialogue to entertainment. As the smart daughter of a gambler she spends her time declining proposals. (Aug.)

PAROLE—Universal.—A vigorous and timely exposé of the parole system. Newcomers Harry Hunter and Ann Preston should catch your interest. (Aug.)

★ **PEPPER**—20th Century-Fox.—A Jane Withers' laugh riot. She vamps Irvin S. Cobb into helping a poor widow, pays him back by persuading his daughter not to marry a bogus count, Ivan Lebedeff. Slim Summerville aids in the comedy. For the whole family. (Sept.)

★ **POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL**—20th Century-Fox.—Shirley Temple singing and dancing delightfully as a motherless runaway adopted by a dance team. The entire cast, which includes Gloria Stuart, Michael Whalen, Alice Faye, Jack Haley, is swell. Not a dull moment. (July)

★ **POPPY**—Paramount.—W. C. Fields as a carnival barker, skips through an ordinary story leaving a trail of chuckles. Rochelle

Hudson scores as his daughter, and Richard Cromwell is an ideal small town beau. Be sure and see it. (Aug.)

PRINCESS COMES ACROSS, THE—Paramount.—Carole Lombard as a Swedish Princess, and Fred MacMurray, a band leader with a past, get involved in love, murder and detectives in a sprightly and hilarious mystery on an ocean liner. Carole's imitation of Garbo is immense. You'll like it. (July)

PRIVATE NUMBER—20th Century-Fox.—Just about the nicest romantic sequences ever help this wilted story ("Common Clay" in modern clothes). Robert Taylor and Loretta Young marry secretly as she is a maid in his rich household. Basil Rathbone causes trouble. You'll like it. (Aug.)

PUBLIC ENEMY'S WIFE—Warners.—Cesar Romero as Public Enemy No. 1 who doesn't want his former wife, Margaret Lindsay, to marry G-man Pat O'Brien. Romero too sinister, O'Brien too uninterested. Better skip. (Sept.)

RED WAGON—Alliance-British International.—Charles Bickford is a bareback rider who marries the wrong girl. A nice family picture, suitable for children. (July)

★ **ROAD TO GLORY, THE**—20th Century-Fox.—A magnificent war story of tragic fighting, loving, dying, existing on the French front. Fredric March and Warner Baxter have a war within a war for love of June Lang. Lionel Barrymore and Gregory Ratoff give superb performances. Beautifully directed and produced, this is unforgettable. Don't miss it. (Aug.)

★ **ROMEO AND JULET**—M-G-M.—Shakespeare's classic love story produced with accuracy and lavishness. Norma Shearer's *Juliet* is lyrically beautiful. Leslie Howard superb as *Romeo*. Basil Rathbone, John Barrymore, Ralph Forbes, Edna May Oliver all add to the excellence of the outstanding picture of the year. No version has ever surpassed this one for sheer physical beauty. Not to be missed under any circumstances. (Sept.)

★ **SAN FRANCISCO**—M-G-M.—Out of a story of a tough Barbary Coast cafe owner, a beautiful singer and a priest, W. S. Van Dyke has constructed an epic. Clark Gable superb; Jeanette MacDonald's lovely voice allowed full range, and the earthquake sequence will knock you out of your seat. You must see it. (Sept.)

★ **SECRET AGENT**—GB.—A fast moving and dramatic tale of love and espionage in war torn Europe directed with sophistication and finesse by Alfred Hitchcock (of "39 Steps"). John Gielgud, Madeleine Carroll, Peter Lorre and Robert Young are splendid. Adult entertainment. (Aug.)

★ **SEVEN SINNERS**—GB.—A compact and high-tensioned murder melodrama with Eddie Lowe and Constance Cummings. Eddie hits the trail of a murderer in Europe and uncovers a munitions racket. Sensational railroad scenes. You'll like it. (Sept.)

★ **SHOWBOAT**—Universal.—The perennially charming Mississippi river story, superlatively produced and studded with stars. Irene Dunne simply enchanting as Magnolia; Paul Robeson magnificent; Alan Jones, Helen Morgan, Charles Winninger, Helen Westley, all contribute their best. On your "must see" list. (July)

SINGING COMEDY, THE—Republic.—An up to date Western with an extra kick in the way of television. Gene Autry gathers his pals together for a radio program to get money for an operation on his bosses' daughter. Lots of exciting gun play when Lon Chaney, Jr., musses up the works. (July)

★ **SINS OF MAN**—20th Century-Fox.—Sordid and dreary but tremendously dramatic. Jean Hersholt is superb as a modern Job whose faith in Providence is finally justified. Don Ameche, a new-comer, who plays both sons, is a real find. Be sure and see it. (July)

★ **SONS O' GUNS**—Warners.—A riotous comedy with a flock of laughs. Joe E. Brown at his funny best as a pacifist becoming involved in a spy ring. He has girl trouble with Joan Blondell. Beverly Roberts and Wini Shaw. Mad and amusing. (July)

SPECIAL INVESTIGATOR — RKO-Radio.—Average entertainment with Richard Dix as a criminal mouth-piece turned G-Man to revenge his murdered brother. He rounds up a gang of gold thieves, gets Margaret Callahan. Erik Rhodes helps. (July)

SPEED—M-G-M.—Love makes the wheels go 'round in this tale of a youth who seeks to prove his carburetor invention at Indianapolis. James Stewart is warmly human; Wendy Barrie is his heartbeat; Ted Healy is funny. Exciting races. (July)

★ **SPENDTHRIFT**—Wanger-Paramount.—Grand fun with Henry Fonda as a penniless millionaire sportsman who marries conniving Mary Brian, discovers his mistake and Pat Paterson simultaneously. A swell evening for everybody. (Aug.)

SWORN ENEMY—M-G-M.—A convincing story of a young attorney who swears vengeance on the racketeers who killed his brother. Acting honors go to Robert Young, Florence Rice and Joseph Calleia. Worthwhile. (Sept.)

SUZY—M-G-M.—Three fine stars absolutely wasted on a muddled war story. Jean Harlow marries Franchot Tone, then marries Cary Grant believing Franchot murdered. She finds Grant involved with Benita Hume; Franchot comes back to life. (Sept.)

THE ARIZONA RAIDERS—Paramount.—A bang up Western with Larry Crabbe and partner Raymond Hatton aiding an elopement and rescuing Marsha Hunt from a crooked lawyer, Grant Withers. Nice riding. (Sept.)

THE BRIDE WALKS OUT—RKO-Radio.—Barbara Stanwyck and Gene Raymond in an entertaining bit of froth about the troubles of the young married. Robert Young steals her romantic interest and yours too. Gags are good. (Sept.)

THE LAST JOURNEY—Twickenham.—Plenty of excitement in this thriller. An engineer goes mad piloting the London Express. Adequate English cast. If you like an old-fashioned action picture, here it is. (Sept.)

★ **THE KING STEPS OUT**—Columbia.—Grace Moore's unforgettable voice in a charming and witty picture. She plays a country princess who tracks down Emperor Franchot Tone. Walter Connolly is excellent. You'll recapture your illusions. (Aug.)

THE RETURN OF SOPHIE LANG—Paramount.—The famous blonde thief (Gertrude Michael) whom everyone thought dead, returns to life, reformed. Sir Guy Standing is a suave bandit; Ray Milland an enterprising reporter who fixes things, gets Gertrude. Entertaining. (Sept.)

★ **THE WHITE ANGEL**—First National.—The beautiful and stirring story of *Florence Nightingale*. Kay Francis warm and human as the English

nurse whose humanitarian ideals brought hope and comfort to the war-tortured hospitals of the Crimea and changed the nursing standards of the world. The whole cast is splendid. Don't miss it. (Aug.)

THREE CHEERS FOR LOVE—Paramount.—An amateurish production built around the hackneyed school amateur show idea. Eleanor Whitney's dancing and Gordon and Revel's music is good, the rest is juvenile. (Sept.)

THREE WISE GUYS—M-G-M.—Pleasant little story of playboy Robert Young's attempt to support his wife, Betty Furness, a reformed crook. Bruce Cabot and Raymond Walburn are effective. (July)

TROUBLE FOR TWO—M-G-M.—Despite the fine cast this film based on Stevenson's "Suicide Club" gets nowhere with preposterous situations. Bob Montgomery is a prince who refuses to marry his family's choice (Rosalind Russell); changes his mind. (Aug.)

TWO AGAINST THE WORLD—Warners.—An acquitted murderess is put on trial twenty years later by a muck raking newspaper. Bad material, poor direction, uninspired dialogue, mediocre performances. We spare the cast. (July)

★ **UNDER TWO FLAGS**—20th Century-Fox.—Breath-taking spectacle of adventure, love and jealousy in the Foreign Legion with Claudette Colbert, Ronald Colman, Victor McLaglen and Rosalind Russell. Go to see this positively. (July)

WE WENT TO COLLEGE—M-G-M.—Don't waste your time on this old-home-week festival. Una Merkel is the only bright spot as she attempts to re-capture a lost love and another woman's husband. (Sept.)

WHITE FANG—20th Century-Fox.—Jack London's mellerdrammer of love, adventure and treachery in the Alaskan gold fields. The dog, Lightning, gets tangled in the affairs of Michael Whalen and Jean Muir. Send the children. (Sept.)

WOMEN ARE TROUBLE—M-G-M.—Stuart Erwin, Paul Kelly and Errol Taggart's direction pulls a neat comedy out of a grey haired story. Kitty McHugh convincing as a gunman's moll; Florence Rice authentically a cub reporter. You'll like it. (Aug.)

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The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

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Casts of Current Pictures

"BACK TO NATURE"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Based on the characters created by Katharine Kavanaugh. Original screen play by Robert Ellis and Helen Logan. Directed by James Tinling. The cast: Mr. Jones, Jed Prouty; Bonnie Jones, Shirley Deane; Mabel, Dixie Dunbar; Tom Williams, Tony Martin; Mrs. Jones, Spring Byington; Jack Jones, Kenneth Howell; Roger Jones, George Ernest; Lucy Jones, June Carlson; Granny Jones, Florence Roberts; and Bobby Jones, Billy Mahan.

"CAIN AND MABEL"—WARNERS.—From the story by H. C. Witwer. Screen play by Laird Doyle. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. The cast: Mabel O'Dare, Marion Davies; Reilly, Roscoe Karns; Jake Sherman, Walter Catlett; Pop Walters, Wm. Collier, Sr.; Aunt Mimi, Ruth Donnelly; Toddy, Pert Kelton; Cafe Proprietor, Robert Middlemass; Reed's Manager, Joseph Crehan; Larry Cain, Clark Gable; Ronny Cauldwell, David Lally; Milo, Hobart Cavanaugh; Dodo, Allen Jenkins; Charles Fendwick, E. E. Clive; The Old Maid, Eily Malyon; Joe Reed, Allen Pomeroy.

"CHINA CLIPPER"—FIRST NATIONAL-WARNERS.—Screen play by Frank Wead. Directed by Raymond Enright. The cast: Dave Logan, Pat O'Brien; Jean Logan, Beverly Roberts; Tom Collins, Ross Alexander; Hap Stuart, Humphrey Bogart; Sunny Avery, Marie Wilson; Dad Brunn, Henry B. Walthall; Mother Brunn, Ruth Robinson; B. C. Hill, Addison Richards; Jim Horn, Joseph Crehan; Bill Andrews, Alexander Cross; Dept. of Commerce Inspector, Kenneth Harlan; and Mr. Pierson, Joseph King.

"FOLLOW YOUR HEART"—REPUBLIC.—Story based on idea by Dana Burnet. Screen play by Lester Cole, Nathaniel West, and Samuel Ornitz. Directed by Aubrey Scotto. The cast: Marian Forrester, Marion Talley; Michael Williams, Michael Bartlett; Henri Forrester, Nigel Bruce; Tony, Luis Alberni; Madam Bovard, Henrietta Crozman; Gloria, Vivienne Osborne; Shelton, Walter Catlett; Specialty Dancer, Eunice Healy; Ben Blue, Ben Blue; Tommy Forrester, Mickey Rentschler; Narrison Beecher, John Eldredge; Louise, Margaret Irving; Mr. Nawks, Si Jenks; Mrs. Plunkett, Josephine Whittell; Choir Leader, Clarence Muse; and Hall Johnson Choir.

"GENTLEMAN FROM LOUISIANA, THE"—REPUBLIC.—Original story by Jerry Chodorov and Bert Granet. Additional Dialogue by Lee Freeman. Screen play by Gordon Rigby and Joseph Fields. Directed by Irving Pichel. The cast: Tod Mason, Edward Quillan; Deacon Devlin, Charles Chic Sale; Linda Costigan, Charlotte Henry; Fay Costigan, Marjorie Gatenon; Baltimore, John Miljan; Roger Leland, Pierre Watkin; Diamond Jim Brady, Charles Wilson; Lillian Russell, Ruth Gillette; Chief Steward, Holmes Herbert; Steve Brodie, Matt McHugh; John L. Sullivan, John Kelly; Moran, Arthur Wanzer; Hadley, Snub Pollard.

"GIRLS' DORMITORY"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—From a play by Ladislaus Fodor. Screen play by Gene Markey. The cast: Dr. Stephen Dominik, Herbert Marshall; Prof. Anna Mathe, Ruth Chatterton; Marie Claudel, Simone Simon; Prof. Augusta Wimmer, Constance Collier; Dr. Spindler, J. Edward Bromberg; Luisa, Dixie Dunbar; Toni, John Qualen; Fritz, Shirley Deane; Count Vallais, Tyrone Power, Jr.; Dr. Hoffenreich, Frank Reicher; Dr. Wilfinger, George Hassell; Dora, Lynne Berkeley; Greta, June Storey; Forester, Christian Rub; Prof. Emma Kern, Rita Gould; Prof. Josephine Penz, Lillian West; and Prof. Clotilde Federa, Symona Boniface.

"GORGEOUS HUSSY, THE"—M-G-M.—From a story by Samuel Hopkins Adams. Screen play by Ainsworth Morgan and Stephen Morehouse Avery. Directed by Clarence Brown. The cast: Peggy O'Neal, Joan Crawford; Bow Timberlake, Robert Taylor; Andrew Jackson, Lionel Barrymore; John Eaton, Franchot Tone; John Randolph, Melvyn Douglas; Rowdy Dow, James Stewart; Mrs. Beall, Alison Skipworth; Sunderland, Louis Calhern; Rachel Jackson, Beulah Bondi; Cuthbert, Melville Cooper; Daniel Webster, Sidney Toler; Major O'Neal, Gene Lockhart; Sarah Pearson, Phoebe Foster; Louise Abbot, Clara Blandick; John C. Calhoun, Frank Conroy; Maybelle, Nydia Westman; Martin Van Buren, Charles Trowbridge; Secretary Ingham, Willard Robertson; Frau Oxenrider, Greta Meyer; Mrs. Bellamy, Ruby De Remer; Mrs. Wainwright, Betty Blythe; and Horatius, Snowflake.

"GRAND JURY"—RKO-RADIO.—Based on the story by James Edward Grant and Thomas Lennon. Screen play by Joseph A. Fields and Philip G. Epstein. Directed by Albert S. Rogell. The cast: Commodore Taylor, Fred Stone; Steve O'Donnell, Owen Davis, Jr.; Edith Taylor, Louise Latimer; Bolyguard, Morona Olson; John Taylor, Frank M. Thomas; Joe Britt, Guinn Williams; Charles Evans, Harry Beresford; Hanify, Russell Hicks; Sullivan, Harry Jans; Walters, Robert Emmett Keane; Chief Brady, Robert Middlemass; Martha, Margaret Armstrong; Editor, Charles Wilson; Otto, Billy Gilbert; District Attorney, Robert Fiske; Barnes, Billy Arnold; Whalen, Harvey Clark; Stroble, Thomas E. Jackson; Officer Burke, Edward Gargan; Marshmallow, Stymie Beard; Mrs. Evans, Brenda Fowler; Evans' Son, Edward Price;

Red, George Lloyd; Mitch, Mattie Fain; Benny, Harry Bowen; Postman, John Beck; Clerks, J. C. Fowler and Sid Jarvis; Reporters, Frank Marlow, John Tyrell, Jack Gardner, Paddy O'Flynn, and Don Roberts; Mr. Blatt, Henry Rocquemore; Bailiff, R. Powell; Policeman, William Norton Bailey; Surgeon, Tom Curran; Grand Juror, Frank Hamilton; Tom, Curley Wright; Porter, R. T. Tamm; and Police Sergeant, Frank O'Connor.

"HIS BROTHER'S WIFE"—M-G-M.—From the original story by George Auerbach. Screen play by Leon Gordon and John Meehan. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke. The cast: Rita, Barbara Stanwyck; Chris, Robert Taylor; Professor Fahrenheit, Jean Hersholt; Fish-Eye, Joseph Calleia; Tom, John Eldredge; Dr. Claybourne, Samuel S. Hinds; Clara, Phyllis Clare; Pete, Leonard Mudie; Bill Arnold, Jed Prouty; Dr. Capolo, Pedro de Cordoba; Captain Tanelz, Fafael Corio; Winters, William Stack; and Charlie, Edgar Edwards.

"HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD"—PARAMOUNT.—Based on a story by Faith Thomas. Screen play by Marguerite Roberts. Directed by Robert Florey. The cast: John Blakeford, John Halliday; Patricia Blakeford, Marsha Hunt; Jay Winthrop, Robert Cummings; Jordan Winslow, C. Henry Gordon; Alice Winslow, Frieda Inescort; Flora, Esther Ralston; Martha, Esther Dale; Betty, Betty Compson; Director, Maurice Costello; Partner in Publishing Co., Bryant Washburn; Sheik, Roy d'Arcy; Director, Francis X. Bushman; Sanford, Albert Conti; Master of Ceremonies, Herbert Rawlinson; and Producer, Purnell Pratt.

"I'D GIVE MY LIFE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the play "The Noose" by H. H. Van Loan and Willard Mack. Screen play by George O'Neil. Directed by Edwin L. Marin. The cast: Governor John Bancroft, Sir Guy Standing; Mary Reyburn, Frances Drake; Nickie Elkins, Tom Brown; Governor's wife, Janet Beecher; Buck Gordon, Robert Gleckler; Mrs. Bancroft, Sr., Helen Lowell; Conly, Paul Hurst; Warden, Charles C. Wilson; Attorney Chase, Charles Richman; Doyle, Tom Jackson; Cicardi, Charles Judels; Powell, Robert Elliott; Judge, William Burress; Craig, Corbett Morris; Dave, Franklin Parker; and Jockey, James Eagles.

"LADY BE CAREFUL"—PARAMOUNT.—Based on a story by Kenyon Nicholson and Charles Robinson. Screen play by Dorothy Parker. Directed by J. T. Reed. The cast: Dud Dynamite, Lew Ayres; Billie, Mary Carlisle; Jake, Larry Crabbe; Barney, Benny Baker; Lieut. Loomis, Grant Withers; Herb, Jack Chapin; Alice, Josephine McKim; Bernice, Wilma Francis; Tim, Nick Lukats; Falher, Purnell Pratt; Girls in Sailboat, Terry Ray, Louise Stanley, and Irene Bennett; Sailor, Henry Arthur; Sailor, John Morley; Marie, Barbara Koshade; Toad, Paul Barrett; Texas, Wesley Barry.

"MARY OF SCOTLAND"—RKO-RADIO.—Based on a play by Maxwell Anderson. Screen play by Dudley Nichols. Directed by John Ford. The cast: Mary Stuart, Katharine Hepburn; Bothwell, Fredric March; Elizabeth Tudor, Florence Eldridge; Darnley, Douglas Walton; Rizzio, John Carradine; Morton, Robert Barrat; Leicester, Gavin Muir; Moray, Ian Keith; John Knox, Moroni Olson; Ruthven, William Stack; Randolph, Ralph Forbes; Throckmorton, Alan Mowbray; Mary Beaton, Frieda Inescort; Huntly, Donald Crisp; Lindsay, David Torrence; Mary Livingston Molly, Lamont; Mary Fleming, Anita Colby; Mary Seton, Jean Fenwick; Burghley, Lionel Pape; Donal, Alec Craig; Nurse, Mary Gordon; Messenger, Monte Blue; Maitland, Leonard Mudie; Arian, Brandon Hurst; Lexington, Wilfred Lucas; Kirkcaldy, D'Arcy Corrigan; Douglas, Frank Baker; Faudoncie, Cyril McLaglen; Fisherman's Wife, Doris Lloyd; Sir Francis Knollys, Robert Warwick; Judges, Murray Kinnell, Lawrence Grant, Ivan Simpson, Nigel de Brulier, and Barlowe Yorland; Walsingham, Walter Bryon; Sergeant-at-Arms, Wyndham Standing; Earl Kent, Earle Foxe; du Croche, Paul McAllister; Fisherman, Lionel Belmore; Fisherman, Gaston Glass; and Nobleman, Neil Fitzgerald.

"MY AMERICAN WIFE"—PARAMOUNT.—Based on a story by Elmer Davis. Screen play by Edith Fitzgerald and Virginia Van Upp. Directed by Harold Young. The cast: Count Ferdinand von und zu Reidenach, Francis Lederer; Mary Cantillon, Ann Sothern; Mrs. Robert Cantillon, Billie Burke; Lay Cantillon, Fred Stone; Adolph, Ernest Cossart; Robert Cantillon, Grant Mitchell; Vincent, Hal K. Dawson; Stephen, Adrian Morris; Stephen's wife, Dora Clement; Butler, Montague Shaw; Footman, William Wagner; Announcer, Dale Armstrong; and Old Times, Buck Connors.

"PICCADILLY JIM"—M-G-M.—From the book by P. G. Wodehouse. Screen play by Charles Brackett and Edwin Knopf. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard. The cast: Jim Crocker, Robert Montgomery; Mr. Crocker, Frank Morgan; Ann Chester, Madge Evans; Bayliss, Eric Blore; Eugenia, Billie Burke; Macon, Robert Benchley; Lord Priory, Ralph Forbes; Nesta Pett, Cora Witherspoon; Ogden Pett, Tommy Bupp; Paducah, Aileen Pringle; Herbert Pett, Grant Mitchell; Editor, E. E. Clive; Taxi-Driver, Billy Bevan; and Mrs. Brede, Grayce Hampton.

"POSTAL INSPECTOR"—UNIVERSAL.—Story by Robert Presnell and Horace McCoy. Screen play by Horace McCoy. Directed by Otto Brower. The cast: Bill Davis, Ricardo Cortez; Connie Larrimore, Patricia Ellis; Benez, Bela Lugosi; Charlie Davis, Michael Loring; Butch, David Oliver; Pottle, Wallis Clark; Richards, Arthur Loft; Evans, Guy Usher; Roach, William Hall; Deborah, Hattie McDaniel; Stewardess, Marla Shelton; Pilot, Robert Davis; Copilot, Henry Hunter; Boy, Billy Burrud; and Ritter, Harry Beresford.

"RHYTHM ON THE RANGE"—PARAMOUNT.—Original story by Mervin J. Houser. Screen Play by Walter DeLeon, Francis Martin, John C. Moffitt, and Sidney Salkow. Directed by Norman Taurog. The cast: Jeff Larabee, Bing Crosby; Doris Halloway, Frances Farmer; Buck, Bob Burns; Robert E. Howard, Samuel S. Hinds; Big Brain, Warren Hymer; Penelope Ryland, Lucille Webster Gleason; Shorty, George E. Stone; Emma, Martha Raye; Wabash, James Burke; Announcer, Irving Bacon; Field Judge, Eddie Waller; and Constance Nyde, Martha Sleeper.

"SING, BABY, SING"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Based on a story by Milton Sperling and Jack Yellen. Screen play by Milton Sperling, Jack Yellen, and Harry Tugend. Directed by Sidney Lanfield. The cast: Joan Warren, Alice Faye; Bruce Farraday, Adolphe Menjou; Nicky, Gregory Ratoff; Al Craven, Ted Healy; Fitz, Patsy Kelly; Ted Blake, Michael Whalen; Ritz Brothers, Themselves; Robert Wilson, Montagu Love; Telephone Operator, Dixie Dunbar; Mac, Douglas Fowley; Tony Renaldo, Tony Martin; Farraday's Nurse, Virginia Field; Brewster, Paul Stanton; Doctor, Paul McVey; Tessie, Carol Tevis; and Joe, Cully Richards.

"SON COMES HOME, A"—PARAMOUNT.—Story by Harry Ervey. Screen play by Sylvia Thalberg. Directed by E. A. Dupont. The cast: Mary Grady, Mary Boland; Jo, Julie Haydon; Denny, Donald Woods; Steve, Wallace Ford; Detective Kennedy, Roger Imhof; Brennan, Anthony Nace; Effie Wimple, Gertrude W. Hoffman; Essie Wimple, Eleanor Wesselhoft; Prosecutor, Charles Middleton; District Attorney, Thomas Jackson; Gasoline Station Owner, John Wray; Sheriff, Robert Middlemass; Proprietor, Lee Kohlmar; Blayden, Herbert Rawlinson; and Nurse, Ann Evers.

"STAGE STRUCK"—WARNERS.—Based on a story by Robert Lord. Screen play by Tom Buckingham and Pat Slick. Directed by Busby Berkeley. The cast: George Randall, Dick Powell; Ruth Williams, Jeanne Madden; Mrs. Randall, Spring Byington; Gilmore, Craig Reynolds; Oscar, Johnnie Arthur; Toots O'Connor, Lulu McConnell; Wayne, Hobart Cavanaugh; Yvonne, Libby Taylor; Cooper, Van Stanton; Peggy Revere, Joan Blondell; Sid, Frank McHugh; Harris, Warren William; Yacht Club Boys, Grace, Carol Hughes; Dr. Stanley, Thomas Pogue; Heywood, Andrew Tombes; Mrs. Cassidy, Mary Gordon; and Marley, Ernie Stanton.

"STAR FOR A NIGHT"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Based on the play "Die Heilige Luege" by Karin Michaelis. Screen play by Frances Hyland and Saul Elkins. Directed by Lewis Seiler. The cast: Nina Lind, Claire Trevor; Mrs. Lind, Jane Darwell; Mamie, Arline Judge; Anna Lind, Evelyn Venable; Dr. Spellmeyer, J. Edward Bromberg; Fritz Lind, Dean Jagger; James Dunning, Alan Dinehart; Ellen, Joyce Compton; Mildred, Susan Fleming; Katharine Lind, Adrienne Marden; Dr. Holmkin, Frank Reicher; Paul Lind, Dickie Walters; Eddie, Chick Chandler; Josephine Lang, Astrid Allwyn; and Hattie, Hattie McDaniels.

"STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER"—PARAMOUNT.—From a story by Lucian Cary. Screen play by Madeleine Ruthven. Directed by Stuart Heisler. The cast: Curt Hayden, Ralph Bellamy; Gail Pyne, Katherine Locke; Johnny Hayden, David Holt; J. W. Pyne, Andy Clyde; James McBride, Purnell Pratt; Mr. Wendt, Onslow Stevens; Fly, Chick Chandler; Mr. Blake, Rollo Lloyd; "Baldy," Burt Hanlon; "Trigger" Benson, Paul Fix; "Trim," Noel Madison; Reporter, Jack Mulhall; Secretary, Jeanne Perkins; Police Chief, Russell Hicks; Detective, Ben Taggart; Nurse, Ann Evers; Judge, Mr. Ingram; Court Clerk, Pat O'Malley; and Court Sienographer, Mel Epstein.

"TO MARY—WITH LOVE"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Story by Richard Sherman. Screen play by Richard Sherman and Howard Ellis Smith. Directed by John Cromwell. The cast: Jock Wallace, Warner Baxter; Mary Wallace, Myrna Loy; Bill Nallam, Ian Hunter; Kitty Brant, Claire Trevor; Irene, Jean Dixon; Sloan Potter, Pat Somerset; Switchboard Nurse, Helen Brown; Doctors, Wedgewood Nowell and Harold Foshay; Drunk, Paul Hurst; Guests, Franklin Pangborn and Tylor Brooke; Bartender, Arthur Aylesworth; Salesgirl, Florence Lake; Butler, Edward Cooper; and Nurses, Margaret Fielding and Ruth Clifford.

"TWO IN A CROWD"—UNIVERSAL.—Based on a story by Lewis R. Foster. Screen play by Lewis R. Foster, Doris Malloy, and E. E. Paramore. Directed by Alfred E. Green. The cast: Julia Wayne, Joan Bennett; Larry Stevens, Joel McCrea; Skeeler, Elisha Cook, Jr.; Lillie, Alison Skipworth; Anthony, Reginald Denny; Toscani, Henry Armetta; Jonesy, Andy Clyde; Flynn, Nat Pendleton; Bennett, Donald Meek; Tony Bonelli, Bradley Page; The Lawson Girl, Barbara Rogers; Chet, Billy Burrud; Purdy, John Hamilton; Brock, Tyler Brooke; Ralston, Douglas Wood; Kennedy, Milburn Stone; Guard, Frank Layton; Bartender, Robert Hurphy; Taxi Driver, Matt McHugh; and Policeman, Ed Gargan.

"WALKING ON AIR"—RKO-RADIO.—Story by Francis M. Cockrell. Screen play by Bert Kalmar, Harry Ruby, Viola Brothers, Shore and Rian James. Directed by Joseph Santley. The cast: Pete, Gene Raymond; Kil, Ann Sothorn; Evelyn, Jessie Ralph; Mr. Bennett, Henry Stephenson; Joe, Gordon Jones; Tom Quinlan, George Meeker; Flo Quinlan, Maxine Jennings; Fred Randolph, Alan Curtis; Ex-Mrs. Randolph, Anity Colby; Reception Girl, Patricia Wilder; Albert, George Andre Beranger; Butler, Charles Coleman; Judge, A. S. Byron; Station Attendant, Frank Jenks; Orchestra Leader, Manny Harmon; Thompson, Arthur Hoyt; Sponsors, Robert Graves, J. Maurice Sullivan, Jack Rice; K.A.R.B. Announcer, Fred Santley.

"YOURS FOR THE ASKING"—PARAMOUNT.—From a story by William R. Lipman and William H. Wright. Screen play by Philip MacDonald, Eve Greene and Harlan Ware. Directed by Alexander Hall. The cast: Johnny Lamb, George Raft; Lucille Sulton, Dolores Costello Barrymore; Gert Malloy, Ida Lupino; Dictionary McKinny, Reginald Owen; Saratoga, James Gleason; Honeysuckle, Lynne Overman; Perry Barnes, Richard "Skeets" Gallagher; Bicarbonate, Edgar Kennedy; Slick Doran, Robert Gleckler; Henchman, Louis Natheaux; Henchman, Keith Daniels; Mr. Crenshaw, Walter Walker; Clark Bering, Huntley Gordon; O'Rourke, Ralph Remley; Belcner, Richard Powell, and Society women, Betty Blythe and Olive Tell.



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Honeymooning in Hollywood with her husband, Captain Rohde, Ruth Bryan Owen was given a reception by her son, John Bryan and Helen Ferguson. Top, the host, Basil Rathbone, the hostess, Jean Hersholt. Lower, Gene Raymond, Fay Wray, "Madame Minister" Dolores Del Rio and Jeanette MacDonald

Addresses of the Stars

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

Paramount Studios

Jimmy Allen
Henry Arthur
Benny Baker
Smith Ballew
George Barbier
Paul Barrett
Bennie Bartlett
Irene Bennett
Louise Bennett
Mary Boland
Veda Ann Borg
Grace Bradley
Olympie Bradna
Tom Brown
Burns and Allen
Claudette Colbert
Gary Cooper
Ernest Cossart
Larry Crabbe
Bing Crosby
Robert Cummings
Louis DaPron
Jill Deen
Katherine DeMille
Marlene Dietrich
Johnny Downs
Frances Drake
Mary Ellis
Glenn Erikson
Ann Evers
Frances Farmer
W. C. Fields
Robert Fiske
Frank Forest
Wilma Francis
William Frawley
Cary Grant
Porter Hall
John Halliday
Julie Haydon
Betty Holt
David Holt

Wolfe Hopper
Ra Hould
John Howard
Marsha Hunt
Dean Jagger
Roscoe Karns
Rosalind Keith
Marten Lamont
Billy Lee
Baby LeRoy
Carole Lombard
Nick Lukats
Ida Lupino
Fred MacMurray
Sally Martin
Gertrude Michael
Ray Milland
John Morley
Jack Oakie
Lynne Overman
Gail Patrick
Elizabeth Patterson
Jeanne Perkins
Charles Quigley
George Raft
Jane Rhodes
Charlie Ruggles
Elizabeth Russell
Randolph Scott
Gail Sheridan
Alison Skipworth
Sir Guy Standing
Mildred Stone
Louise Stuart
Gladys Swarthout
Akim Tamiroff
Colin Tapley
Kent Taylor
Terry Walker
Virginia Weidler
Mae West
Eleanore Whitney

20th-Century-Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave.

Astrid Allwyn
Lynn Bari
Monna Barrie
Warner Baxter
Thomas Beck
Mary Blackwood
John Boles
Esther Brodole
J. Edward Bromberg
Spring Byington
Delma Byron
Julie Cabanne
June Carlson
John Carradine
Julie Carter
Irvin S. Cobb
Ronald Colman
Jane Darwell
Shirley Deane
Dorothy Dearing
Frances Dee
Alan Dinehart
Brian Donlevy
Dixie Dunbar
George Ernest
Alice Faye
Stepin Fetchit
Virginia Field
Francis Ford
Pauline Frederick
Janet Gaynor
Sara Haden
Jack Haley
Phillipa Hilber
Kenneth Howell
Rochelle Hudson
Arline Judge
Keye Luke
June Lang

Wilfred Lawson
William Mahan
Fredric March
John J. McGuire
Victor McLaglen
Paul McVey
Sonya Mitchell
Gavin Muir
Warner Oland
Maxine Reiner
Muriel Robert
Florence Roberts
Gilbert Roland
Geneva Sawyer
Charles A. Sellen
Simone Simon
Paxton Sisters
Paul Stanton
William Stelling
June Storey
Gloria Stuart
Slim Summerville
Fred Sylva
Charles Tannen
Julius Tannen
Shirley Temple
Anita Thompson
Lawrence Tibbett
Arthur Treacher
Edward Trevor
Claire Trevor
Fred Wallace
Marion Weldon
Michael Whalen
Charles Winninger
Jane Withers
Helen Wood
Loretta Young

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St.

Robert Allen
Richard Arlen
Jean Arthur
Mary Astor
Lew Ayres
George Bancroft
Michael Bantlett
Ralph Bellamy
Wyrley Birch
Nana Bryant
Leo Carrillo
Andy Clyde
Monty Collins
Walter Connolly
Jean Dixon
Melvyn Douglas
Douglass Dumbrille
Bill Gargan
Edith Fellows
Thurston Hall
Victor Kilian

Beth Marion
Marian Marsh
Ken Maynard
George McKay
Thomas Mitchell
Henry Mollison
Grace Moore
Gene Morgan
Lloyd Nolan
Cecilia Parker
Joan Perry
Arthur Rankin
Florence Rice
Elizabeth Risdon
Lionel Stander
Charles Starrett
Three Stooges
Martha Tilletts
Raymond Walburn
Fay Wray

Walter Wanger Productions, General Service Studio, 1040 North Las Palmas Ave., Hollywood

Alan Baxter
Joan Bennett
Charles Boyer
Madeline Carroll
Peggy Conklin

Henry Fonda
Frances Langford
Walter Pidgeon
Sylvia Sidney

RKO-Radio Pictures, 780 Gower Street

Walter Abel
Heather Angel
John Arledge
Fred Astaire
Lucille Ball
John Beal
Willie Best
Eric Blore
Helen Broderick
Margaret Callahan
John Carroll
Anita Colby
Alan Curtis
Owen Davis, Jr.
Joan Davis
Maureen Delany
Richard Dix
Robert Donat
Doris Dudley
Preston Foster
Helen Gahagan
James Gleason
Betty Grable
Margot Grahame
Jane Hamilton
Ann Harding
Katharine Hepburn

Harriet Hilliard
Harriet Hoctor
Harry Jans
Maxine Jennings
Molly Lamont
Louise Latimer
Herbert Marshall
Tony Martin
Ray Mayer
Burgess Meredith
Victor Moore
Moroni Olsen
Helen Parrish
Joe Penner
Lily Pons
Jessie Ralph
Gene Raymond
Erik Rhodes
Ginger Rogers
Francis Sage
Anne Shirley
Ann Sothern
Barbara Stanwyck
Fred Stone
Helen Westley
Wheeler and Woolsey
Patricia Wilder

United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Billie Burke
Eddie Cantor
Charles Chaplin
Ruth Chatterton
Dolores Del Rio
Douglas Fairbanks
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
Paulette Goddard
Miriam Hopkins
Walter Huston

Elissa Landi
Francis Lederer
Tilly Losch
Nino Martini
Joel McCrea
David Niven
Merle Oberon
Mary Pickford
Frank Shields
Douglas Walton

Pioneer Pictures, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Charles Collins

Steffi Duna

Republic Pictures, 4024 Radford Ave.

Gene Autry
Lew Ayres
Smiley Burnette
Mae Clarke
Donald Cook
Charlotte Henry

Barbara Pepper
Roger Pryor
Phil Regan
Ann Rutherford
Evelyn Venable
John Wayne

CULVER CITY, CALIF.

Hal Roach Studios

Charley Chase
James Finlayson
Oliver Hardy
Darla Hood
Patsy Kelly
Stan Laurel
Rosina Lawrence
Eugene (Porky) Lee

Patty Doris May
George McFarland
(Spanky)
Our Gang
Carl Switzer (Alfalfa)
William Thomas
(Buckwheat)

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

Brian Aherne
Elizabeth Allan
John Barrymore
Lionel Barrymore
Freddie Bartholomew
Wallace Beery
Robert Benchley
Lorraine Bridges
Virginia Bruce
John Buckler
Charles Butterworth
Bruce Cabot
Joseph Calleia
Mary Carlisle
Jean Chatburn
Mamo Clark
Jackie Cooper
Melville Cooper
Joan Crawford
Henry Daniel
Dudley Digges
Buddy Ebsen
Nelson Eddy
Stuart Erwin
Madge Evans
Betty Furness
Clark Gable
Greta Garbo
Judy Garland
Igor Gorin

Robert Greig
Edmund Gwenn
Jean Harlow
Louis Hayward
Ted Healy
Louise Henry
William Henry
Jean Hersholt
Irene Hervey
Allan Jones
June Knight
Frances Langford
Francine Larrimore
Charles Laughton
Eric Linden
Robert Livingston
Ann Loring
Myrna Loy
Marx Brothers
Jeanette MacDonald
Una Merkel
Robert Montgomery
Frank Morgan
Stanley Morner
Chester Morris
George Murphy
Edward Norris
Edna May Oliver
Maureen O'Sullivan
Reginald Owen

Cecilia Parker
Jean Parker
Nat Pendleton
William Powell
Eleanor Powell
Juanita Quigley
Luise Rainer
Duncan Renaldo
May Robson
Mickey Rooney
Shirley Ross
Rosalind Russell
Ernestine Schumann-Heink

Ruth Selwyn
Norma Shearer
Harry Stockwell
Lewis Stone
Harvey Stephens
James Stewart
William Tannen
Robert Taylor
Franchot Tone
Spencer Tracy
Charles Trowbridge
Henry Trowbridge
Johnny Weissmuller
Robert Young

UNIVERSAL CITY, CALIF.

Universal Studios

Henry Armetta
Edward Arnold
Binnie Barnes
Noah Beery, Jr.
Billy Burrud
Jeanne Dante
Andy Devine
Irene Dunne
Marta Eggerth
Diana Gibson
Edgar A. Guest
Gloria Holden
Jack Holt
Edward Everett Horton

Henry Hunter
Buck Jones
Shaindel Kalish
John King
Priscilla Lawson
Edmund Lowe
Doris Nolan
Sunny O'Dea
Jean Rogers
Cesar Romero
Marla Shelton
Margaret Sullivan
John Wayne
Jane Wyatt

BURBANK, CALIF.

Warners-First National Studios

Eddie Acuff
Ross Alexander
Robert Barrat
Joan Blondell
Humphrey Bogart
George Brent
Joe E. Brown
James Cagney
Hobart Cavanaugh
Marguerite Churchill
Joseph Crehan
Marion Davies
Bette Davis
Olivia de Havilland
Claire Dodd
Ann Dvorak
Patricia Ellis
Gordon Elliott
Florence Fair
Glenda Farrell
Errol Flynn
Dick Foran
Kay Francis
Jane Froman
Paul Graetz
Hugh Herbert
Leslie Howard
Olin Howland
Warren Hull
Ian Hunter
Josephine Hutchinson
Sybil Jason
Allen Jenkins
Al Jolson
Boris Karloff
Ruby Keeler

Guy Kibbee
Joseph King
Margaret Lindsay
Alma Lloyd
Anita Louise
Barton MacLane
Jeanne Madden
Rosalind Marquis
Frank McHugh
James Melton
Carlyle Moore, Jr.
Jean Muir
Paul Muni
Pat O'Brien
Henry O'Neill
Linda Perry
Dick Powell
Richard Purcell
Claude Rains
Craig Reynolds
Addison Richards
Beverly Roberts
Edward G. Robinson
Jean Sennett
Winifred Shaw
Eddie Shubert
Gale Sondergaard
George E. Stone
Paula Stone
Lyle Talbot
June Travis
Mary Treen
Rudy Vallee
Warren William
Marie Wilson
Donald Woods

Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Bldg., Hollywood, Calif.
Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood
Neil Hamilton, P. O. Box 711, Beverly Hills, Calif.
Ned Sparks, 1765 No. Sycamore Ave., Hollywood
Onslow Stevens, c/o Small Laudau Co., 6331 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

STUDIOS IN ENGLAND

London Film Productions Ltd. 22 Grosvenor St., London, England

Robert Donat
Penelope Dudley-Ward
Joan Gardner
Patricia Hilliard
Sir Cedric Hardwicke

Charles Laughton
Raymond Massey
Merle Oberon
Ralph Richardson
Margaretta Scott

Gaumont British Pictures Lime Grove Studios, Shepherds Bush London, W12, England

George Arliss
Peggy Ashcroft
Constance Bennett
Frank Cellier
Mary Clare
Cicely Courtneidge
Peter Croft
Constance Cummings
John Gielgud
Constance Godridge
Sonnie Hale
Jimmy Hanley
Will Hay
Helen Haye

Oscar Homolka
Jack Hulbert
Anne Lee
Glennis Lorimer
Barry Mackay
Jessie Mathews
John Mills
Lilli Palmer
Nova Pilbeam
Rene Ray
Peggy Simpson
Basil Sydney
Tom Walls

Sylvia of Hollywood Says:

Change your looks!

IF YOU are not satisfied with your figure—if your face is not as beautiful as you would like—take Madame Sylvia's advice and *change your looks!*

Naturally it is impossible to make yourself taller or shorter. But you can shave down broad hips, re-shape your legs, acquire a flat abdomen, well-rounded breasts or anything else you desire.

Madame Sylvia, the internationally famous beauty expert, astonished Hollywood with her miraculous beauty treatments. The movie stars came to her studio by the hundreds and left even more beautiful than ever before. In New York, Madame Sylvia's clientele is comprised of the prominent social leaders and smart

débutantes from Park Avenue and Fifth Avenue. People who gladly pay *one hundred dollars* for a single treatment!

What Sylvia does for her patients you can do for yourself in the privacy of your boudoir. For Sylvia has put all her beauty secrets between the covers of a single book! This book, *No More Alibis*, contains the very treatments she has given the stars of Hollywood. Treatments that bring out our latent beauty. Treatments that change your looks and transform your body into a dream of loveliness.

Picture if you will how beautiful you would look *if* your hips were not so broad . . . *if* your legs were not so heavy . . . *if* your ankles were not so thick . . . *if* your skin were not so blotchy . . . *if* your weight were 20 or 30 pounds less! It's easy to see how beautiful you would be if you could change your looks. Well, you can! For in *No More Alibis* Sylvia tells you exactly how you can be as lovely as the stars of Hollywood—if not lovelier!

Read Sylvia's stimulating book . . . follow her proven methods and you'll experience a new thrill in living.

Correct Your Figure Faults the Way the Movie Stars Do



If your chin is leading a double life—don't let it! Let Sylvia tell you how to make that double chin vanish. And if your abdomen gives you that rubber tire silhouette, write, wire or phone for Sylvia's book, *No More Alibis*.

Sylvia tells how she reduced the movie star's legs 2½ inches in the calves and then reveals how you can do likewise! Sylvia also gives you a new method for firming flabby breasts which gives you that charming youthful look.

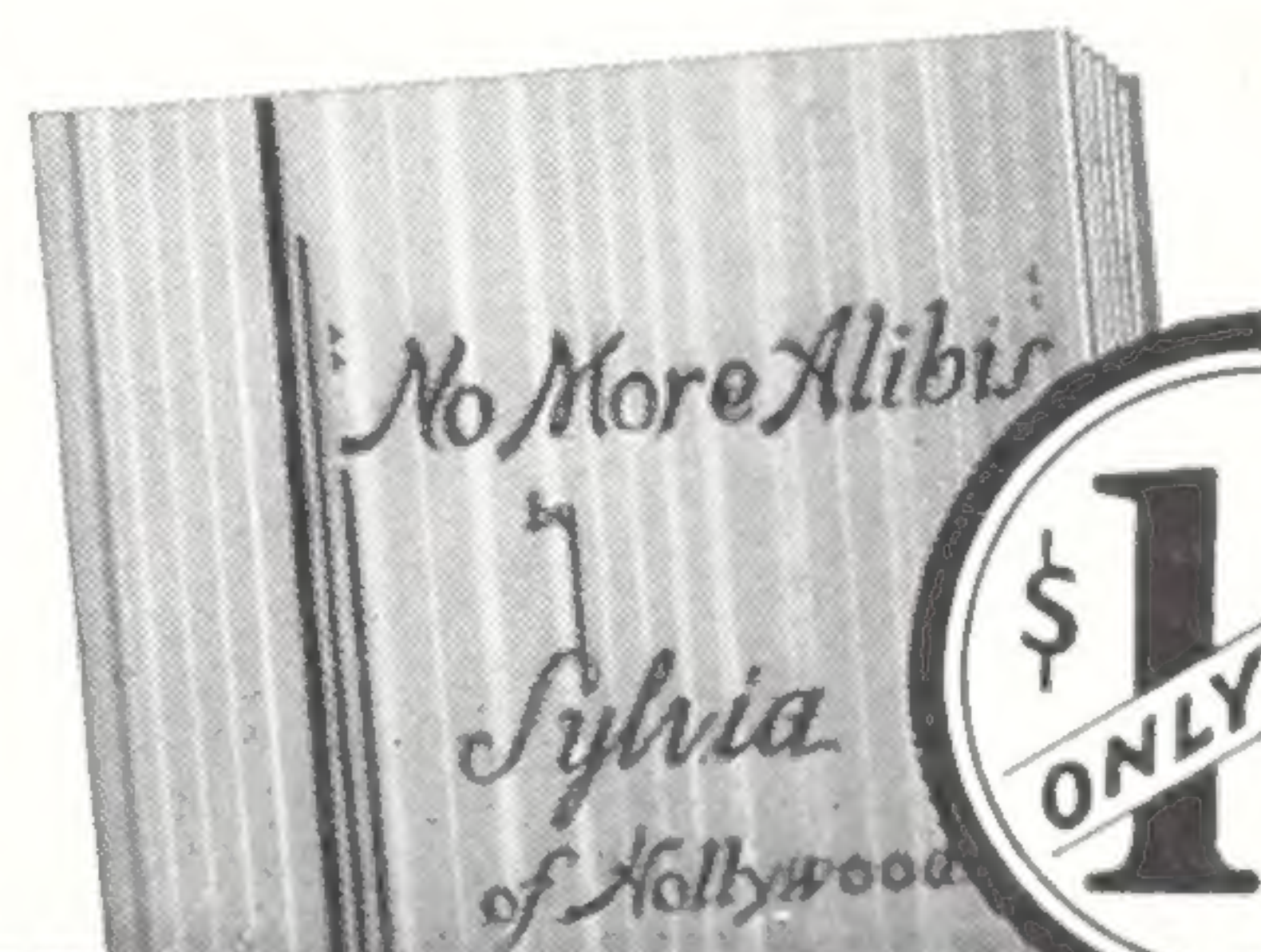
It is unnecessary, says Sylvia, to hide fat, pudgy arms when it is possible to reduce your arms 3 inches in a matter of weeks! Then Sylvia explains how she removed the "Old Woman's Bump" from the top of her own spine.

That person who wrote "Hip, hip, hooray" was not of this generation. Hips are taboo and Sylvia makes short work of them. Even reducing your nose is simple once you learn the trick. And Sylvia's book is full of such tricks. Send for your copy now.



Only \$1.00

Instead of paying \$100 for a single Sylvia treatment you can get all of her methods in *No More Alibis* for only \$1.00. At book dealers or mail coupon below **TODAY**



Sign and Mail Coupon for this Amazing Book TODAY

Macfadden Book Company, Inc.
Dept. P 10, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Send me, postage prepaid, the book, "No More Alibis," by Sylvia of Hollywood. I enclose \$1.00.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Melon Cup - order some mint
 Jellyed Consommé, or maybe soft Crabs?
 Broiled Half Chicken
 Potatoes tiny Buttered Balls
 Small buttered Lima Beans
 Salad - Let's have watercress and endive -
 Camels - (give us time to smoke one through)
 Raspberry sherbet - Camels again -
 Coffee on the terrace - Don't forget the Camels!

Dinner notes jotted down by a famed Baltimore Hostess



**MRS. NICHOLAS
GRIFFITH PENNIMAN III**

MRS. PENNIMAN is a descendant of two signers of the Declaration of Independence. Another forefather was one of the founders of the Bachelors' Cotillion, exclusive to Baltimore's first families. Mrs. Penniman is widely known as a charming hostess, a genius in fine Southern cookery. "When entertaining," she says, "I always serve plenty of Camels. Between courses and after, Camels taste so good. I've noticed that they help digestion and add so much to that satisfying sense of having dined well!"

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A few of the distinguished women who prefer Camel's costlier tobaccos:

MRS. NICHOLAS BIDDLE, Philadelphia
 MISS MARY BYRD, Richmond
 MRS. POWELL CABOT, Boston
 MRS. THOMAS M. CARNEGIE, JR., New York
 MRS. J. GARDNER COOLIDGE, II, Boston
 MRS. ERNEST DU PONT, JR., Wilmington
 MRS. WILLIAM I. HOLLINGSWORTH, JR., Los Angeles
 MRS. CHISWELL DABNEY LANGHORNE, Virginia
 MRS. JASPER MORGAN, New York
 MRS. LANGDON POST, New York
 MISS LUCY SAUNDERS, New York
 MRS. BROOKFIELD VAN RENSSELAER, New York



COSTLIER TOBACCOS!

... Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS... Turkish and Domestic... than any other popular brand.



Presidential Room, Mayflower Hotel, Washington, D. C. Says Fred Wiesinger, maître d'hôtel: "We serve a cosmopolitan clientele of noted diplomats and gourmets who favor Camels."

Smoking Camels between meals and after has a welcome effect on digestion

The excitement of having a good time—whether at home or "abroad"—often keys up the nervous system. Tenseness results, slowing down the activity of digestive fluids.

Scientists have shown that the supply of these fluids—alkaline digestive fluids—is helped back to normal by smoking Camels.

Definitely, Camels encourage good digestion... give a generous "lift." Their costlier tobaccos furnish a fitting accompaniment to the subtle flavors of fine food. Being mild, Camels never tire your taste. So, hostess or guest, let Camels give you pleasure during meals and after. They set you right!

FOR DIGESTION'S SAKE — SMOKE CAMELS